BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
VICTOR HUGO

STORY & ART BY
TAKAHIRO ARAI

OMNIBUS
2

LES MISÉRABLES

the manga

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FANTINE MUST NOT BE SENT TO JAIL.

I CANNOT ACCEPT THAT ORDER.

RELEASE HER.

OBEY YOUR MAYOR!

SHVR

SHVR

COME.

ON YOUR FEET, MADAME.

TWCH

I DIDN'T KNOW.

I'M SORRY.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE LET GO...

OR THAT LOSING THIS JOB PUT YOU IN SUCH DIRE STRAITS.

FORGIVE ME.

I ENTRUSTED THE LADIES' FACTORY OPERATIONS TO THE DIRECTOR...

INCLUDING SEVERANCE PAY FOR RELEASED WORKERS.

IF ONLY YOU'D CONFIDED IN ME!

I COULD HAVE HELPED YOU...!

BUT IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.

IT'S MINE.

YOU PROBABLY THOUGHT I GAVE THE ORDER TO LET YOU GO.

I WANT TO HELP YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER.

LET ME MAKE AMENDS.

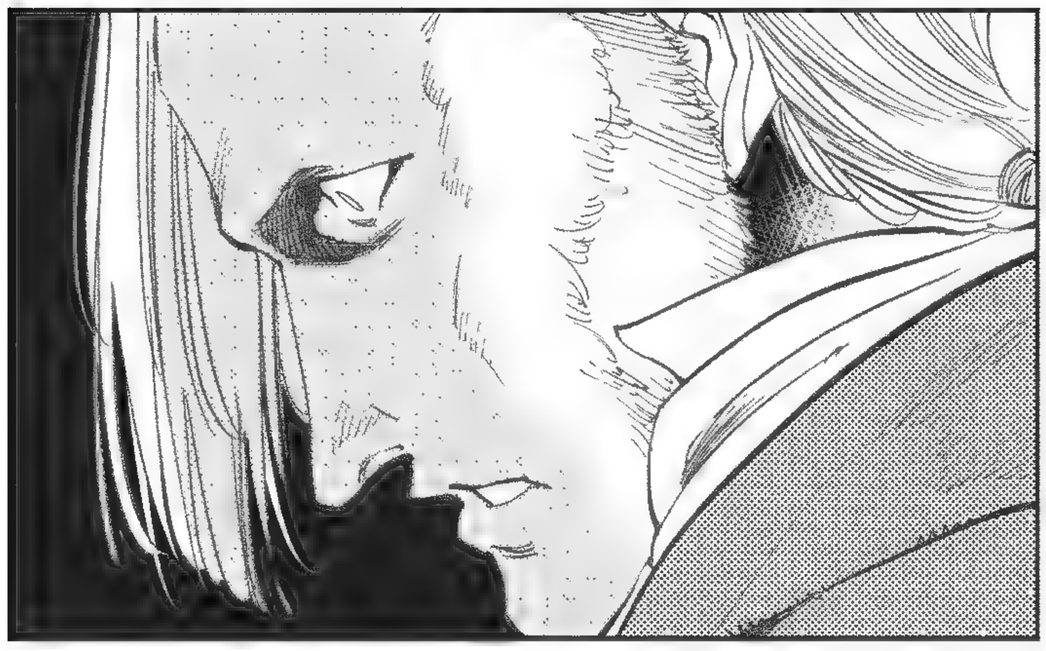
SHE'S BEING CARED FOR IN MONTFERMEIL, CORRECT?

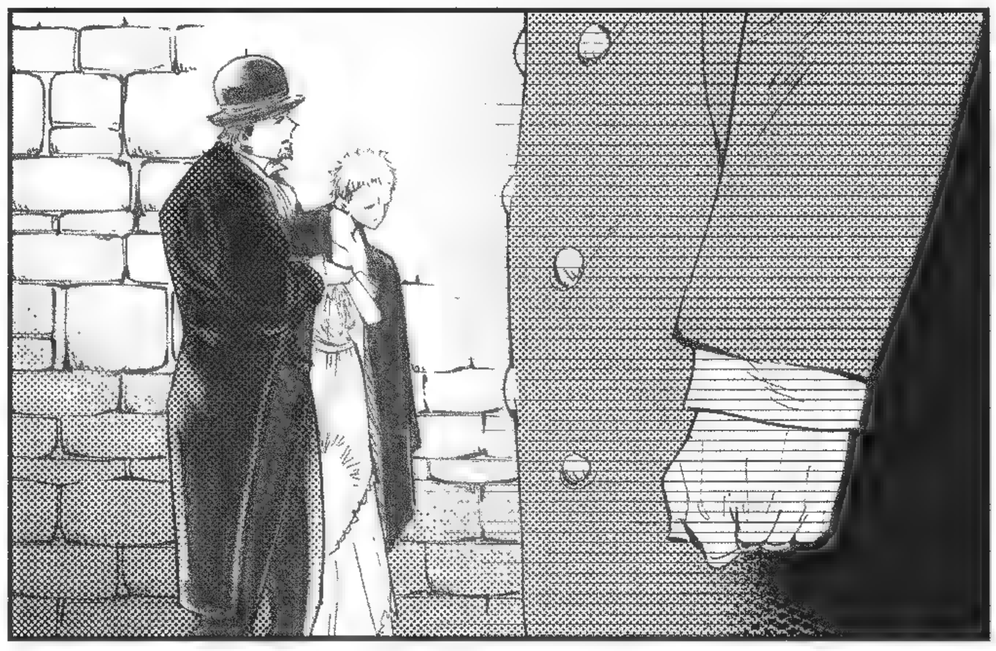
WE WILL GO AND SEE COSETTE.

AAAH ...!

AH...!

YOU DON'T BELONG HERE.
COME.





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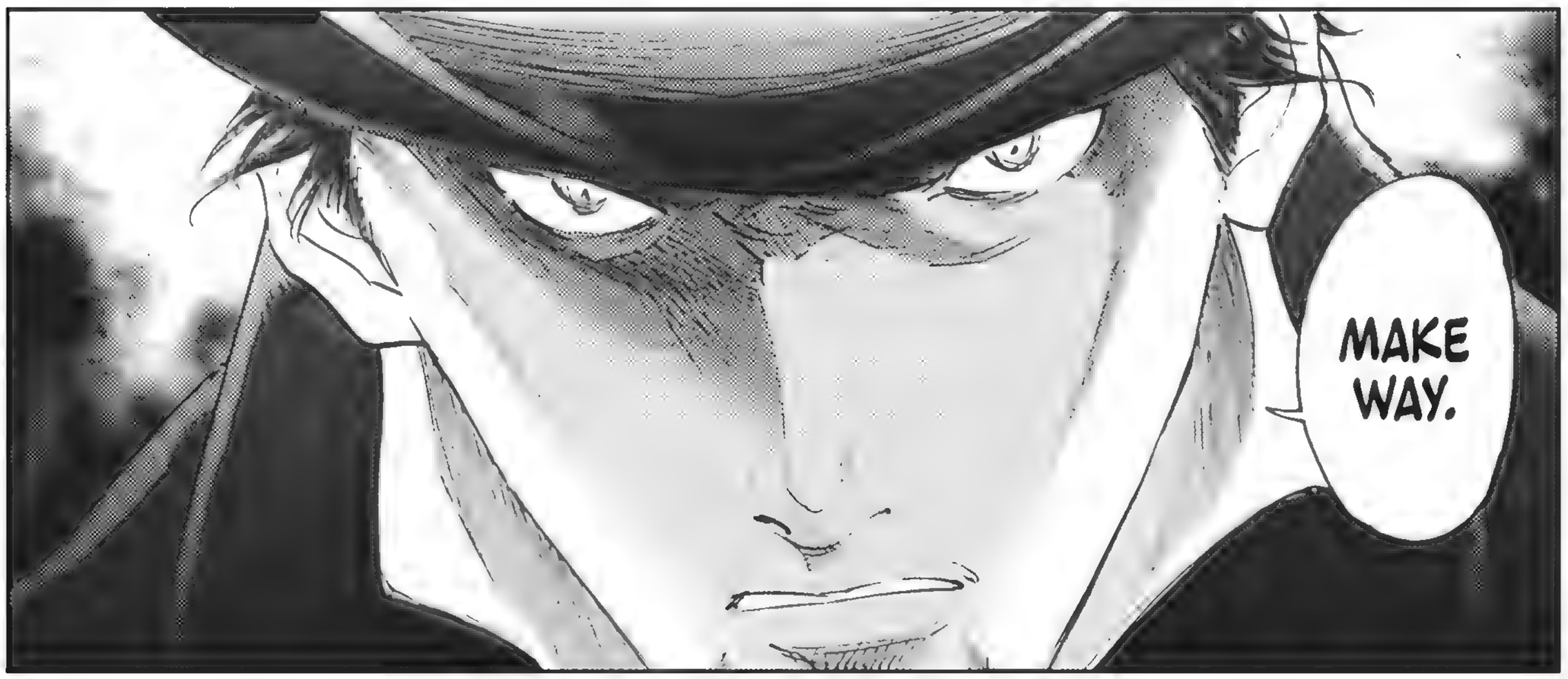
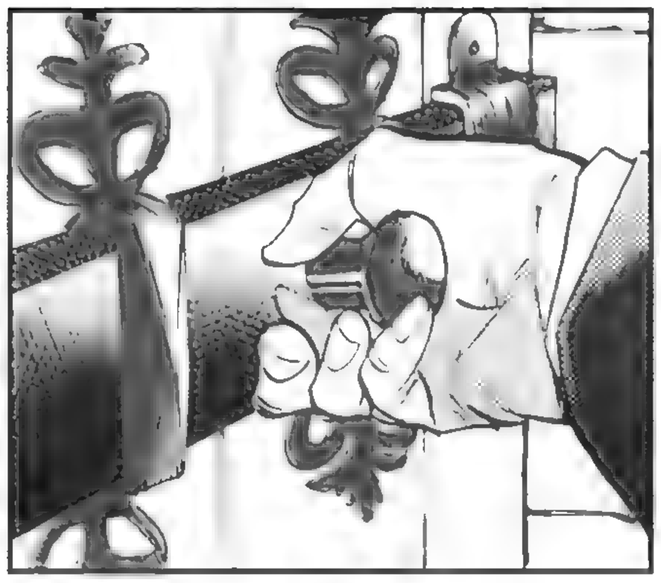

MAKE WAY.



I SAY SHE IS.

SHUR SHUR

MONSIEUR MAYOR.

GRIT

THAT WOMAN ATTACKED AND SLANDERED AN HONEST CITIZEN!

THAT WOMAN IS NOT PERMITTED TO LEAVE!

GUARDS!

AND THIS UNLICENSED PROSTITUTE...

ATTACKED THAT OUTSTANDING CITIZEN, YOU SAY.

HE'S A WEALTHY TOWNSMAN OF GOOD STANDING...

AND AN ELECTOR.

I TALKED TO THE CROWD AT THE PLAZA.

BEFORE I CAME HERE...

SO YOU PROMPTLY ARRESTED HER. IS THAT IT?

WHO WAS AT FAULT WAS CLEAR...

YES, MONSIEUR.

AND STARTED THE CONFLICT WAS THIS "HONEST CITIZEN" OF "GOOD STANDING."

THEY TOLD ME THE ONE WHO THREW THE FIRST INSULTS...

GRP

SHOULDN'T HE BE THE ONE YOU SEND TO PRISON?

MONSIEUR, SHE SPIT UPON YOU!

TO INSULT YOUR STATION IS TO INSULT THE LAW!

THAT'S AN INSULT TO YOU AND TO YOUR STATION!

!!

I DON'T SEE IT AS AN INSULT AT ALL.

I FORGIVE HER.

INSPECTOR.

THE LAW IS ABSOLUTE! IT MUST BE--

FORGIVENESS DOESN'T ERASE HER CRIME! IF WE IGNORE IT...

THEN WHAT IS THE POINT OF THE LAW?!

THERE IS NO GREATER LAW THAN ONE'S CONSCIENCE.

SHE WILL NOT GO TO PRISON. I ORDER HER RELEASE.

ALL RIGHT.

THEN SIMPLY FOLLOW MY ORDERS.

I CANNOT ACCEPT YOUR DECISION.

THIS IS TOO MUCH.

MONSIEUR.

MONSIEUR.

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T COMPLY.

BUT...

I DEEPLY REGRET WHAT I MUST SAY...

I MUST PERFORM MY DUTY.

BUT...

NEVER BEFORE ...

HAS THIS HAPPENED TO ME.

THAT I SEND HER TO PRISON FOR SIX MONTHS.

AND MY DUTY DEMANDS ...

I FORBID IT.

SHE WILL SERVE NOT ONE SINGLE DAY.

ACCORDING TO THE CRIMINAL CODE, ARTICLES...

TMP

NINE, ELEVEN, FIFTY-FIVE AND SIXTY-SIX, I AM THE JUDGE OF THESE MATTERS!

AS MAYOR, I ORDER THAT SHE BE SET FREE!

PLEASE GO.

ENOUGH.

BUT...

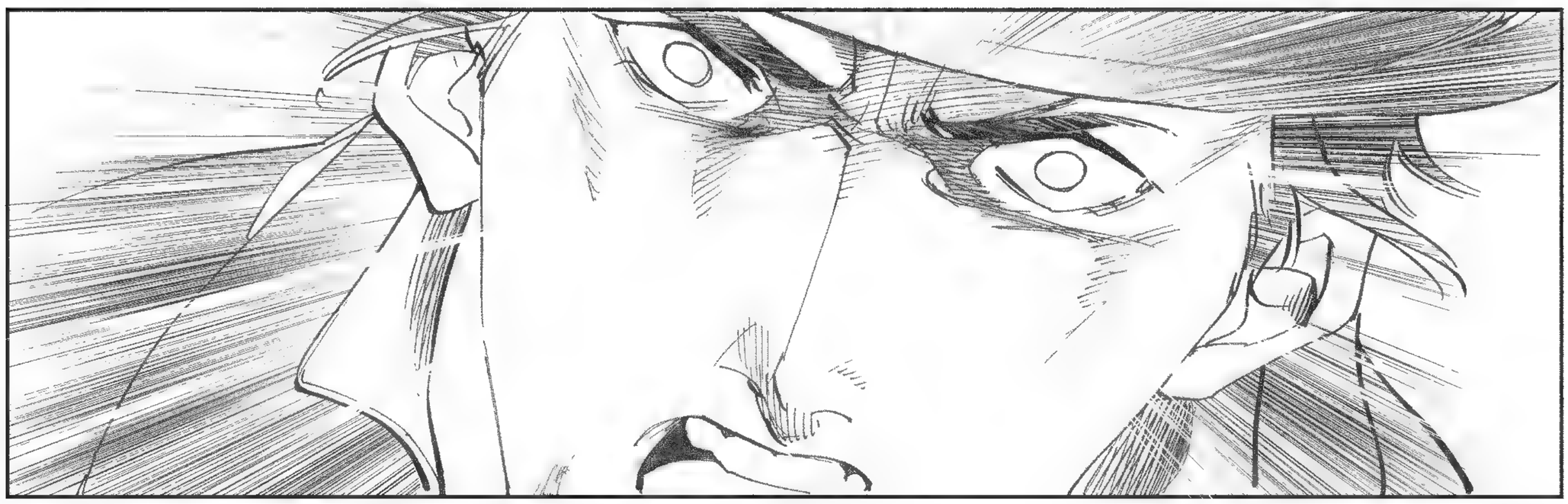
MONSIEUR MAYOR!

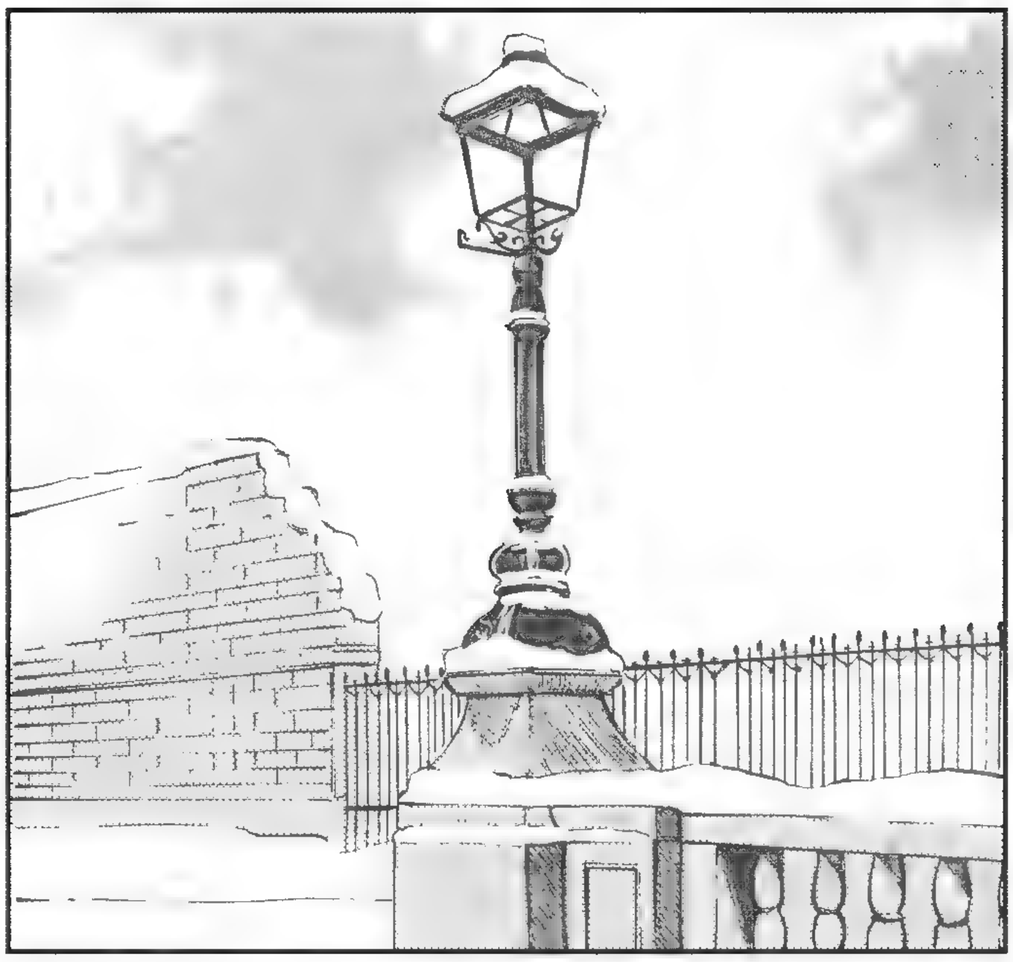
BUT...

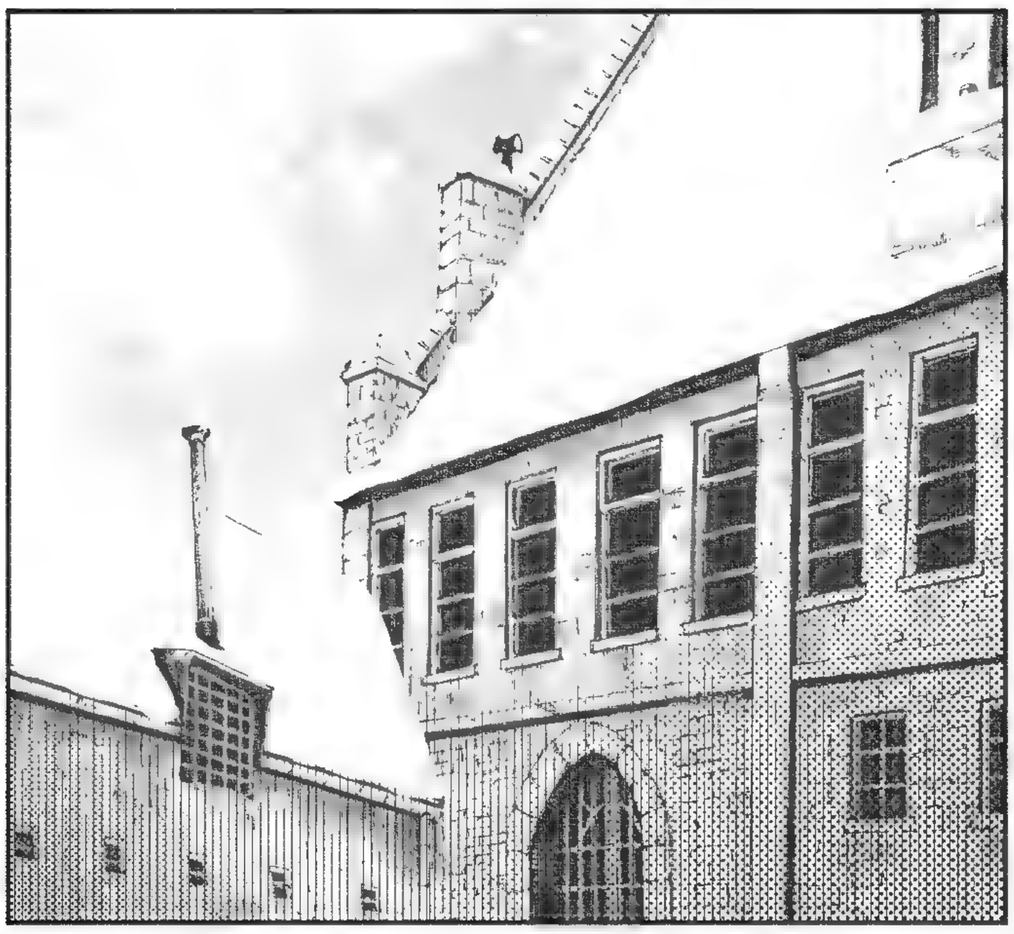
GRR!
GRR!
GRR!

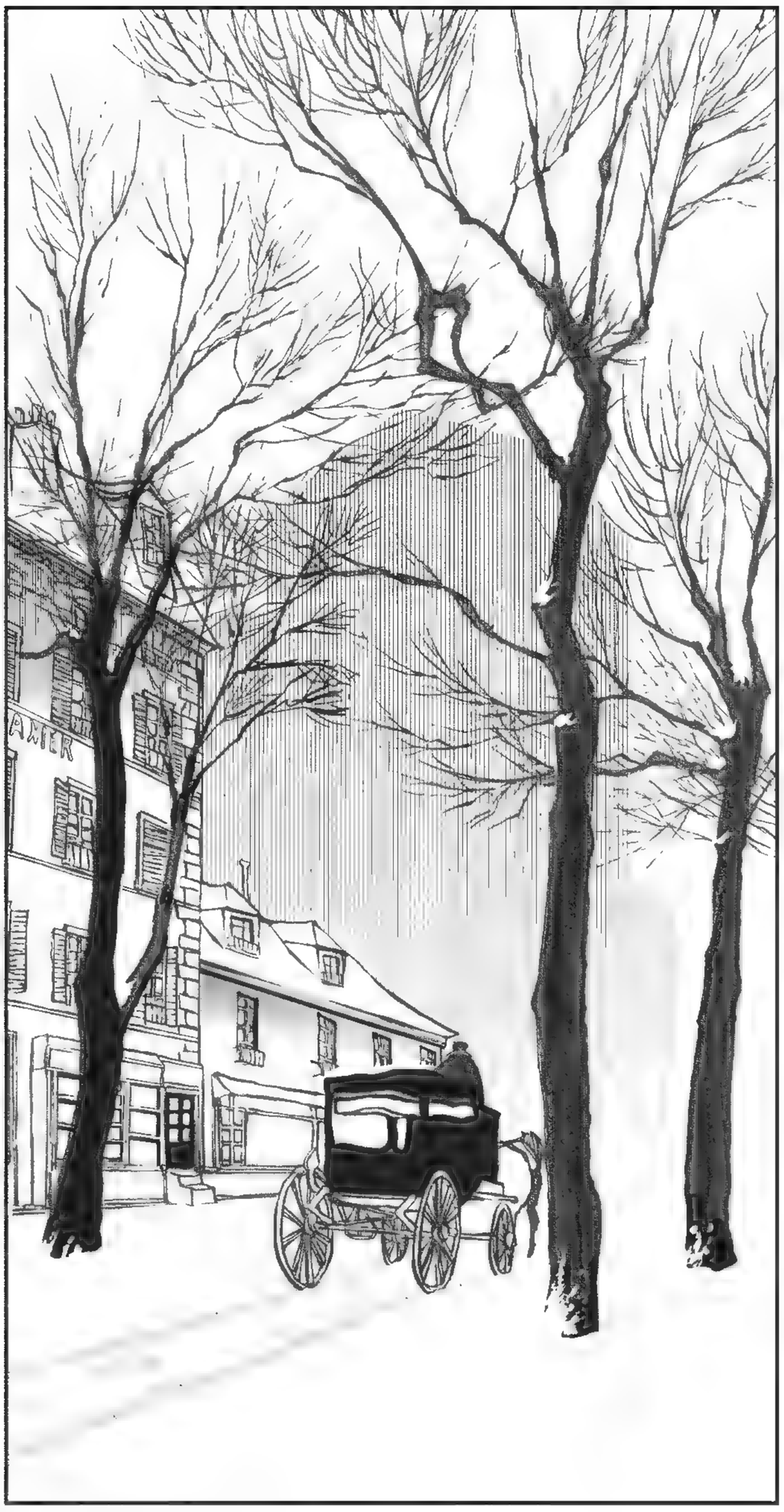
RAR

FAINT





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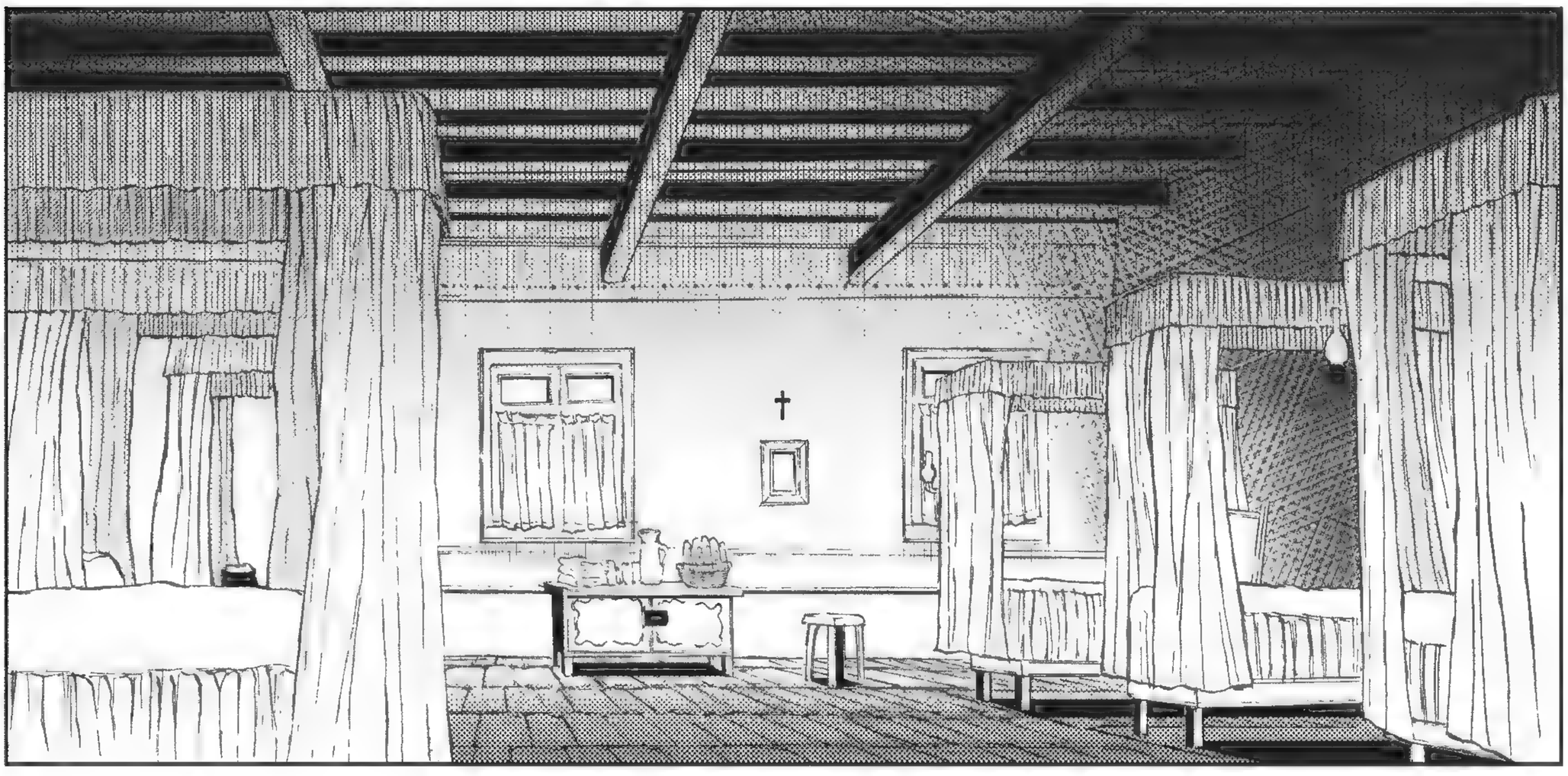


KOFF!
KOFF!
SHE HAS A TERRIBLE FEVER.
OF COURSE.
SISTER SIMPLICE.
PLEASE SUMMON A DOCTOR. QUICKLY.
THE SICKNESS HAS GOTTEN INTO HER LUNGS.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN...? HOW DO YOU...?
YOUR DEBT.
YOUR DAUGHTER.
YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ANYMORE.

I'LL SEND A LETTER TO THE THÉNARDIERS ASKING THEM TO RETURN COSETTE.

IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

I'LL SEE MY DAUGHTER?

THEN...

OH LORD...

OH LORD...!

AAH...

I'M TOO SULLIED!

I'M TOO GREAT A SINNER!

I MUSTN'T.

NO...

I LIVED TOO WRETCHED A LIFE.

POOR COSETTE WOULD BE SHOCKED TO SEE ME NOW.

THE ONE THING I COULD NEVER BEAR...

IS SEEING SADNESS IN HER EYES.

THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T CALL FOR HER SOONER.

YOU AREN'T WRETCHED OR SULLIED.

ALL YOU DID WAS FOR YOUR CHILD.

I WANTED TO SEE HER...

BUT I'M TOO WRETCHED TO BEAR IT...

I'M SO SORRY. I WAS...

MONSIEUR MADELEINE ...

NO. YOU NEEDN'T APOLOGIZE.

IT IS A VIRTUE.

THAT IS NO SIN.

I'LL BRING YOUR DAUGHTER TO SEE YOU.

NOW REST AND RECOVER.

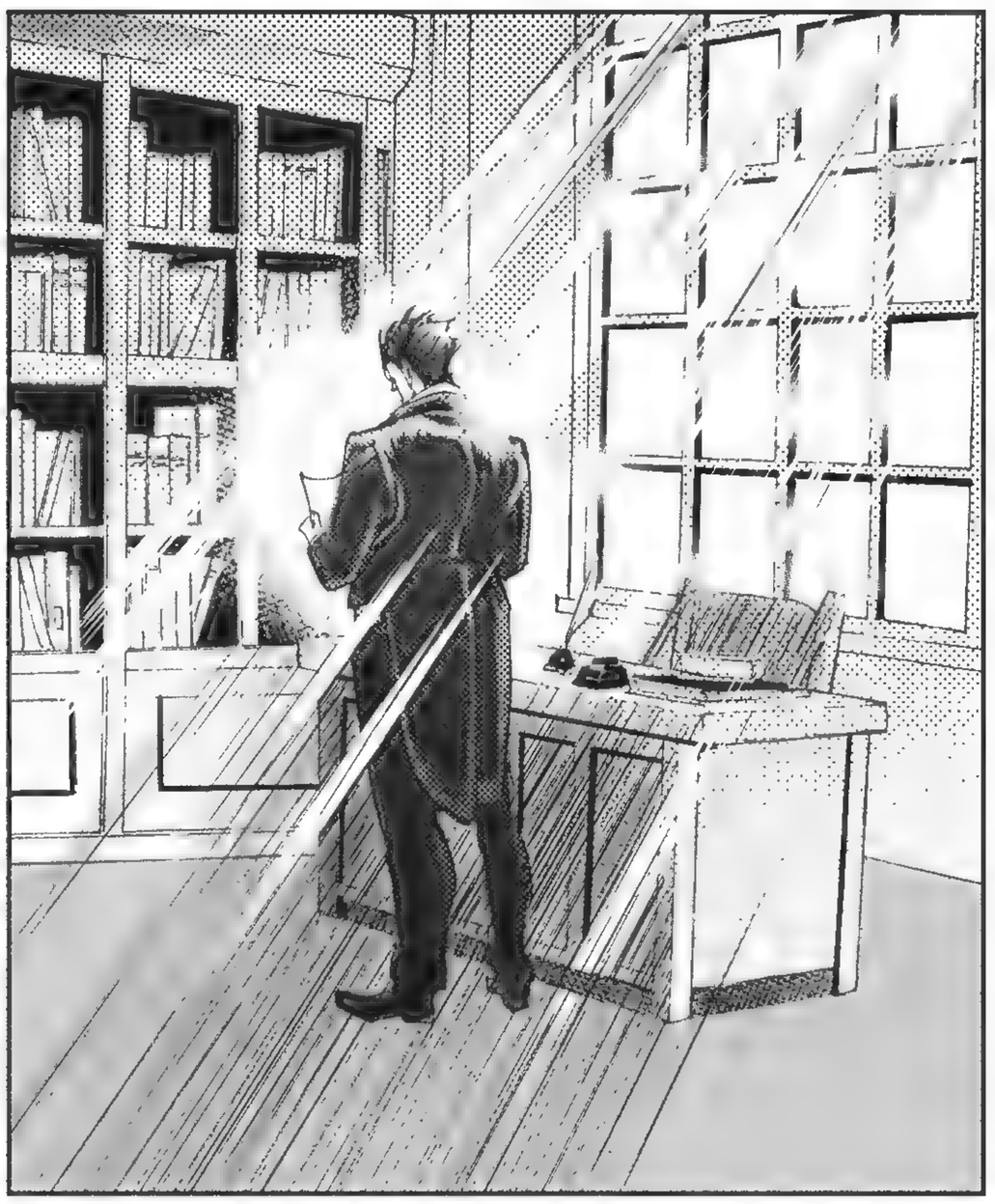
AAH, THANK YOU...

THANK YOU, MONSIEUR.

THANK YOU...!

THERE IS NO GREATER LAW THAN ONE'S CONSCIENCE.

Six weeks later.



MONSIEUR MADELEINE IS MUCH TOO GENEROUS.

SHE'S CLEARLY A HARLOT.

YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW.

ERM!

THAT WOMAN CONVALESCING HERE...

WHY MUST WE CARE FOR HER?

AND DEBT!

SHE HAS A FATHERLESS CHILD.

I'LL FETCH SOME WATER.

SISTER SIMPLICE.

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

KOFF! KOFF!

MUCH BETTER, THANK YOU.

WILL I BE ABLE TO SEE COSETTE SOON?

MONSIEUR MADELEINE IS SENDING LETTERS...

DISCUSS-ING IT WITH MONSIEUR THÉNARDIER.

I CAN'T SAY. PLEASE HAVE PATIENCE.

.....

I'M SORRY.

THIS MUST BE SUCH A BOTHER.

SISTER SIMPLICE.

AH.

PARDON ME, PLEASE.

HAVE YOU RECEIVED A RESPONSE, MONSIEUR?

EVER MORE HERETOFORE UNKNOWN DEBTS TO BE PAID.

COSETTE IS SICK. HE DOESN'T WANT TO MAKE HER TRAVEL IN WINTER.

YES.

HE'S INVENTED MORE EXCUSES FOR WHY HE CAN'T RETURN COSETTE.

BUT HAVEN'T YOU ALREADY SENT HIM A GENEROUS SUM OF MONEY?

YET MORE DEBTS...?

ALMOST A THOUSAND FRANCS NOW, YES.

BUT I THOUGHT FANTINE'S DEBT WAS ONLY ONE TWENTY.

.....

I'VE MET MANY GREEDY MEN LIKE HIM.

I SUPPOSE HE THINKS HE'S LANDED A JUICY MARK.

HOW'S FANTINE DOING?

AND HER COUGH GROWS WORSE.

HER FEVER WON'T SUBSIDE...

I'D BEST HURRY.

I'LL GO MYSELF.

NO.

WILL YOU SEND A MESSENGER TO FETCH COSETTE?

MONSIEUR MADELEINE.

KNOCK KNOCK

MIND THINGS WHILE I'M GONE.

I'M OFF FOR MONTFERMEIL.

I'VE TAKEN CARE OF MY OFFICE DUTIES FOR A TIME.

A GUEST?

ER, ACTUALLY... YOU'VE A GUEST.

INSPECTOR JAVERT.

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

ARE YOU PERHAPS GOING SOME-WHERE?

I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MONSIEUR.

YES. I'M IN A BIT OF A HURRY.

THIS WON'T TAKE LONG.

I'VE COME TODAY TO PROVIDE YOU A REPORT OF MY FINDINGS.

FINDINGS?

THERE HAS BEEN A TERRIBLE INJUSTICE.

YES, MONSIEUR MAYOR.

HOW DO YOU MEAN?

YOU?

YES.

THE MINOR OFFICIAL?

MYSELF.

AS IS MY DUTY...

I MUST REPORT THAT OFFICIAL TO YOU, SIR.

A MINOR OFFICIAL WAS DISRESPECT-FUL TO A SUPERIOR.

I'VE COME TO REQUEST YOU DISPENSE THE HARSHEST POSSIBLE PUNISHMENT.

MON-SIEUR...

IT IS YOU.

AND THE DISRE-SPECTED SUPERIOR?

MONSIEUR MAYOR.

PLEASE...

DISMISS ME FROM THE POLICE FORCE.

?!

NUMBER 24601.

WHY THIS ALL OF A SUDDEN, INSPECTOR?

I CAN'T SEE WHY I SHOULD.

HE WAS ALSO CALLED JEAN LE CRIC.

SPURRED BY ANGER...

I REPORTED YOU TO THE PARIS PREFECTURE OF POLICE.

MON-SIEUR...

AFTER THE INCIDENT OVER THAT WOMAN SIX WEEKS AGO...

I WAS INFURIATED.

I BELIEVED YOU A MISSING CONVICT.

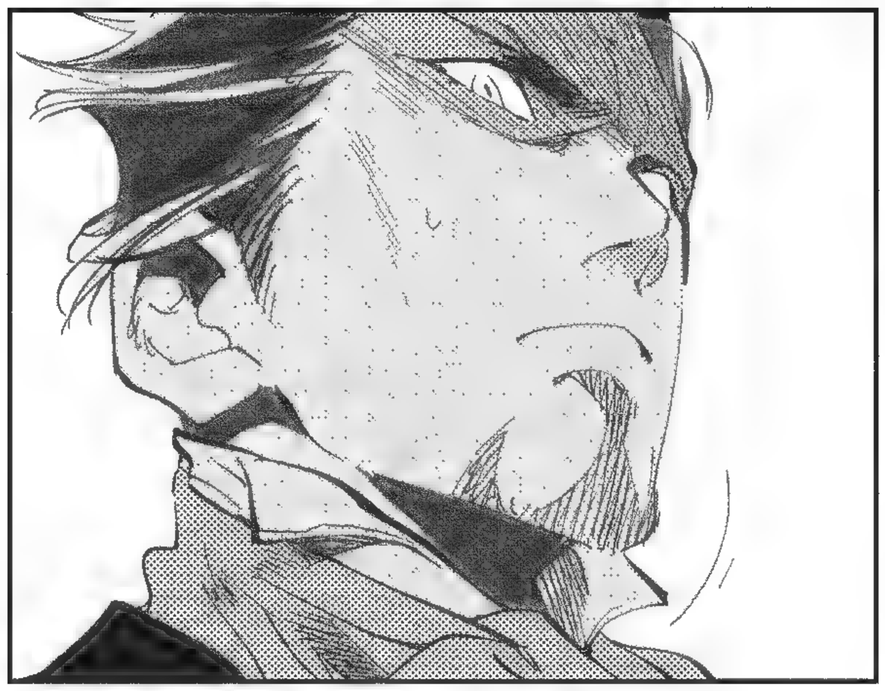
THE MAN KNOWN AS JEAN VALJEAN.

THAT AND MORE...

BROUGHT TO MIND A CONVICT I KNEW WHEN I WAS AN ADJUTANT GUARD IN TOULON, TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I HAD NO PROOF.

BUT YOUR UNKNOWN PAST. YOUR HERCULEAN STRENGTH.



GULP

I HAVE HERE...
THE REPLY FROM PARIS.

.....

WHAT DOES IT SAY?

"HAVE YOU GONE MAD, JAVERT"...

IT SAYS.

IT GOES ON TO DECLARE THAT ALL MY DOUBTS...

ARE ENTIRELY FALSE.

BECAUSE...

THE TRUE JEAN VALJEAN HAS ALREADY BEEN FOUND.

MONSIEUR MAYOR, I SUSPECTED THAT YOU WERE SECRETLY THE EX-CONVICT, JEAN VALJEAN.

CHAPTER 9: Who is Jean Valjean?

BUT MY THEORIES WERE ENTIRELY FALSE.

AS...

THE TRUE JEAN VALJEAN HAS ALREADY BEEN FOUND.

CHAPTER 9
Who is Jean Valjean?

THE TRUE JEAN VALJEAN?

OUI.

I'M TOLD...

THAT HE WAS APPREHENDED IN AILLY-LE-HAUT-CLOCHER.

I'M CHAMPMATHIEU.

WHO ARE YOU?

HE WAS CAUGHT STEALING CIDER APPLES.

HE WAS ARRESTED AND SENT TO THE PRISONS IN ARRAS.

UPON ARRIVAL HE WAS IDENTIFIED BY THE TURNKEY, HIMSELF AN EX-CONVICT.

HN?

AHA.

HEY, YOU.

LET ME GET A LOOK.

I KNEW IT.

YOU'RE JEAN VALJEAN.

YOU AND I SHARED A CELL!

YOU WERE IN THE TOULON GALLEYS TWENTY YEARS AGO!

WHO'S THAT?

JEAN VALJEAN?

SHUV

YOU'RE SCRAWNY NOW, BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ME.

DON'T PLAY DUMB!

AN INVESTIGATION WAS LAUNCHED.

IT WAS FOUND...

THAT HE WAS A TREE-PRUNER IN THE AREA OF FAVEROLLE TWENTY YEARS AGO.

FROM THERE HE DRIFTED FROM PLACE TO PLACE-- AUVERGNE, PARIS, EVENTUALLY TO AILLY.

AND JEAN'S MOTHER'S LAST NAME WAS "MATHIEU."

IN THE REGIONAL ACCENT, "JEAN" AS "CHAN."

THUS, HE WAS "CHAN" "MATHIEU."

AND THE CONVICT JEAN VALJEAN.

HE IS THE FORMER PRUNER OF FAVEROLLE...

IT'S A CLEVER RUSE, BUT THERE IS NO MISTAKE.

TO BE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN...

TWO MORE CONVICTS WHO KNEW VALJEAN FROM TOULON WERE BROUGHT.

WELL?

DON'T RESIST!

RELEASE ME!

NOT THIS "JEAN VALJEAN" MAN!

OUI!

THIS IS JEAN VALJEAN.

OUI.

WHAT IS ALL THIS? I'M CHAMP-MATHIEU!

WAIT!

I! AM! CHAMP-MATHIEU!

OUI.

OH?

I EVEN TOOK A LOOK AT THIS FELLOW FOR MYSELF.

YOU'RE CERTAIN?

INDEED.

I AM CONVINCED THAT HE IS, INDEED, JEAN VALJEAN.

TRULY, I MUST'VE BEEN MAD.

I MUST WONDER HOW I EVER THOUGHT A MAN SUCH AS YOU WAS AN EX-CONVICT.

NOW THAT I'VE SEEN HIM...

MONSIEUR MAYOR...

I HUMBLY BEG YOUR PARDON.

HE'S BEING TRIED TOMORROW ALREADY?

I'VE BEEN SUMMONED TO GIVE TESTIMONY.

TONIGHT I DEPART BY CARRIAGE FOR ARRAS FOR HIS TRIAL TOMORROW.

THOUGH WHAT THE DECISION WILL BE IS CLEAR AS DAY.

HE IS.

AND HE FILCHED APPLES.

HE STOLE MONEY FROM PETIT GERVAIS.

AFTER HIS RELEASE, HE COMMITTED TWO MORE CRIMES.

THEIR SEVERITY IS OF NO CONSE-QUENCE.

HE'S TO BE IMPRISONED FOR LIFE.

YOUR PARDON, MONSIEUR, BUT...

?

I SEE.

THANK YOU FOR THE REPORT, INSPECTOR.

YOU MAY GO.

ABOUT THE ISSUE OF MY DISMISSAL...

I WANT YOU TO STAY IN YOUR POST.

THAT?

OH.

NO, JAVERT. YOU'RE AN HONORABLE, DUTIFUL MAN.

INSPECTOR.

THAT OFFENSE REGARDS ME ALONE, JAVERT...

BUT I UNJUSTLY DOUBTED YOU, MONSIEUR. IT'S AN UNFORGIVABLE OFFENSE.

GRIT

AND I SAY IT'S NO OFFENSE AT ALL.

TWCH

.....

MONSIEUR.

I'M AWARE THAT I CAN BE RATHER HARSH IN MY TREATMENT OF OTHERS.

THEN ALL THAT I'VE DONE TO OTHERS...

WILL SUDDENLY SEEM UNJUST IN THEIR EYES.

IF I'M NOT EQUALLY STRICT ON MYSELF...

I DO WHAT IS JUST.

BUT I AM SO FOR RIGHT AND PROPER REASONS.

I DON'T WANT TO BECOME A CRAVEN MAN...

WHO EAGERLY PUNISHES OTHERS, BUT NEVER HIMSELF.

PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO GIVE THIS SOME TIME...

ALLOW OURSELVES TIME TO THINK.

.....

I'M BUT A LOWLY POLICE SPY.

MON-SIEUR.

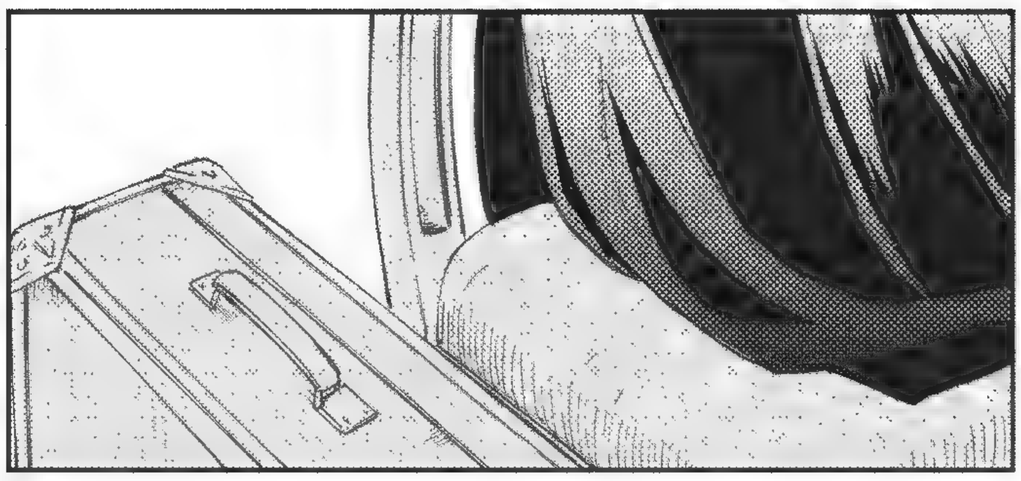
I'M NOT OF A STATION HIGH ENOUGH TO SHAKE YOUR HAND.

I'LL STAY IN MY POST UNTIL A REPLACEMENT IS FOUND.

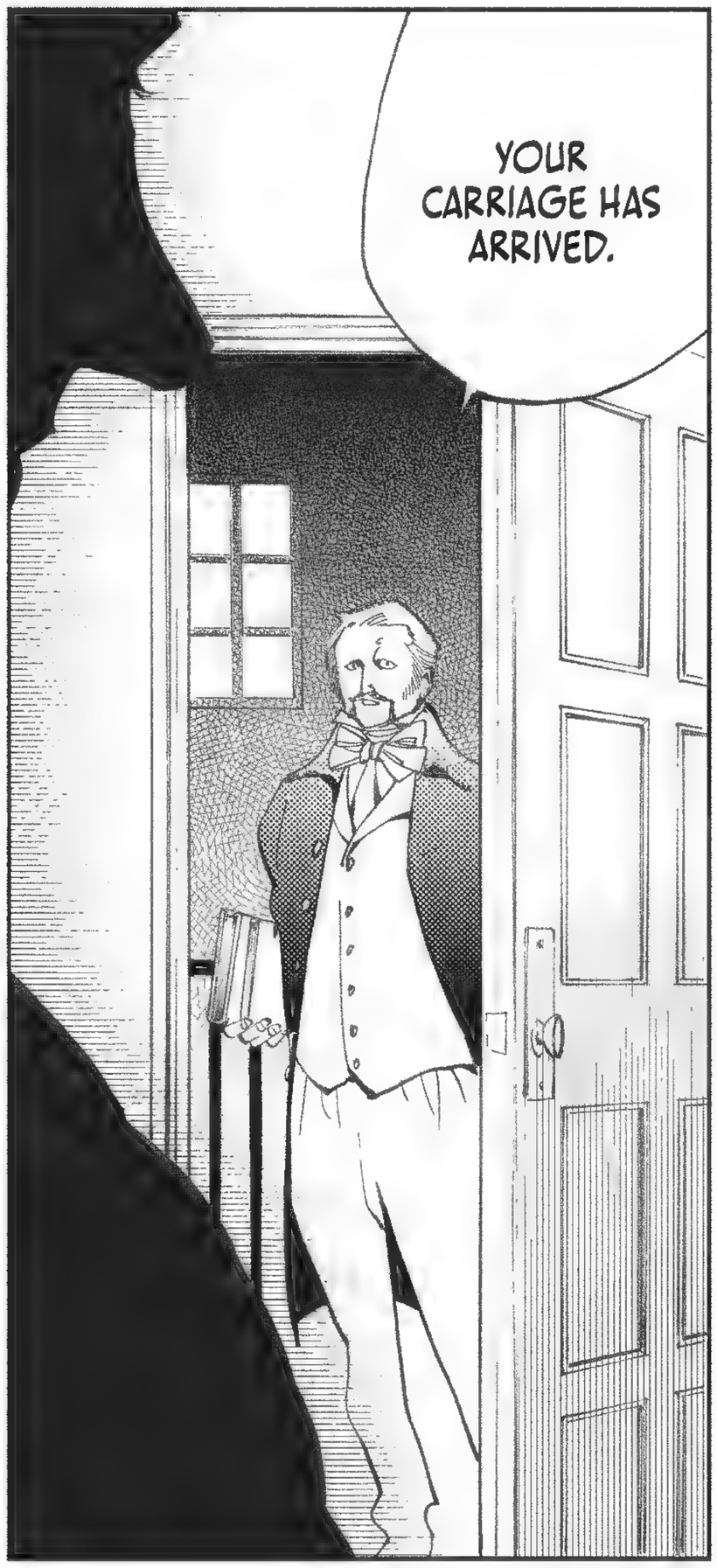
KCHAK

EXCUSE ME.

KCHAK



I PROMISED TO RETRIEVE HER.



AH. RIGHT. COSETTE.

I'M SORRY. PAY THEM FOR A FULL TRIP AND SEND THEM AWAY.

SEE TO THAT FOR ME, PLEASE.

I'M FINE.

YOU LOOK SOMEWHAT PALE.

MONSIEUR, ARE YOU OKAY?

BUT RIGHT NOW...

NO.

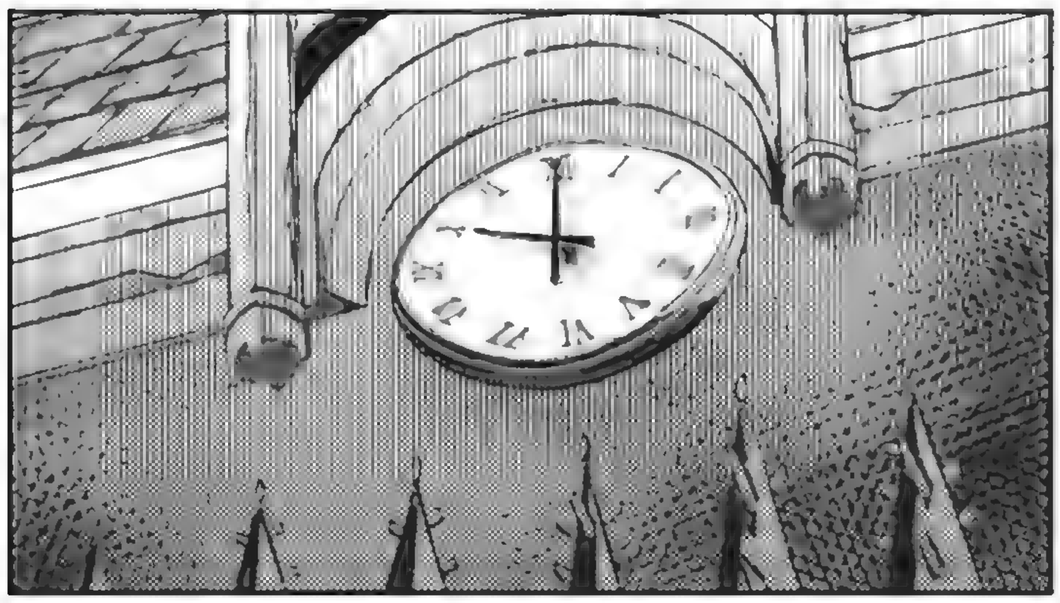
NO!

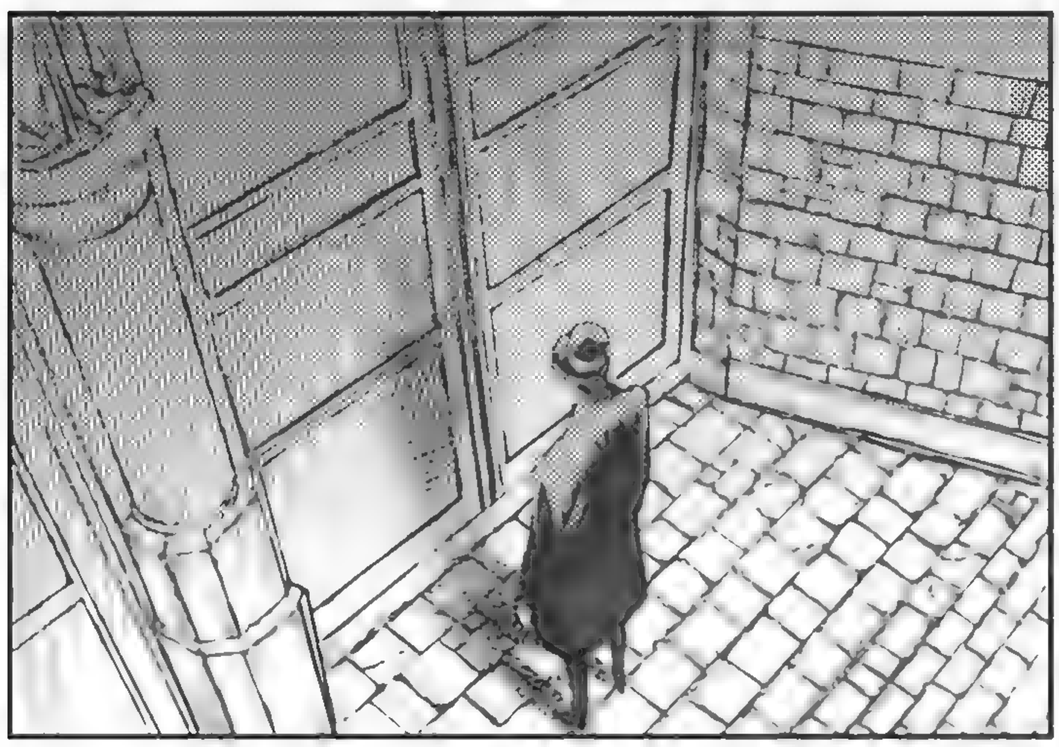
SHE'S IN POOR CONDITION, MONSIEUR.

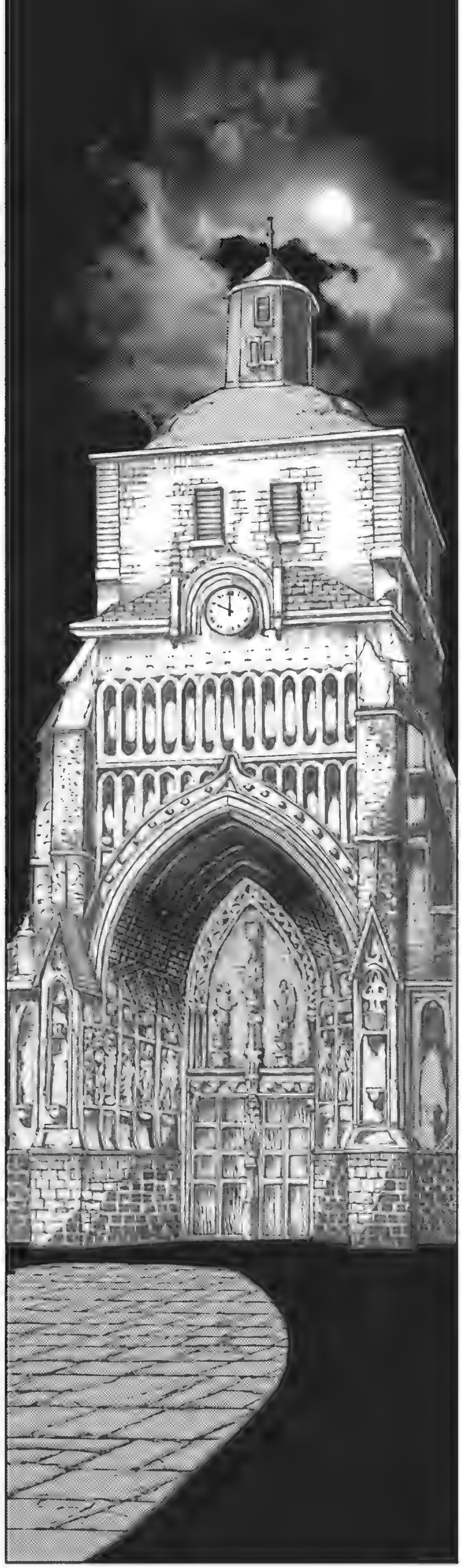
AT THIS POINT, THE BEST MEDICINE IS TO LET HER SEE HER DAUGHTER.

COSETTE...!

COSETTE...







HM?

IS SOME-THING THE MATTER?

KCHK

MONSIEUR MAYOR?

SIGH

MONSIEUR MAYOR.

SCAUF-FLAIRE, SIR.

AH. THE STABLE MASTER, ER...

ON YOUR WAY HOME, SIR?

I DID PUT YOU OUT, GOOD SIR.

A FULL FARE FOR NOTHING WAS TOO GENEROUS OF YOU.

I'M SORRY FOR EARLIER.

AAH...

THERE THERE.

WELL? ISN'T HE A GOOD HORSE?

TWENTY LEAGUES?

HE'S A LITTLE ONE FROM LOWER BOULONNAIS. LITTLE, BUT FIERY. HE CAN TAKE YOU TWENTY LEAGUES IN A SINGLE DAY.

IF YOU'RE EVER IN NEED OF A FAST HORSE, LET ME KNOW.

.....

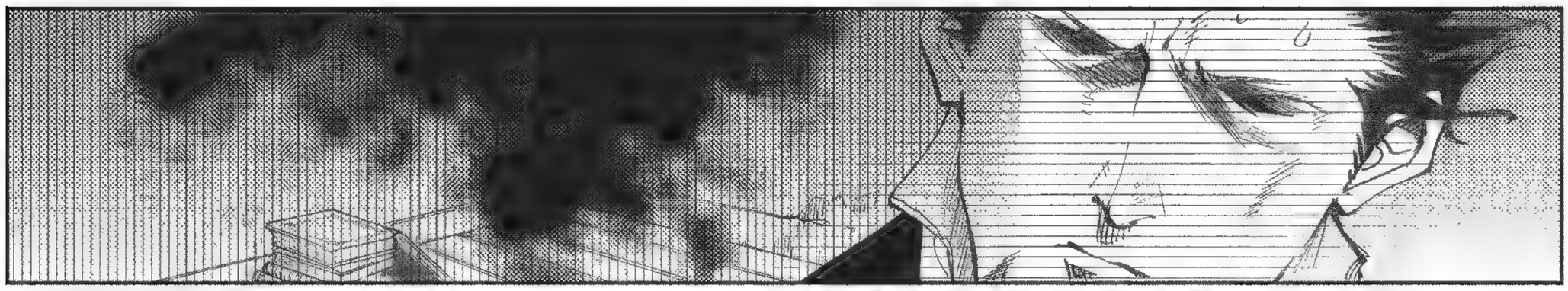
BUT HARNESS HIM UP AND HE RUNS LIKE THE WIND.

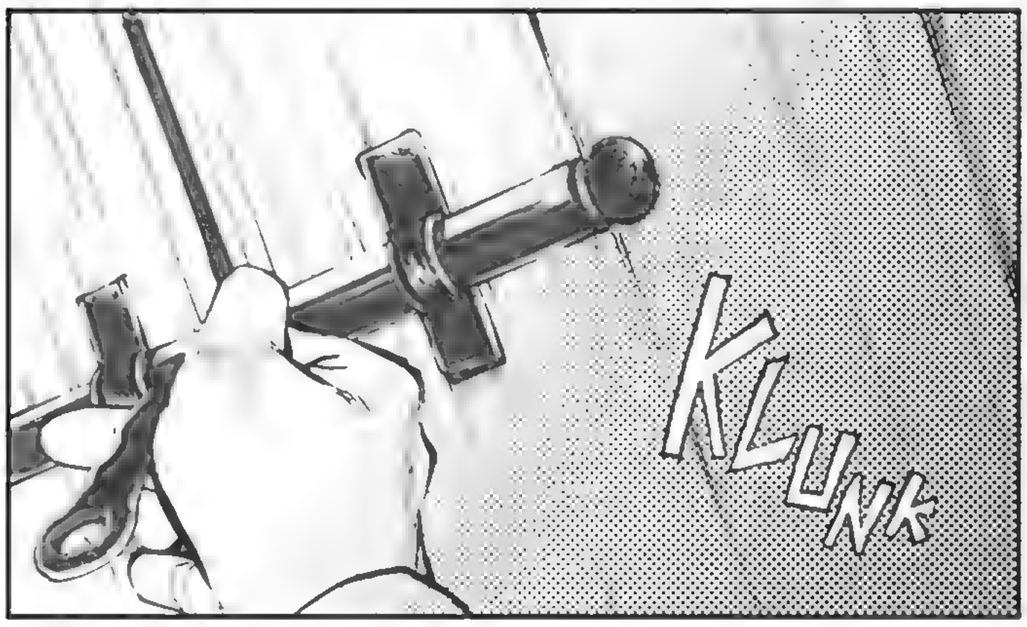
HE'S AS GENTLE AS A LADY...

EIGHT HOURS IS ALL IT'D TAKE, I'D SAY.

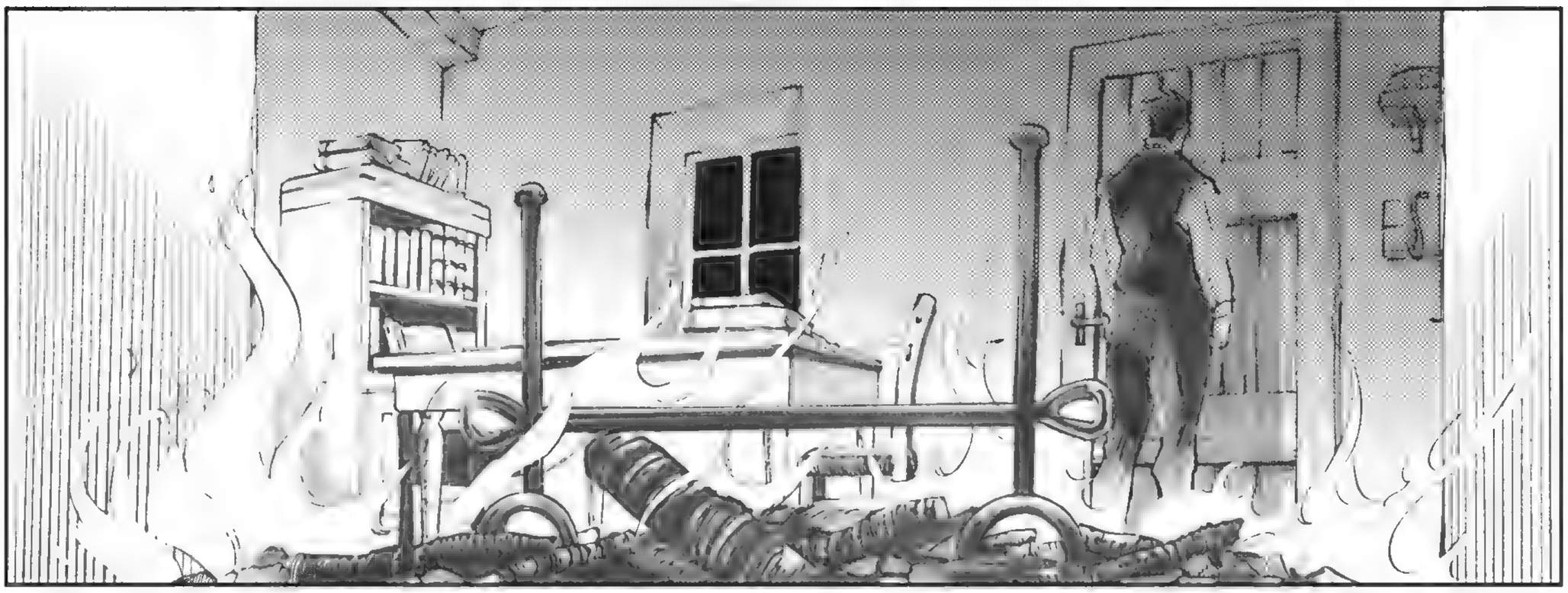
INDEED!

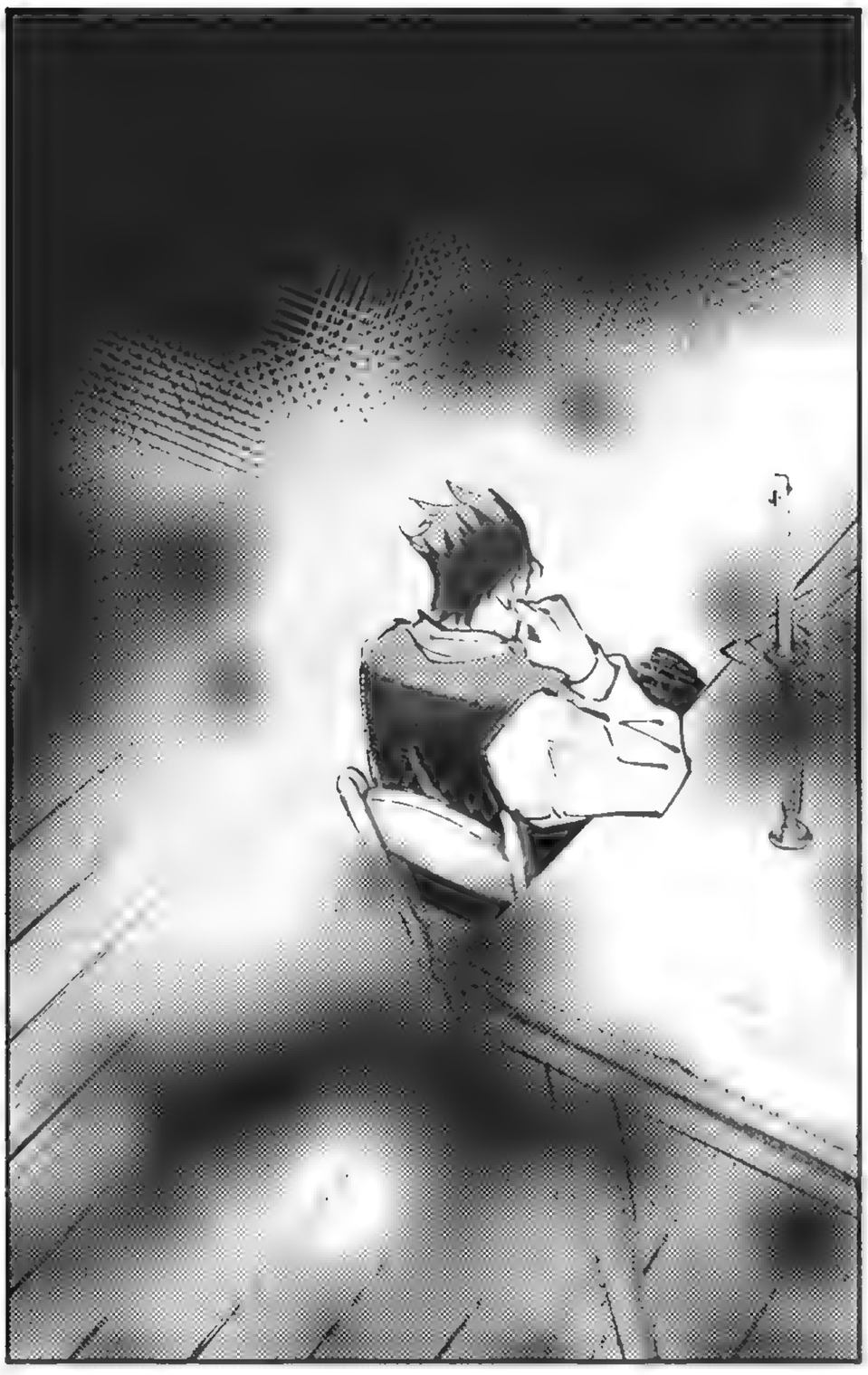
WELL THEN...




KLUNK

PEE





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THE TRUE JEAN VALJEAN HAS ALREADY BEEN FOUND.

WHAT DO I DO?

CHAMP-MATHIEU.

HIS TRIAL IS TOMOR-ROW.

I MUST SAVE HIM.

WHAT AM I SAYING? THE ANSWER IS CLEAR.

DO I SAVE HIM?

HE'S BEEN MISTAKEN FOR ME.

BUT...

THOUGH IT WAS MINOR, CHAMPMATHIEU DID COMMIT A CRIME.

IF I JUST REMAIN SILENT...

HE'LL SPEND A FEW YEARS IN PRISON, THAT'S ALL.

HE WAS UNLUCKY.

HE'S TO BE IMPRISONED FOR LIFE.

IF I STAY SILENT...

THAT WILL BE THE END OF HIM. HE'LL EFFECTIVELY BE DEAD.

I MUST DO MY DUTY.

THAT'S UNCON-SCIONABLE.

THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS.

I MUST TURN MYSELF IN.

TO MONSIEUR LAFFITTE, BANKER, RUE D'ARTOIS, PARIS...

FIRST ...

A LETTER.

RSTL

NOW TO STEP FORWARD...

DENOUNCE MYSELF AND TURN MYSELF IN!

THERE.

IT IS DONE ...!

WAIT...

WHEN THEY THROW ME IN PRISON FOR LIFE...

WHAT WILL BECOME OF FANTINE?

OF COSETTE?

WHAT OF MY FACTORIES? OF THE WORKERS? OF THIS WHOLE TOWN?!

IT'S NOT ONLY THAT PITIFUL FAMILY, EITHER.

ALL OF MONTREUIL-SUR-MER'S INDUSTRY AND CHARITY WILL FALL APART.

IF I'M ARREST-ED...

ALL THIS TIME I'VE THOUGHT ONLY OF MYSELF!

MUST I SAVE THE LIFE OF ONE PETTY THIEF...

AND CONDEMN COUNTLESS LIVES AND LIVELIHOODS OF AN ENTIRE TOWN?

THAT'S FOOLISHNESS!

JEAN ...

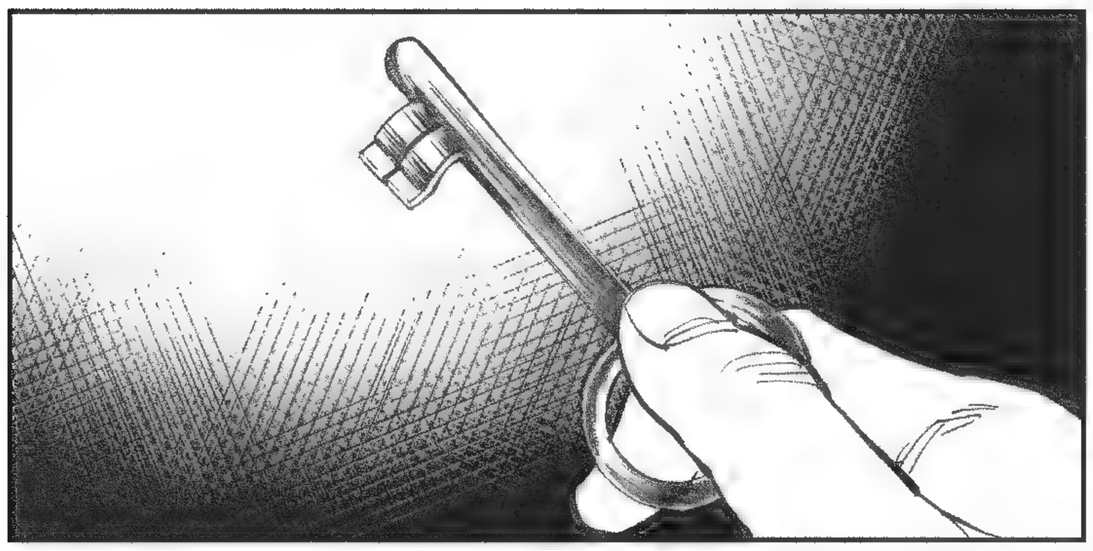
Ha ha ha!

IT REALLY IS THAT SIMPLE...

I'M NO LONGER JEAN VALJEAN!

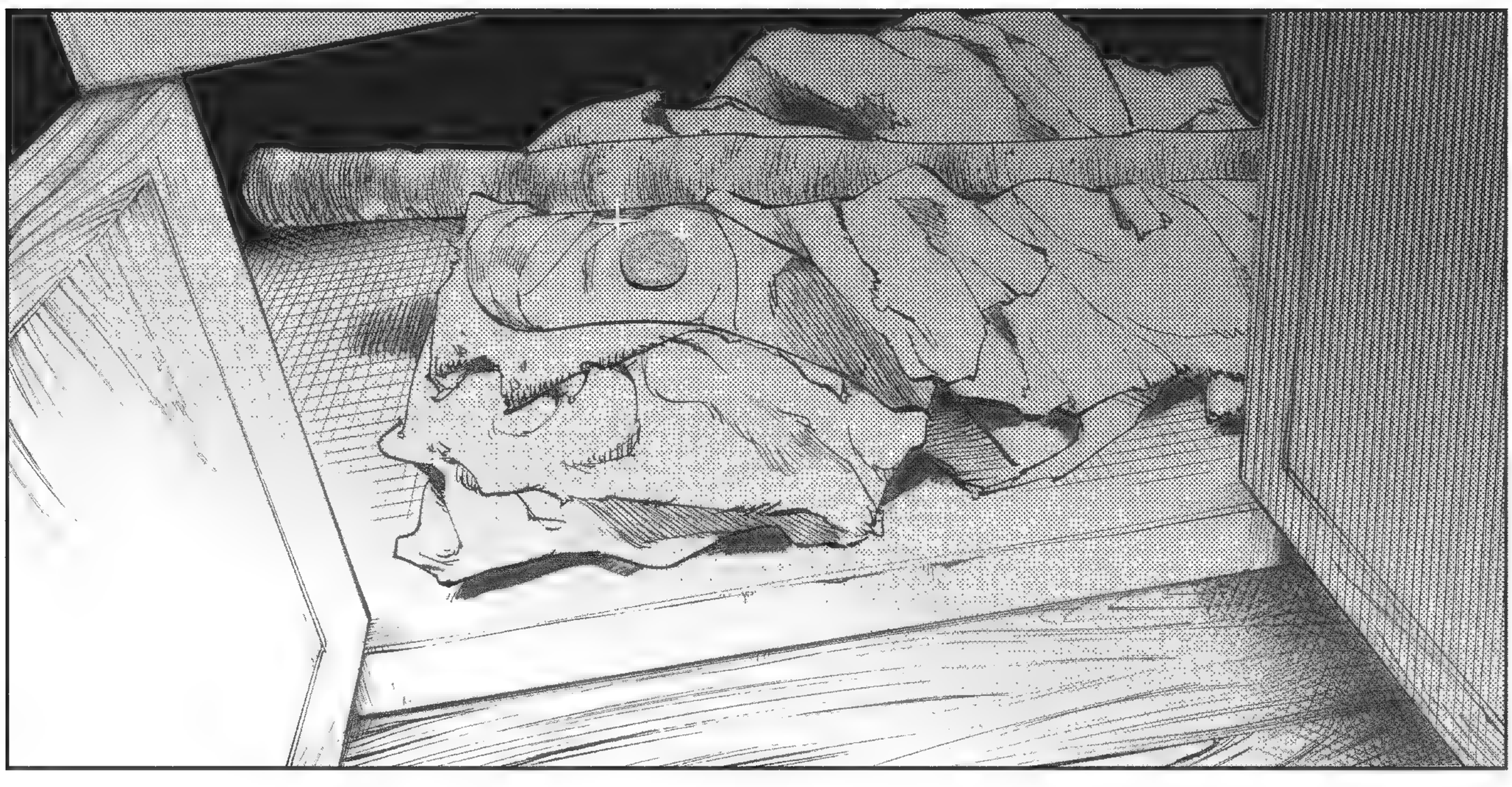
THAT'S RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING FOR IT ANYMORE.

LET ME LIVE NOW AS MAD-ELEINE...



MY MIND IS MADE UP.
I OUGHT TO GET RID OF ALL THE EVIDENCE THAT WOULD TIE ME TO JEAN VALJEAN.

KLIK



BURN IT.

BURN THIS, TOO.

BURN IT ALL!

YES.

NO. NOT YET.

KRAKL KRAKL

IT'S DONE.

ALL THAT WAS JEAN VALJEAN...

WAS HELD IN THOSE.

JEAN!

JEAN.

VAL-
JEAN.

WHO'S
THERE?!

YOU STILL SEE STRAIGHT THROUGH MY MASK TO THE MAN UNDERNEATH.

AND FOOL ALL THOSE AROUND ME...

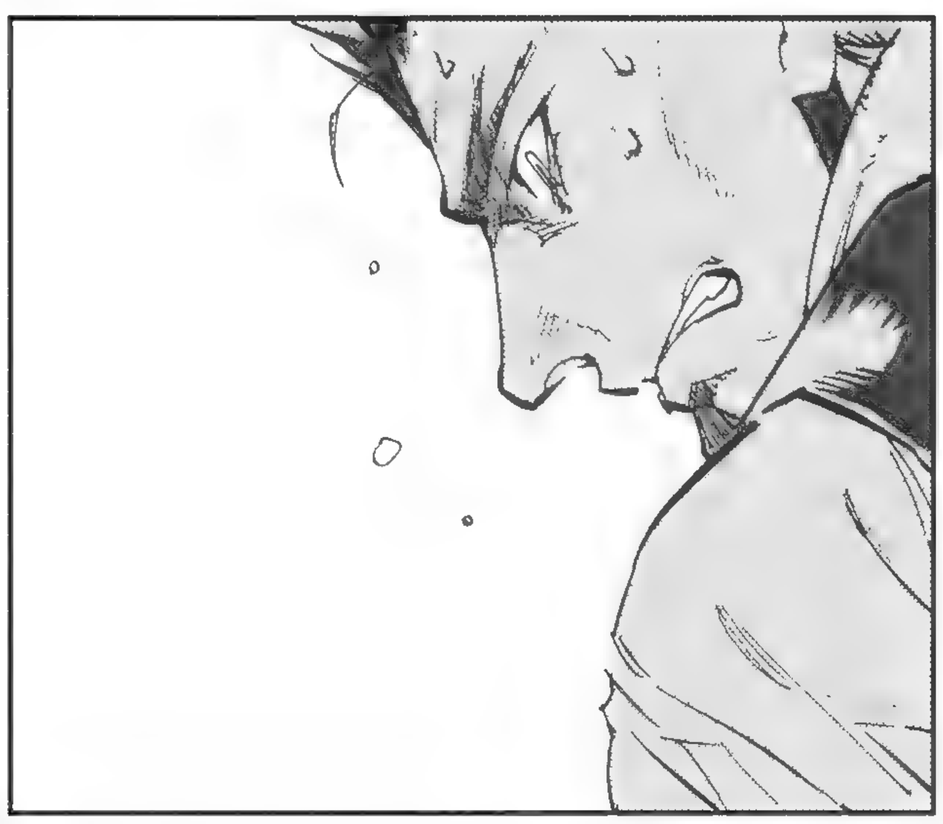
EVEN IF I CALL MYSELF MAD-ELEINE...

I THOUGHT I'D CHANGED.

AM I STILL WHO I WAS BEFORE I MET YOU?

ALL MY WORKS OF CHARITY...

HYPOCRISY.



ALL I'VE DONE TO MAKE UP FOR MY PAST...

SELF-PRESERVATION.

DOES CHAMP-MATHIEU GO IN IT?

OR DO I?

IT CAN ONLY BE ONE OR THE OTHER.

THE GRAVE IS BEING DUG.

VIOLENCE.

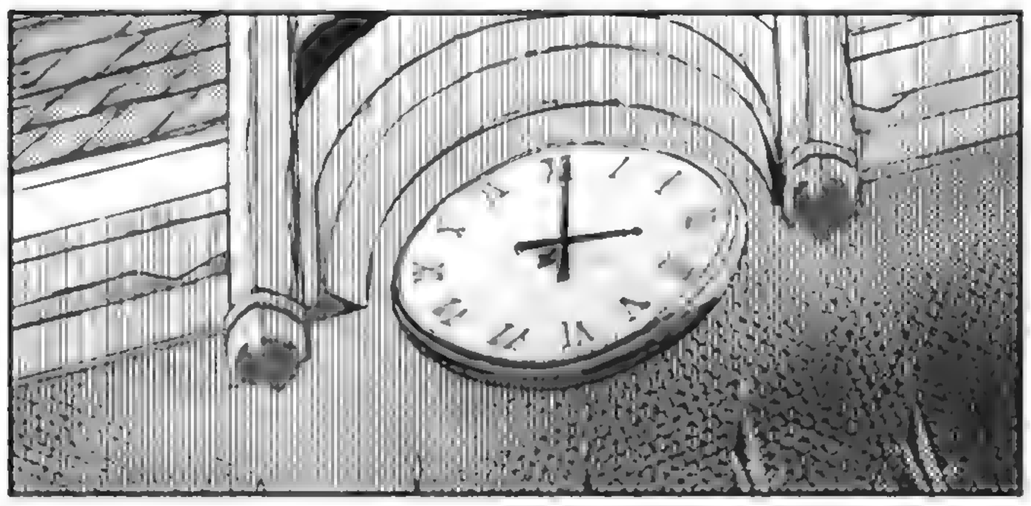
LABOR.

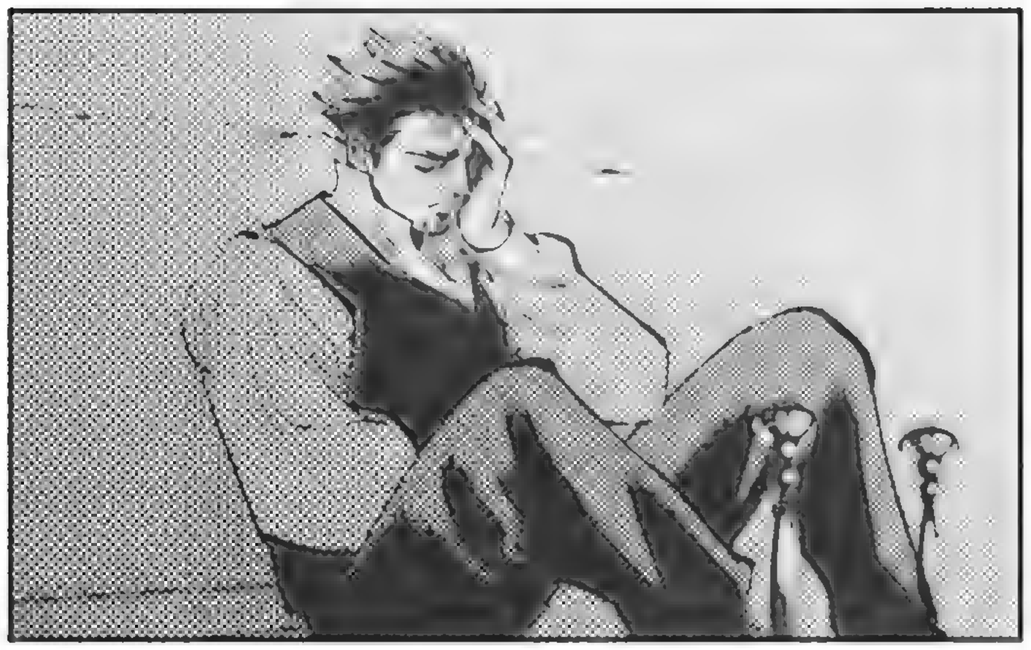
CHAINS.

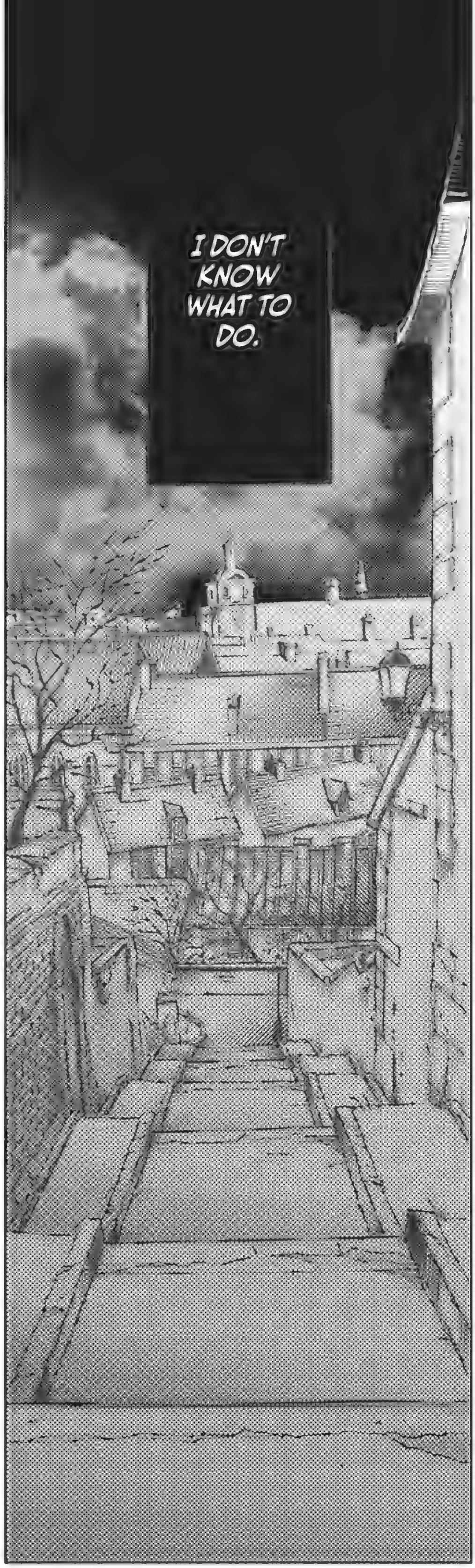
COLLARS.

I...

MUST I GO BACK TO THAT HELL?






I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

MY... BROTHER?

JEAN...

EVERYONE'S GONE.

PAY THEM NO MIND. THEY ONLY FOLLOW.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING?

AH.

.....

DON'T YOU KNOW?

BEST DECIDE QUICKLY, THEN.

I...

.....

HUH...?

THEY'RE GONE...?

DO AS YOU WILL.

BAM BAM BAM

GOOD MORNING!

I'VE ARRIVED, MONSIEUR MAYOR.

KCHAK

YOU REQUESTED I COME YOURSELF. DON'T YOU RECALL?

Ha ha, ha!

WHAT BRINGS ME? *HA HA!* THAT'S A FINE JEST, MONSIEUR!

?

SCAUFFLAIRE.

WHAT BRINGS YOU AT THIS HOUR?

LAST NIGHT.

TOMORROW MORNING AT FIVE, THEN.

I DON'T NEED A DRIVER.

SHUR

MONSIEUR?

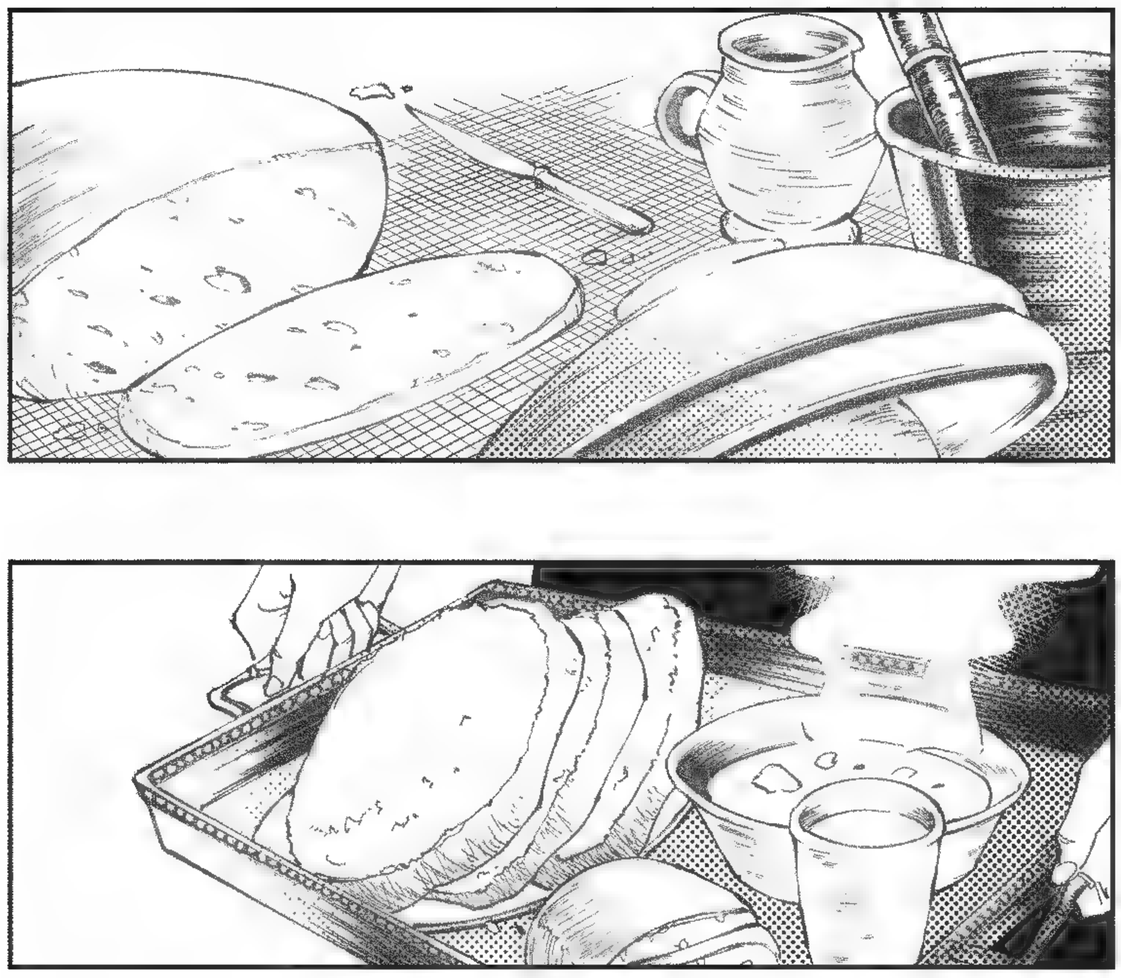
I'M GOING.

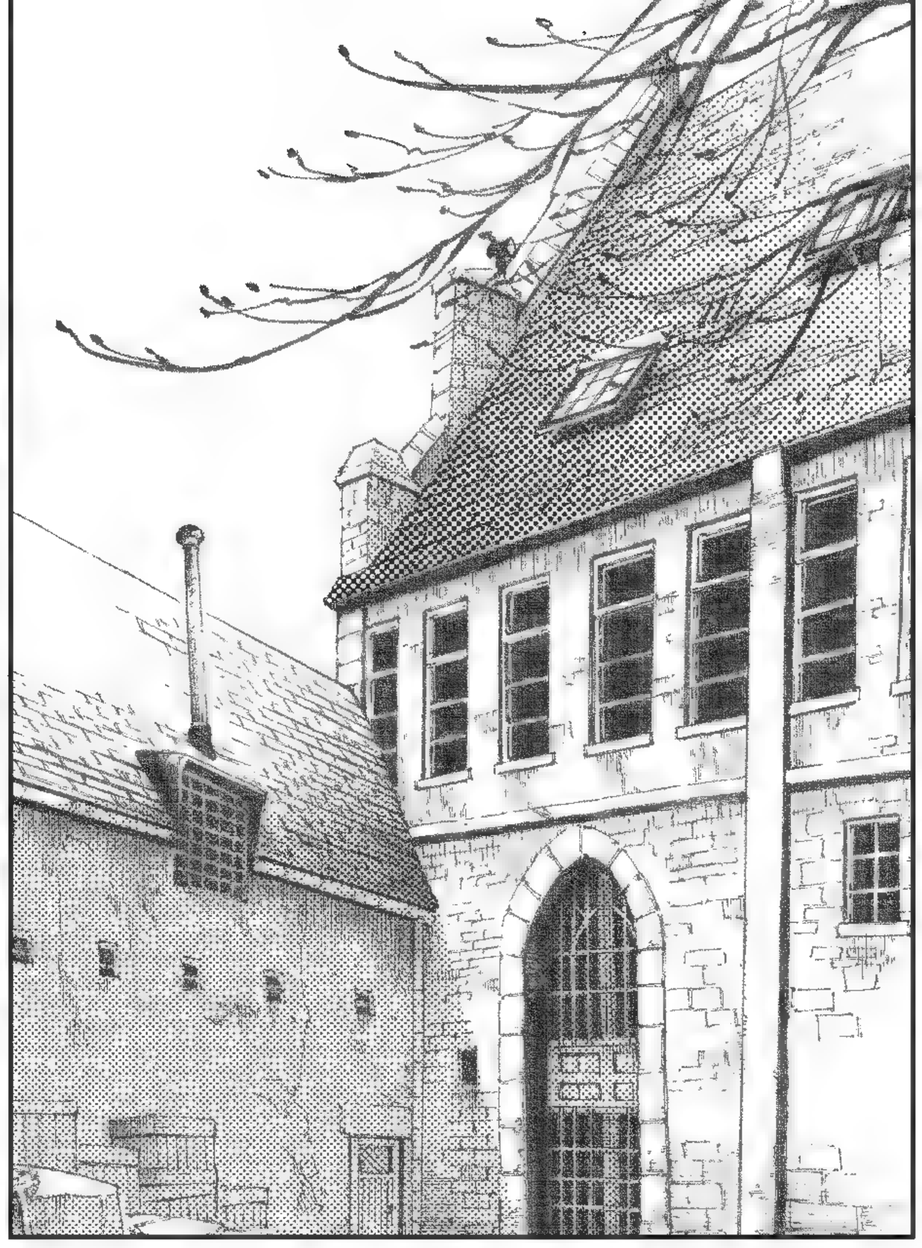
PERFECT.

CRACK

CHAPTER 10: The Matter of Champmathieu

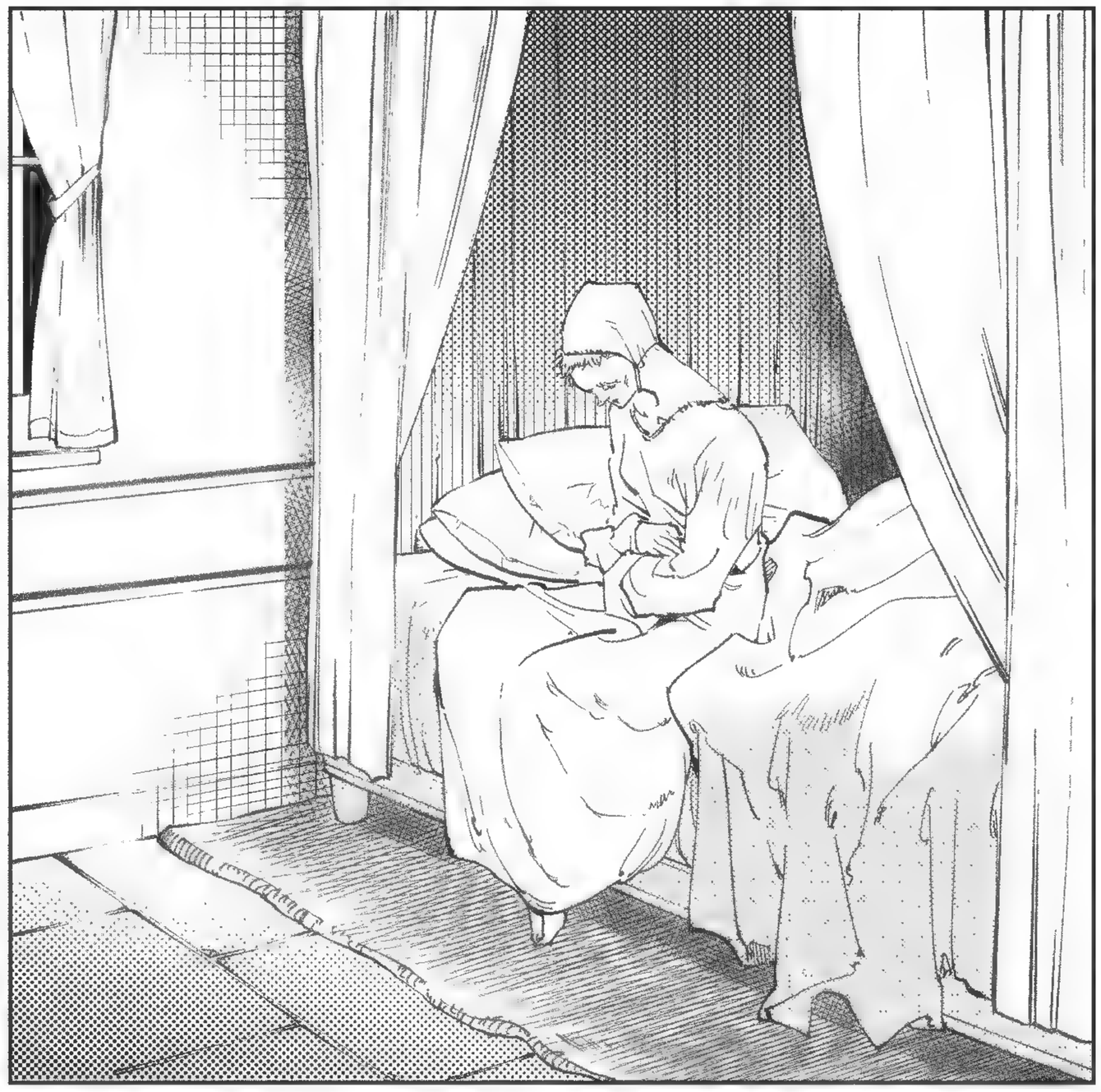
CHAPTER 10
The Matter of Champmathieu





!

FANTINE, YOU MUSTN'T.
YOU NEED REST.
SISTER SIMPLICE.



HE'S A PUNCTUAL PERSON.

IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR MONSIEUR MADELEINE TO VISIT.

HE ALWAYS COMES TO VISIT LONG BEFORE NOW.

MONSIEUR MAYOR IS LATE.

OUI. G'NIGHT.

SEE YOU.

OH, THE LOVELY THINGS WE WILL BUY...

AS WE STROLL THROUGH THE FAU-BOURGS.

ROSES ARE PINK... ♪

AND CORN-FLOWERS ARE BLUE. ♬

♪

♬

I LOVE MY LOVE...

AND CORN-FLOWERS ARE BLUE. ♪

OH, I KNOW!

WHY NOT TELL HER THE MAYOR HASN'T COME BECAUSE HE'S OFF TO FETCH HER CHILD?

WHAT A SORROWFUL LULLABY.

HUSH YOUR MOUTH!

BUT WE MUST AT LEAST TELL HER HE'S LEFT TOWN...

A SISTER OF THE CHURCH MUST NEVER SPEAK A LIE.

DO YOU NOT RECALL THAT YOU'RE IN SERVICE TO GOD?

!

MONSIEUR ...

HAS LEFT TOWN?

FANTINE ...!

NGH ...

SHU- SHUF

AAH...

THEN I CAN SEE HER!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

HE'S GONE TO FETCH COSETTE! THAT MUST BE IT!

NOW... FINALLY...!

BUT...

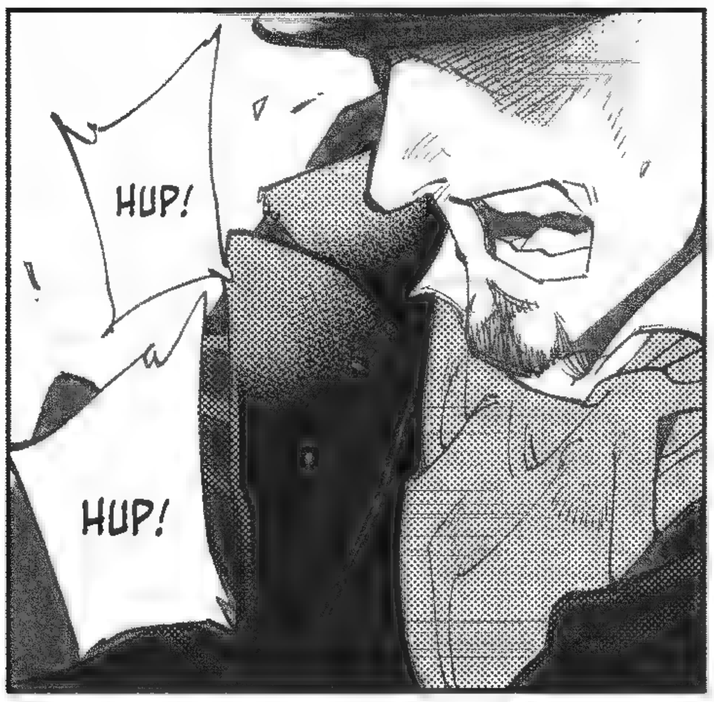
FIVE YEARS...

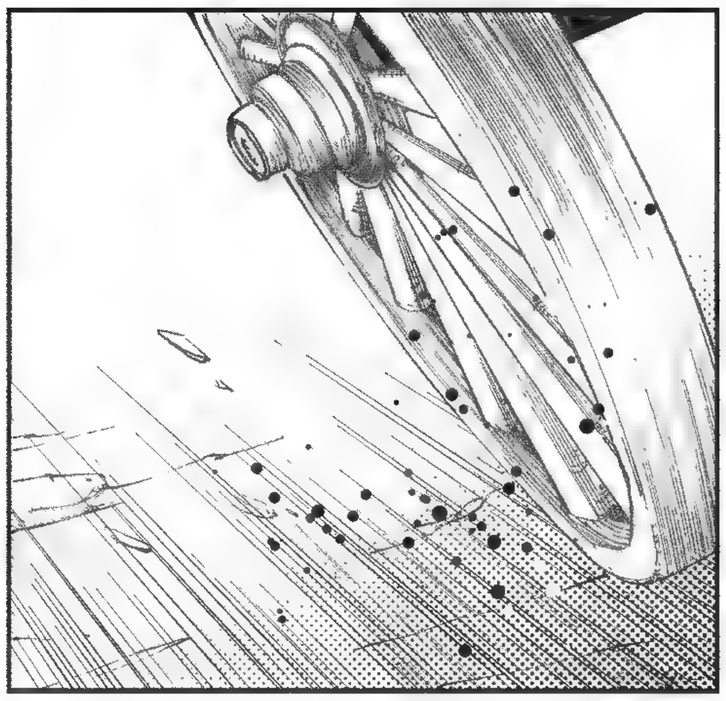
OH HOW LONG IT'S BEEN SINCE THAT DAY.

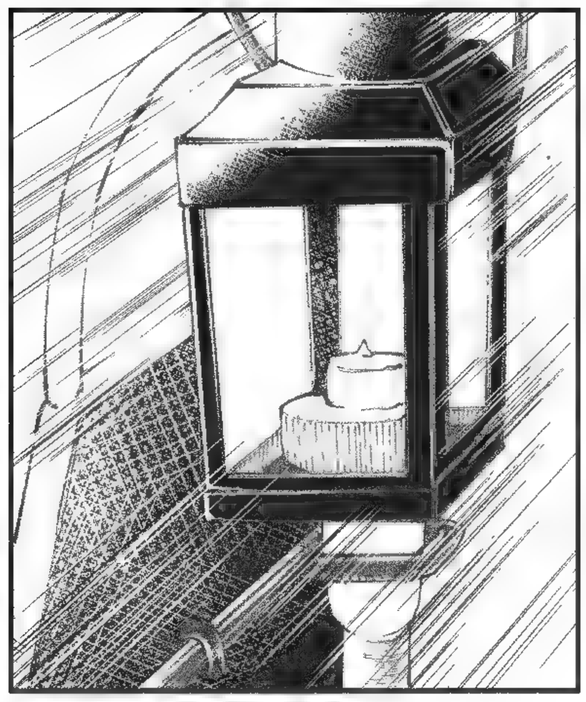
FANTINE...

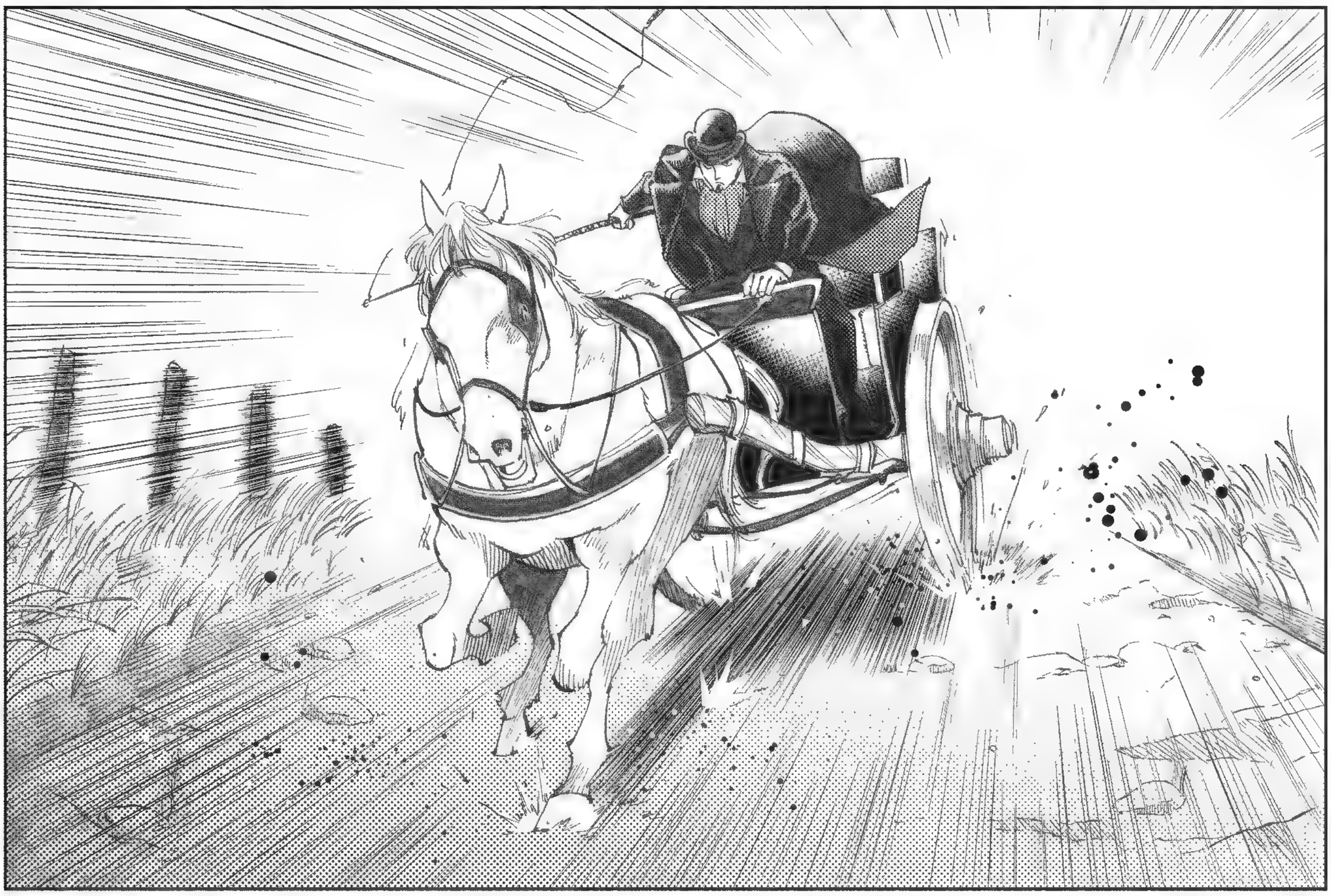
BUT FINALLY...

SHE'S SEVEN NOW.

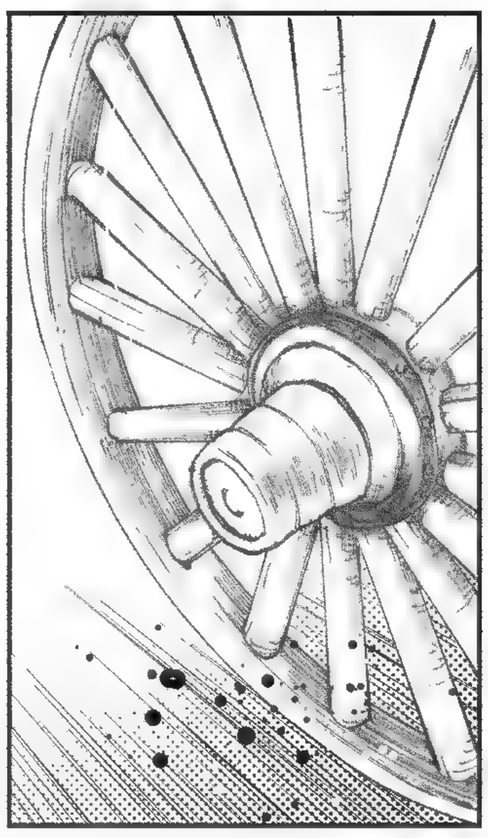

HUP!
HUP!







KRAK



SOMETHING THE MATTER, SIR?

HUUN...

ARRAS.

HOW FAR WERE YA HEADED?

ARRAS!

THIS AIN'T GOOD AT ALL.

AAH...

THIS AIN'T GOOD.

I'M A WHEEL-WRIGHT.

I THINK I CAN HELP YA.

BUT...

I'LL HAVE YA BACK ON THE ROAD TOMORROW MORNING.

SURE.

REALLY? THANK YOU.

I'LL PAY YOU HAND-SOMELY.

TOMORROW? I'M IN A HURRY. CAN'T YOU DO IT IN AN HOUR?

WHA?!

OH, A FULL DAY AT THE LEAST.

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE?

THIS HERE'S A REAL TRICKY REPAIR. CAN'T BE RUSHED.

GENEROUS OF YA SIR, BUT...

IF YER IN THAT BIG A HURRY, WHY NOT JUST SADDLE UP THE HORSE?

BUT...

WELL, WE'RE A POOR VILLAGE...

I'LL TRADE YOU THIS ENTIRE ONE FOR THAT.

THEN IS THERE A CARRIAGE I CAN RENT?

I WAS TOLD HE'LL PULL A CART BUT WON'T TAKE A RIDER.

HE CAN STILL RUN JUST FINE, AIN'T?

IS THERE A HORSE HERE I COULD RENT?

TRUE, TRUE. HE LOOKS LIKE A FIERY ONE.

AAH.

AIN'T NO HORSE HERE THAT CAN MAKE THAT LONG A TRIP.

MURMUR

OH HEAVENS NO!

AS FAR AS ARRAS?

YOU DON'T LISTEN WELL, DO YA SIR.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

I'LL GET YOURS FIXED. JUST GIMME A DAY.

BUT I MUST BE IN ARRAS TONIGHT!

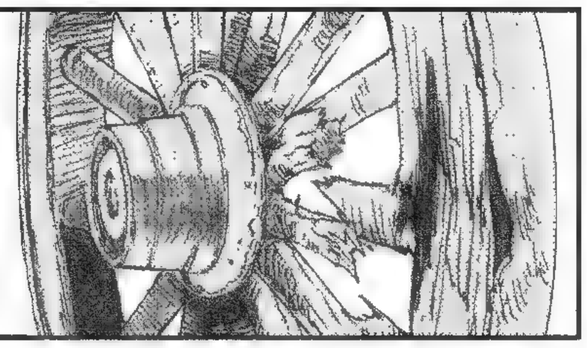
THEN WHAT AM I TO DO?!

I WON'T MAKE IT TO ARRAS.

NOT IN TIME TO BE THERE FOR CHAMPMATHIEU'S TRIAL.

IT CAN'T BE HELPED.

THE CART'S WHEEL BROKE.



I SEARCHED FOR EVERY POSSIBLE OPTION...

I DID MY BEST.

BUT NOTHING WORKED.

I'M NOT MEANT TO GO TO ARRAS.

PROVIDENCE HAS SPOKEN...!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

MONSIEUR?

OUI.

.....

YER IN TROUBLE 'CUZ YOUR WHEEL BROKE?

shur

JEAN ...

VAL-JEAN ...

WE GOT A SPARE OLD CART SITTIN' AROUND.

WELL?

IT WON'T BE NICE.

THAT LONG A TRIP IN THIS?

WOOD'S SOAKED, METAL'S RUSTED...

LOOK AT IT, RESTIN' FLAT ON ITS AXLE.

WELL, AIN'T THIS THE RAMSHACKLE OLD BASKET.

.....

STOP BY ON YOUR WAY BACK THROUGH.

I'LL GET YER CARRIAGE ALL FIXED UP, SIR.

IF IT WILL GET ME TO ARRAS...

TAKE CARE!

RATL

I'M NOT MEANT TO GO TO ARRAS.

HEAVEN SPOKE.

IT'S GOD'S WILL.

NO. FOR NOW I JUST GO FORWARD.

RATL RATL

AM I STILL HOPING TO PRESERVE THE LIFE I HAVE NOW?

FOR AN INSTANT...

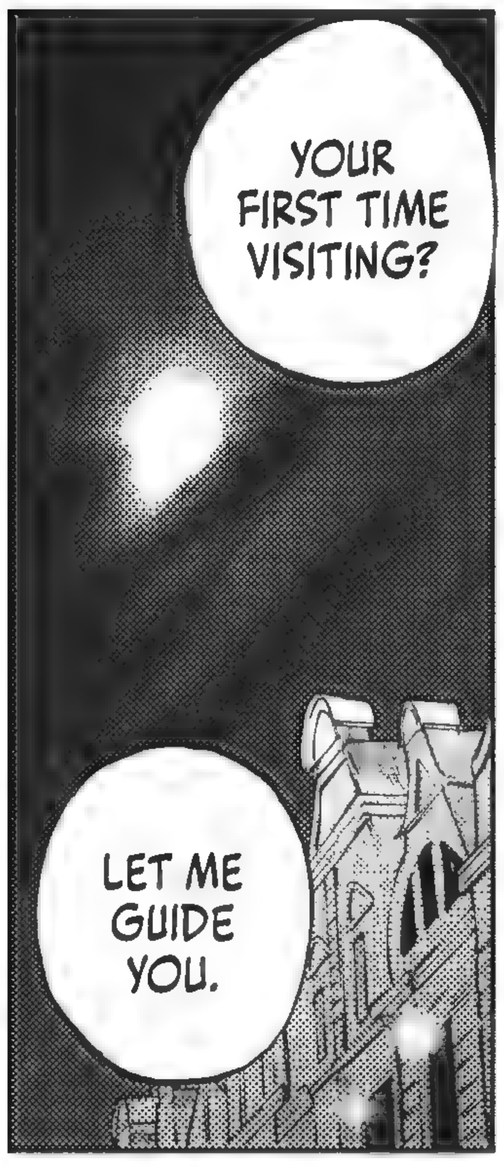
I FELT A SHOCK OF JOY.

SWAK

HUP!

I MUST DO WHAT MUST BE DONE.

Northern France, Pas-de-Calais.
Arras.


YOUR FIRST TIME VISITING?
LET ME GUIDE YOU.

IT'S AWFUL LATE.
THE COURT?
MOST DAYS THEY CLOSE BY SIX IN THE EVENING.

YOUR HORSE LOOKS EXHAUSTED.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHERE IS THE COURT?

PASSPORT.

I DIDN'T ARRIVE IN TIME FOR THE TRIAL.

BUT NOW I DON'T HAVE TO TURN MYSELF IN...

WAS IT ALL FOR NAUGHT IN THE END?

WHAT OF CHAMPMATHIEU?

NO!

STILL...I COULD LIVE AS MADELEINE, NOT JEAN VALJEAN!

YOU'RE IN LUCK.

THE HALL IS STILL LIT.

IT SEEMS THEY'RE SITTING LATE THIS NIGHT.

GOOD EVENING. IS THE TRIAL, ER... STILL IN SESSION?

INDEED, MONSIEUR.

IF I MAY...

I WANT TO GO INSIDE.

NON.

YOU WON'T PERMIT ME?

I CAN'T ALLOW ANYONE INSIDE.

THE COURTROOM IS FULL.

ALL BY HEAVEN'S WILL.

MANY OBSTACLES WERE PLACED BEFORE YOU.

YOU SURPASSED THEM TO ARRIVE HERE.

BUT IS THIS NOT ENOUGH?

YOU DID WELL TO COME THIS FAR.

WE WON'T ALLOW IT TO TAKE YOU SO EASILY.

BUT ONLY HELL AWAITS BEYOND.

RETURN TO THE WOMAN WHO RELIES ON YOU.

RETURN TO YOUR TOWN.

RETURN HOME.

RETURN TO YOUR PEOPLE.

MADELEINE.

MAYOR OF... MONTREUIL-SUR-MER...

HRM? LET ME SEE...

GIVE THIS TO THE JUDGE.

OF COURSE, MON-SIEUR.

DO YOU STILL TURN YOUR BACK ON PROVIDENCE?

I AGREE.

HOW FOOLISH.

THIS WAS THE LAST.

KCHAK

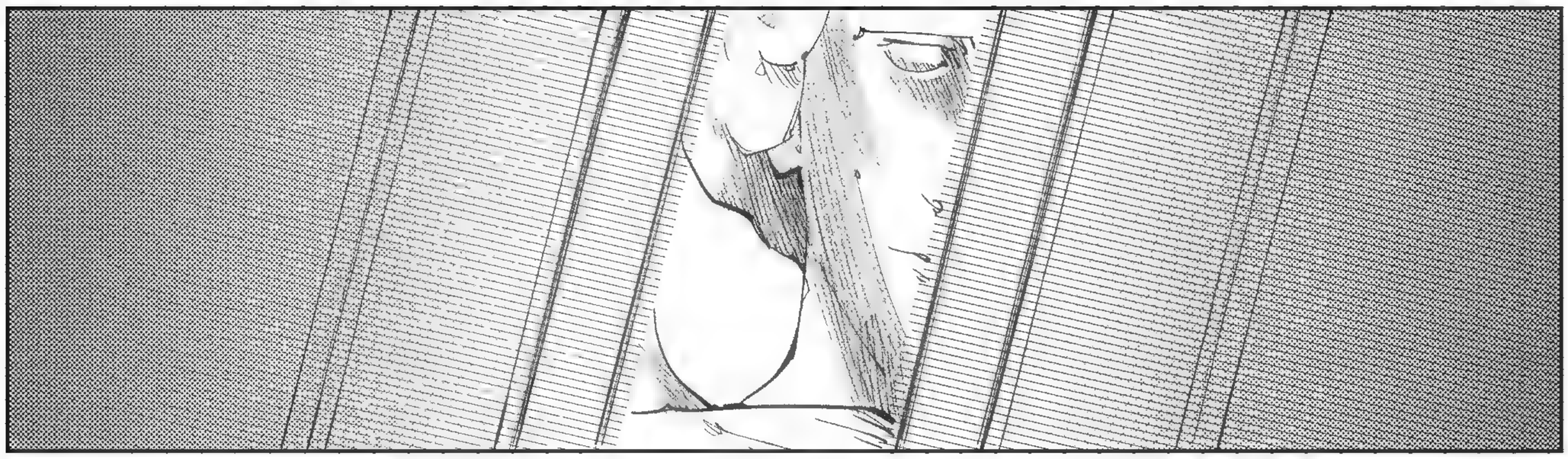
IF IT DOESN'T WORK, I'LL GIVE UP.

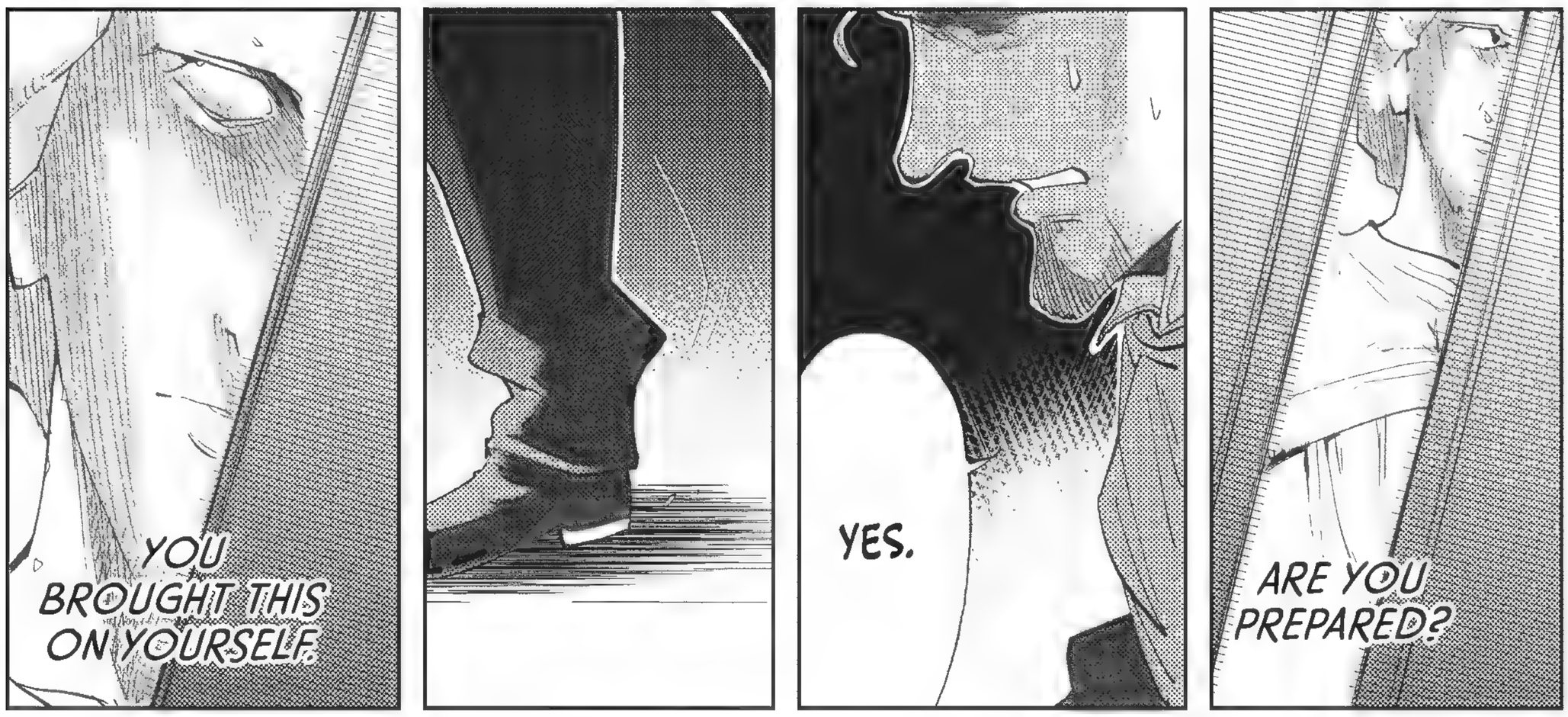
I APOLOGIZE FOR THE WAIT, MONSIEUR MADELEINE.

THE JUDGE HAS AN OPEN SEAT FOR PUBLIC NOTABLES ON HIS DAIS.

YOU MAY TAKE THE BACK ENTRANCE IF YOU WISH.

NGK ...




YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF.
YES.
ARE YOU PREPARED?

BEYOND THAT DOOR LIES HELL.

YES. BY MY OWN WILL...

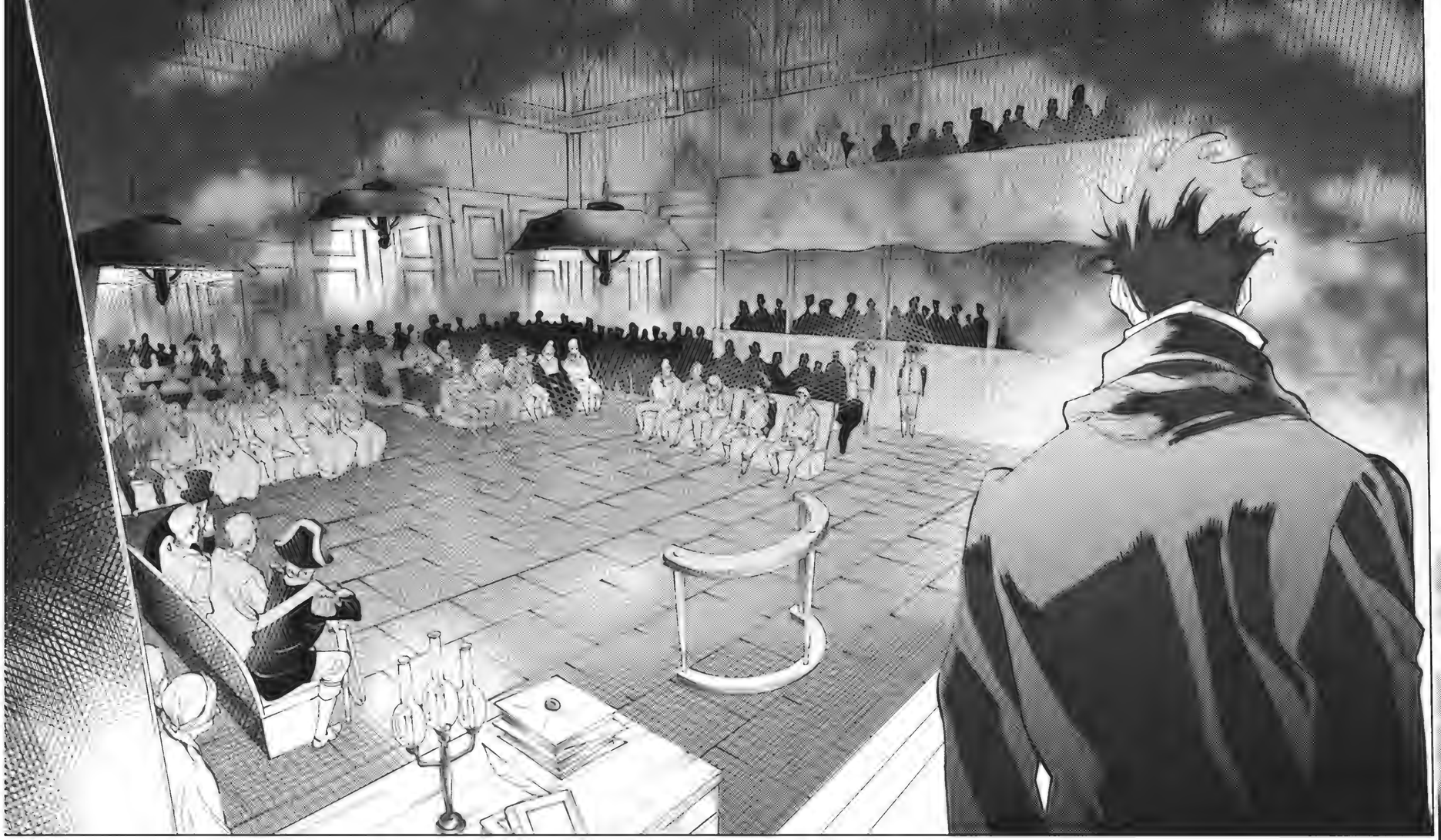
TRULY?

YES.

YOU...

I OPEN THIS DOOR.

KREE



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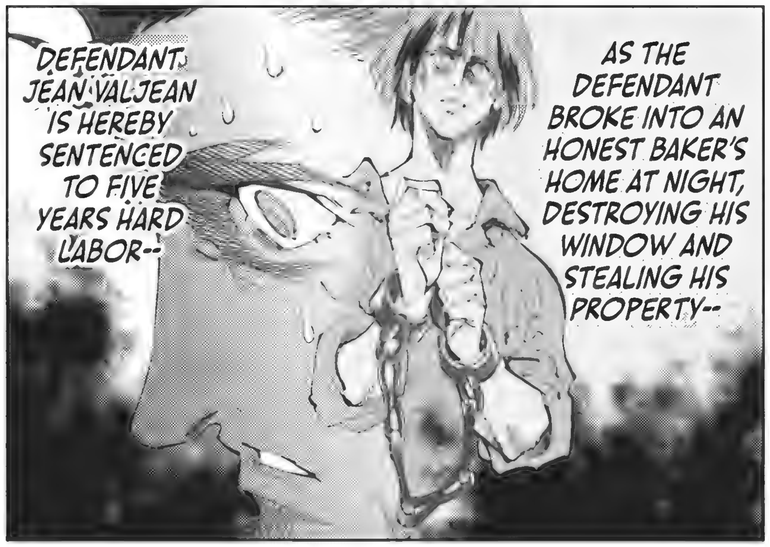

DEFENDANT JEAN VALJEAN IS HEREBY SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS HARD LABOR--
AS THE DEFENDANT BROKE INTO AN HONEST BAKER'S HOME AT NIGHT, DESTROYING HIS WINDOW AND STEALING HIS PROPERTY--

I NOW PRONOUNCE JUDGMENT.

THANK YOU...

YOUR HONOR.

WELCOME, MONSIEUR MADELEINE.

WHAT AN HONOR TO HAVE YOU.

IT'S HEROIC WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR THE HUNDRED VILLAGES OF MONTREUIL-SUR-MER, AND IN JUST A FEW YEARS!

WE'VE HEARD THE STORIES.

NO. I'M NO HERO.

IT'S OBVIOUS AT A GLANCE.

HIM.

THAT'S CHAMPMATHIEU.

IF I HADN'T MET THE BISHOP IN DIGNE...

I'D LOOK JUST LIKE HIM STILL.

HE LOOKS MUCH LIKE I DID ALL THOSE YEARS AGO...

MY EYES BRIMMING WITH RAGE FROM NINETEEN YEARS/ IN THE GALLEYS.

NOW THEN, DEFENDANT JEAN VALJEAN.

DO—ZE

DEFENDANT VALJEAN!

HAVE YOU ANY FURTHER DEFENSE?

YES, YOU.

YOU'RE JEAN VALJEAN.

I AIN'T THIS JEAN-WHOEVER FELLOW.

MY NAME'S CHAMP-MATHIEU.

HOW'M I GONNA PUT THIS?

AAAGH!

ALL I DID WAS PICK UP A BRANCH THAT WAS LYIN' ON THE GROUND!

I DIDN'T STEAL NO BREAD...

AND I DIDN'T ROB NO CHIMNEY SWEEP BOY.

YOU'RE MAD!

THAT I'VE GOTTA GO TO PRISON FOR LIFE?!

AND YOU'RE TELLIN' ME...

YOU ARE, FOR TRYIN' TO SET ME UP LIKE ONE!

I AIN'T THE CROOK HERE!

BUT I SEE THROUGH YOUR LIES, JEAN VALJEAN!

STOP CALLING ME THAT!

YOUR HONOR!

HE ONLY PLAYS THE FOOL SO HE MAY ESCAPE JUST PUNISHMENT!

THE DEFENDANT TRIES A VAGUE, YET CLEVER DEFENSE.

HRN.

COUNSEL. JAVERT HAS ALREADY OFFERED HIS TESTIMONY AND LEFT THE COURT.

I ALSO WISH TO SUMMON INSPECTOR JAVERT!

I WISH TO SUMMON CONVICTS BREVET, CHENILDIEU, AND COCHEPAILLE AS WITNESSES!

YOUR HONOR! GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY!

BRING FORTH THE OTHER THREE WITNESSES.

I RETRACT MY REQUEST TO SUMMON HIM.

.....

DEFEN-
DANT!

LEMME
GO!

FEH!

DEFENDANT.
STAND.

NF

AS JEAN
VALJEAN,
YOUR FELLOW
PRISONER IN
TOULON.

TELL THE
COURT IF YOU
DO INDEED
STILL SEE
HIM...

LOOK AT THE
DEFENDANT.
SEARCH YOUR
MEMORY.

BREVET.
CHENILDIEU.
COCHEPAILLE.

I APPEAL TO
YOUR SOULS
AND YOUR
CONSCIENCES,
MEN. I PRAY
YOU STILL
HAVE THEM.

HE WAS STRONG. CLEVER.

WE CALLED 'IM JEAN LE CRIC.

HOW COULD I FORGET?

YOU BET I RECOGNIZE 'IM! WE WERE ATTACHED TO THE SAME CHAIN FOR FIVE YEARS!

THAT THERE'S JEAN VALJEAN, NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT.

YESSIR, YER HONOR.

WE ALL REMEMBER YOU CLEAR AS DAY.

QUIT PLAYIN' DUMB, VALJEAN.

YOU SAY I'M JEAN VALJEAN. YOU SAY IT. YOU SAY IT.

THIS IS GREAT! GREAT!

EVERYONE CALLS ME JEAN VALJEAN!

HA HA HA!

DEFENDANT, IT IS AS YOU HEARD.

HAVE YOU ANYTHING LEFT TO SAY?

EVERY ONE OF YA, GANGIN' UP ON ME!

AND YOU CALL ME THE FOOL?!

FOOLS AND MADMEN!

ALL OF YA! FOOLS!

MURMUR...

YOU'RE THE STUPID ONES!

HRAAAH!

I'LL HAVE SILENCE IN THIS COURT!

GEN-DARMES!

THE MAN'S LOST HIS MIND.

HEH HEH HEH.

I'M CHAMP-MATHIEU!

THE PROSECU-TION RESTS ITS CASE!

LOOK HERE!

COCHE-PAILLE!

BREVET!

CHENILDIEU!

MONSIEUR MADELEINE ...?

THAT MAN...

THIS MAN IS CHAMPMATHIEU. HE IS NOT THE MAN TO BE IMPRISONED FOR LIFE.

PLEASE HAVE THE DEFENDANT RELEASED IMMEDI-ATELY.

YOUR HONOR.

IS ME.

I'M ENTIRELY SANE.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MONSIEUR ATTORNEY.

LET ME PROVE THAT TO YOU RIGHT NOW.

COULD SOMEONE PLEASE ESCORT HIM TO HIS RESIDENCE?

IT SEEMS MONSIEUR MADELEINE IS QUITE TIRED.

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE COURT?!

.....

DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

BREVET, LOOK AT ME.

!!!

WHAT OF YOUR KNITTED SUSPENDERS?

THE ONES WITH THE CHECKED PATTERN? YOU WORE THOSE IN THE GALLEYS.

Murmur

YOU HAD A TERRIBLE BURN SCAR ON YOUR RIGHT SHOULDER.

H-HOW...?!

CHE-NILDIEU.

!!

MARCH 1ST, 1815.

ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE.

COCHE-PAILLE.

YOU'VE A DATE STAMPED IN BURNT POWDER.

BY YOUR LEFT ELBOW...

IT'S THE DATE THE EMPEROR LANDED IN CANNES.

.....

le 1er mars 1815

JEAN VALJEAN.

OUI.

IS IT REALLY YOU...

VALJEAN?

I BELIEVE IT SHOULD BE CLEAR ENOUGH TO YOU ALL, NOW.

I AM JEAN VALJEAN.

SO I'LL RETURN TO MONTREUIL-SUR-MER FOR NOW.

I'VE A FEW THINGS LEFT TO DO...

I DON'T WISH TO DISTURB THIS COURT ANY FURTHER.

WHENEVER YOU WISH.

COME HAVE ME ARRESTED ...

MONSIEUR ATTORNEY...

AT YOUR CONVE-NIENCE...

.....

CHAMP-MATHIEU.

I APOLOGIZE FOR THE TROUBLE I CAUSED YOU...

THE DOORS SLOWLY OPENED FOR HIM...

AND THEN CLOSED BEHIND HIM AS IF ON THEIR OWN.

NO ONE STOPPED HIM.

WHO STEPS FORTH TO SERVE THEM.

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOMEONE IN THE CROWD...

AFTER ALL, WHEN A PERSON DOES SOMETHING SUBLIME...

AND THE MAN WHO'D EXPOSED HIS TRUE IDENTITY...

KNOWING FULL WELL THE CONSEQUENCES, HAD DONE A MAJESTIC DEED.

WOULD LATER SAY THEY HAD CERTAINLY SEEN A FLASH OF BRILLIANT LIGHT.

GLANCE

GLANCE

THE CROWD, SITTING IN THAT CROWDED COURT THAT HAD BEEN OBSCURED BY CONFUSION...

ER...

WHAT HAPPENS TO ME?

HE MAY BE RELEASED IMMEDIATELY.

DEFENDANT CHAMP-MATHIEU IS HEREBY ACQUITTED.

HN? ERR... BY THE DECISION OF THE JURY...

DUE TO, AH... VARIOUS REASONS ...

BUT I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' WRONG FROM THE START.

ACQUITTED?!

SKCH SKCH

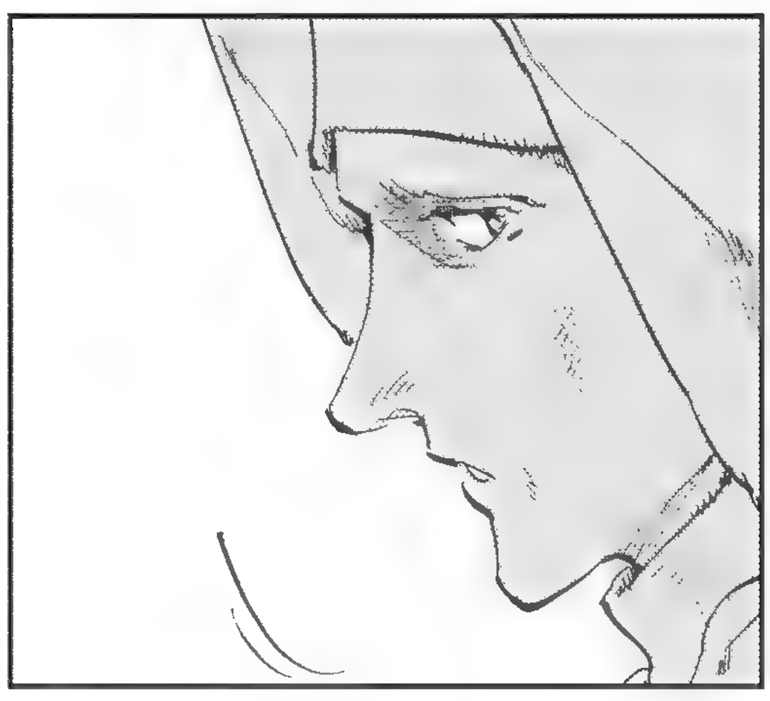
MAD, I TELL YA. WHOLE DAMNED WORLD'S GONE MAD.

LES MISÉRABLES

LES MISÉRABLES

Book 2: COSETTE

Chapter 1: Number 24601 Becomes Number 9430



SISTER SIMPLICE.

WHERE DID YOU GO?

MONSIEUR MAYOR!

WAS IT TO FETCH COSETTE...?

NO. I SEE IT WAS NOT.

!!

YOU LOOK TERRIBLY EXHAUSTED ...

WHAT HAPPENED, MONSIEUR?

YOUR HAIR...

MY HAIR?

AH.

IS THAT YOU, COSETTE?

COSETTE...?

OH...!

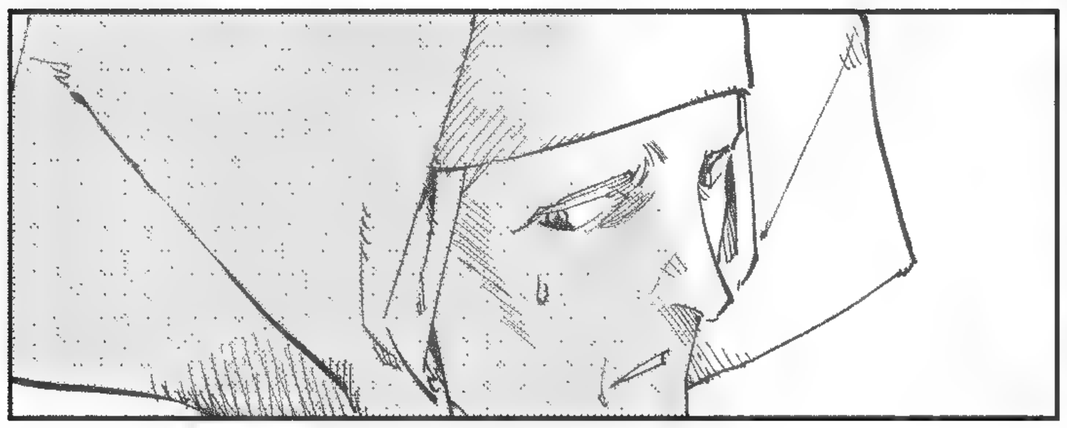
I THOUGHT I HEARD MY DAUGHTER'S VOICE...

WE DIDN'T MEAN TO WAKE YOU.

OH! I'M SORRY.

HNK!

KOFF! KOFF!



ER, FANTINE BELIEVES THE REASON YOU LEFT...
WAS SO YOU MIGHT FETCH COSETTE.

YOU'VE RETURNED WITH MY DAUGHTER, YES?!
MONSIEUR MAYOR!
OH, THANK THE LORD.

CHAK

I'LL FETCH IT AT ONCE.

OUI.

ISN'T IT TIME FOR HER MEDICINE?

SISTER.

YOU'LL SEE HER SOON.

ANOTHER FEW HOURS IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THAT.

YES...I'VE WAITED FIVE YEARS TO SEE HER ALREADY.

KOF!

I WANT TO SEE HER. OH, I WANT TO SEE HER!

KOF!

WHERE'S COSETTE?

I HEAR HER VOICE...

CARRYING HER IN THEIR ARMS...

AAH... THE SISTERS WILL BRING HER SOON, WON'T THEY?

KOFF!

KOFF!

SHE'LL LOOK SO PRETTY.

I'LL HAVE A WHITE VEIL FOR HER TO WEAR.

AAH, CO-SETTE ...

SOON SHE'LL BE OLD ENOUGH FOR HER FIRST COMMUNION.

COSETTE IS SEVEN NOW.

OH! HA HA.

SILLY ME.

SHE DOESN'T NEED TO BE CARRIED. SHE CAN WALK ON HER OWN.

GRD

SHVR

SHVR

JAVERT.

I KNOW ON WHAT BUSINESS YOU HAVE COME.

DON'T WORRY.

HE HASN'T COME HERE FOR YOU.

.....

YOU WILL CALL ME INSPECTOR.

WERE YOU LAUGHING AT ME, VALJEAN?

YOU HID YOURSELF RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE THIS WHOLE TIME.

THERE IS NO GREATER LAW THAN ONE'S CONSCIENCE.

HOW DARE YOU PITY ME!

THERE IS NO MAYOR HERE!

MONSIEUR MAYOR?

MONSIEUR MAYOR...!

HA HA HA HA HA!

AN EVIL ONE, WHO REPEATED HIS CRIMES AFTER RELEASE.

THAT MAN THERE IS MERELY A CONVICT.

VALJEAN ...?

CONVICT ...?

TELL HER YOUR REAL NAME...

VALJEAN.

YANK

I'VE RECEIVED THE LETTER! THE COURT RECOGNIZED THE MAYOR OF MONTREUIL-SUR-MER...

AS RELEASED CONVICT JEAN VALJEAN. I AM TO ARREST HIM PROMPTLY!

YEEK!

THE LAW HAS SPOKEN!

I WILL DO MY DUTY!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

NO!

PLEASE!

KNEEL!

I TOLD YOU TO CALL ME "INSPECTOR!"

JAVERT...

SAY IT ALOUD!

STOP MUM-BLING!

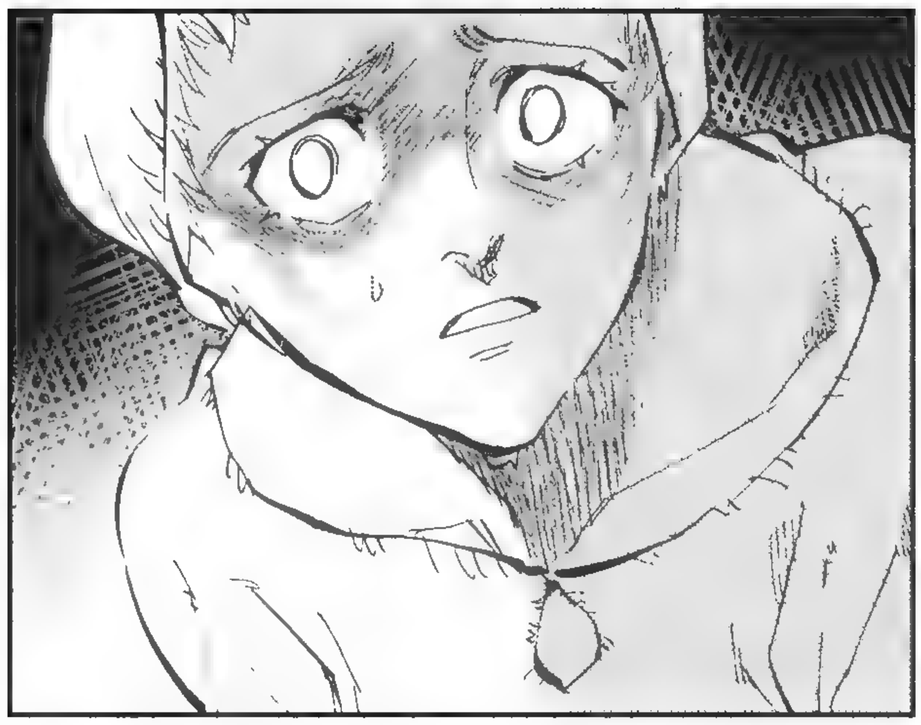
ONE REQUEST...

I HAVE...

I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

I WANT THREE DAYS GRACE.

NGK!



I MUST FETCH HER DAUGHTER!
GIVE ME THREE DAYS GRACE TO GO TO MONTFERMEIL!

OR COULDN'T YOU THINK OF A BETTER EXCUSE?
HAH.
ARE YOU MAD?

THEN SHE ISN'T HERE...?
COSETTE ...?
YOU'RE ONLY GOING NOW?

WHAT...?
HOW CRUEL!
I THOUGHT TO REASSURE YOU...
I LEFT FOR OTHER REASONS.
FANTINE, I'M SORRY.
SHE IS NOT.

FANTINE!

COSETTE!

MY COSETTE!

I NEVER CARED...

WHAT YOU CALLED YOURSELF.

CRIMINAL...

MAYOR...

JAVERT!

WILL YOU STAY QUIET?!

HAH. POOR WRETCH.

THAT'S WHAT SHE GETS FOR RELYING ON A CRIMINAL.

YOU WERE A KIND MAN.

TO ME...

I SWEAR IT, FANTINE!

YOU WILL SEE YOUR DAUGHTER AGAIN!

I WILL CARE FOR YOU AND YOUR CHILD!

YES! I PROMISED!

PROMISED YOU'D BRING MY COSETTE BACK TO ME...

YOU HELPED ME...

HFF.

HFF.

YOU...

ONLY YOU WERE...

THIS MAN IS GOING TO PRISON FOR LIFE!

HMPH! A WRETCH LIKE YOU, TREATED LIKE NOBILITY.

YOU LOWLY HUSSY!

WELL THAT CONCEIT ENDS NOW...

NO ONE IS GOING TO FETCH YOUR BRAT!

YOU WILL NEVER SEE YOUR DAUGHTER AGAIN!

MAMA.

SETTE...

CO...

Waaaa

PEOPLE DIE WHEN THEY LET DESPAIR TAKE THEM.

YOU KILLED HER...

SHE'S DEAD.

.....

IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.

YOU KNEW THAT? THEN WHY?!

WHY?

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

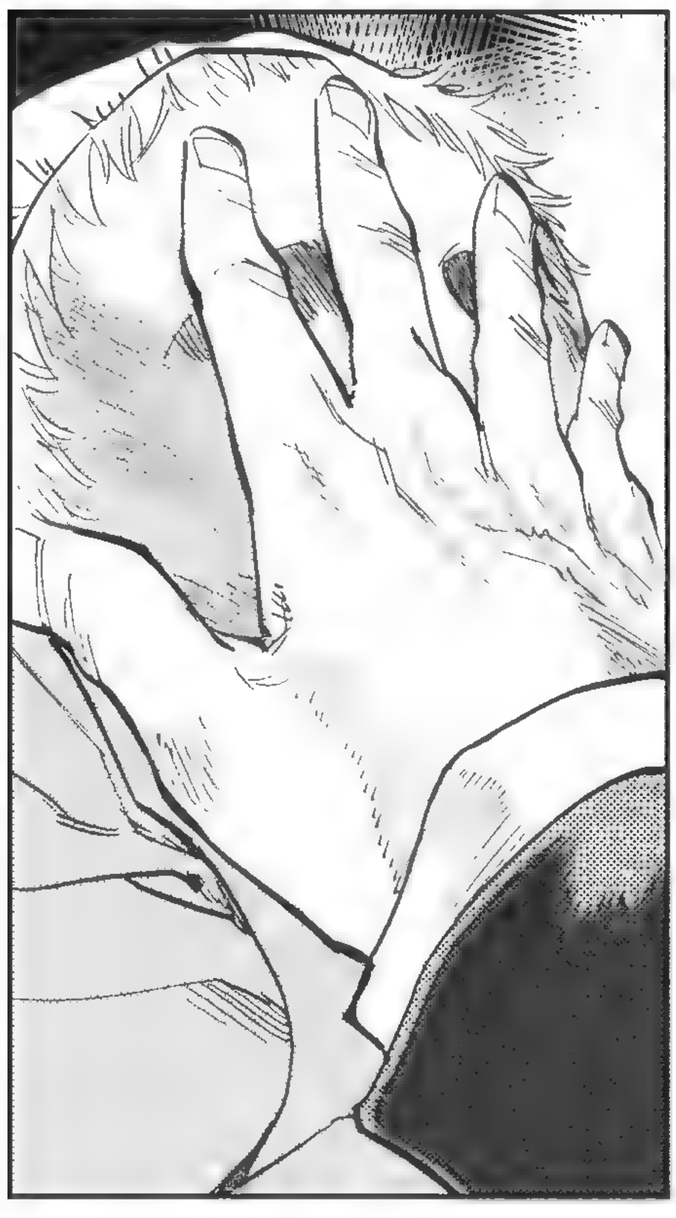
KATTA

GRP

GAH!

FOR NOW!

LEAVE ME
IN PEACE.



ENOUGH! YOU'VE HAD YOUR TIME!

COME WITH ME!

. . . . . .
DON'T BOTHER TO RESIST.
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
I HAVE OFFICERS POSITIONED BY ALL THE DOORS.
TMP TMP

?

THIS SAME HOUR IN THREE DAYS' TIME.

WAIT FOR ME AT THE STATION.

I SWEAR I'LL TURN MYSELF IN.

WAA

SLAM!!

KRASH

FI!

BAM

FOOL!

ARE YOU TRYING TO BUY TIME?!

FI!

BAM

I KNOW THIS BUILD-ING...

INSIDE AND OUT!

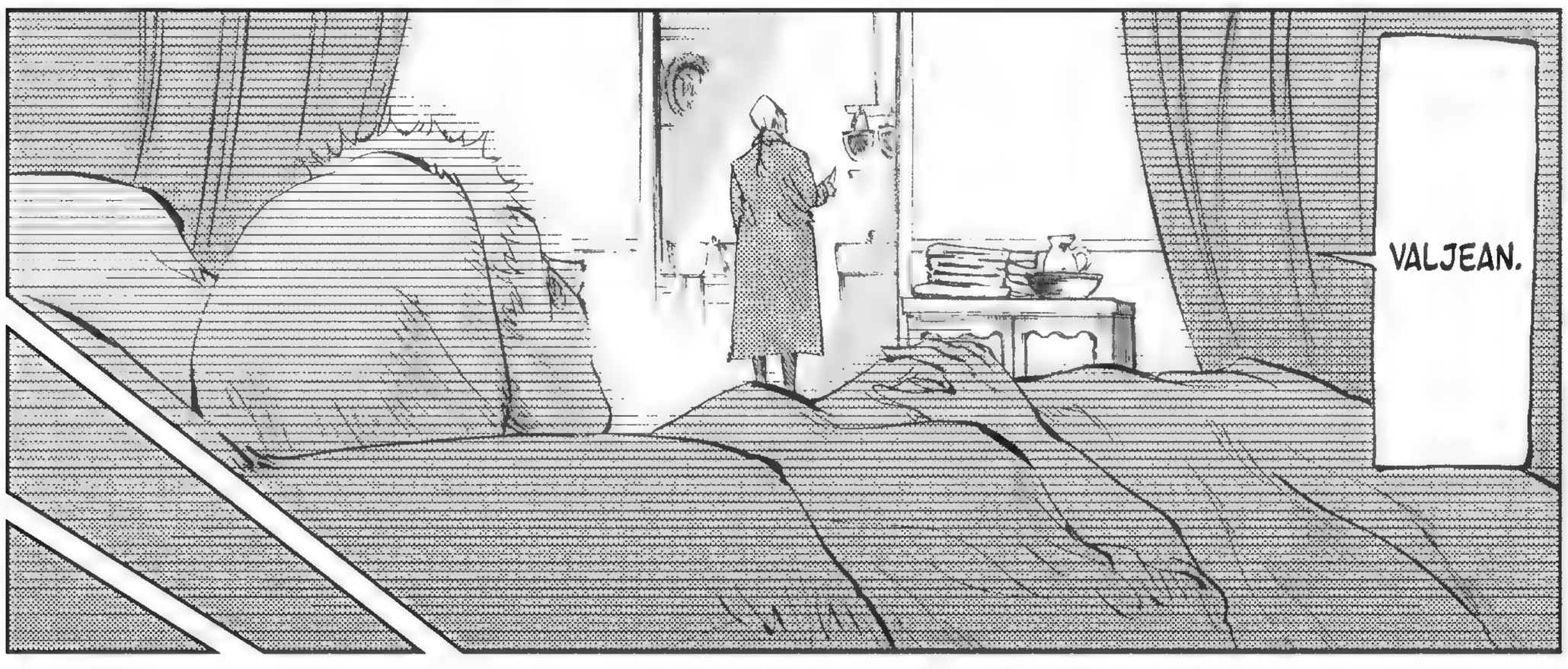
THAT'S A DEAD END!

WUNCH

VALJEAN!

KSH

JEAN LE CRIC.


VALJEAN.

WHO?

THE MAYOR.

MONSIEUR MADELEINE?!

TURNS OUT HE'S A CONVICT.

.....

DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS?

YOU KNOW...

I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT HIM.

HOW FRIGHT-ENING!

I HEARD HE RAN.

DID THEY ARREST HIM?

HE WAS TOO KIND.

TOO PERFECT.

TOO UNDER-STANDING.

HANDING OUT MONEY TO ALL THE POOR BRATS AND WRETCHES.

DODGING HONORS, AVOIDING AWARDS.

PRE-CISELY!

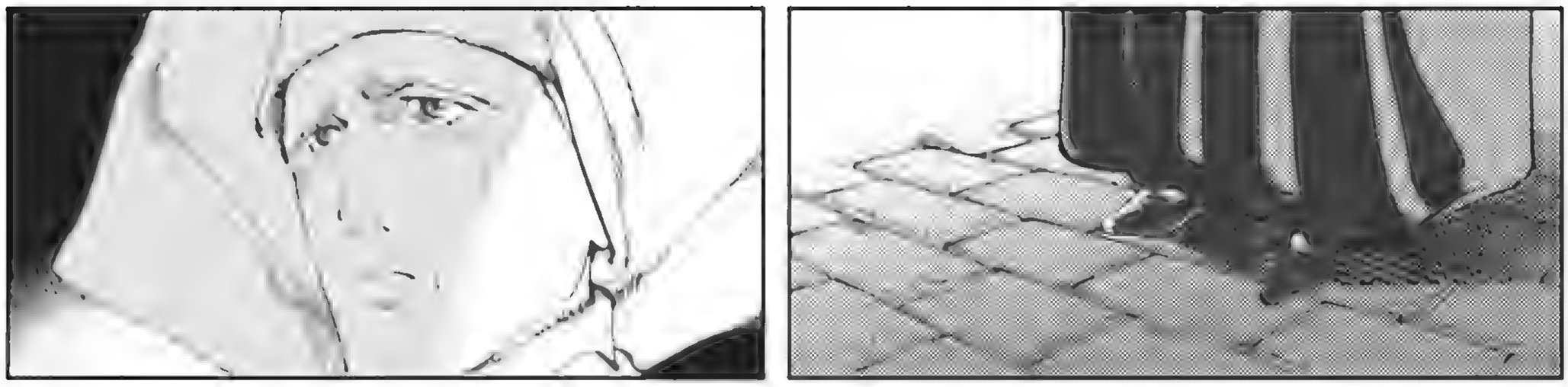
KREE

THAT WAS ALL OUT OF GUILT FOR ALL THE EVIL HE'S SURELY DONE.

I'M TELLING YOU...

CLOSED.

FERMETURE



NOK
NOK

COME IN.

OH, THANK THE LORD. YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

I SEE.

A WAKE WAS HELD.

FANTINE?

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, MONSIEUR.

I'M SORRY I COULDN'T SAVE HER.

I HAD A FEELING I MIGHT SEE YOU HERE.

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, SISTER SIMPLICE?

I DON'T DESERVE THAT TITLE ANYMORE.

.....

I CAME TO COLLECT SOME IMPORTANT THINGS.

THE POLICE ARE LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU.

WHY DID YOU RETURN? YOU KNEW IT WAS RISKY.

I'LL GO COLLECT COSETTE AND TAKE HER IN MYSELF.

IT WON'T BE RIGHT AWAY.

BUT ONCE I HAVE EVERYTHING IN ORDER...

OUI. I MANAGED ONE LAST WITHDRAWAL...

BEFORE THE POLICE SEIZED MY ACCOUNTS.

IS THAT MONEY FOR COSETTE?

THE MAJORITY STILL RESTS IN MY BANK ACCOUNTS.

OF ALL THE MONEY MY FACTORIES MADE...

THIS IS BUT A FRACTION.

BE ESPECIALLY GENEROUS TO THE POOR.

PLEASE, USE THE REST OF IT FOR THE GOOD OF THE TOWN.

IT'S WRITTEN IN THIS LETTER.

TAKE IT TO MY PRIEST.

I WANT TO ASK A FAVOR OF YOU.

THAT WE MET HERE MUST BE GOD'S WILL.

I WILL KEEP MY PROMISE TO FANTINE.

YOU CAN ENTRUST IT TO US.

AND HOLD A PROPER FUNERAL FOR FANTINE.

I'M LEAVING MY FORTUNE BEHIND SO THAT IT WON'T.

THIS TOWN WILL BE EMPTIER WITH YOU GONE.

MONEY CAN'T BUY SUNLIGHT.

I...

QUICKLY NOW.

OUT THE BACK.

THIS WAY, MONSIEUR GENDARME!

I SAW SOMEONE GO INTO THE HOUSE!

SISTER.

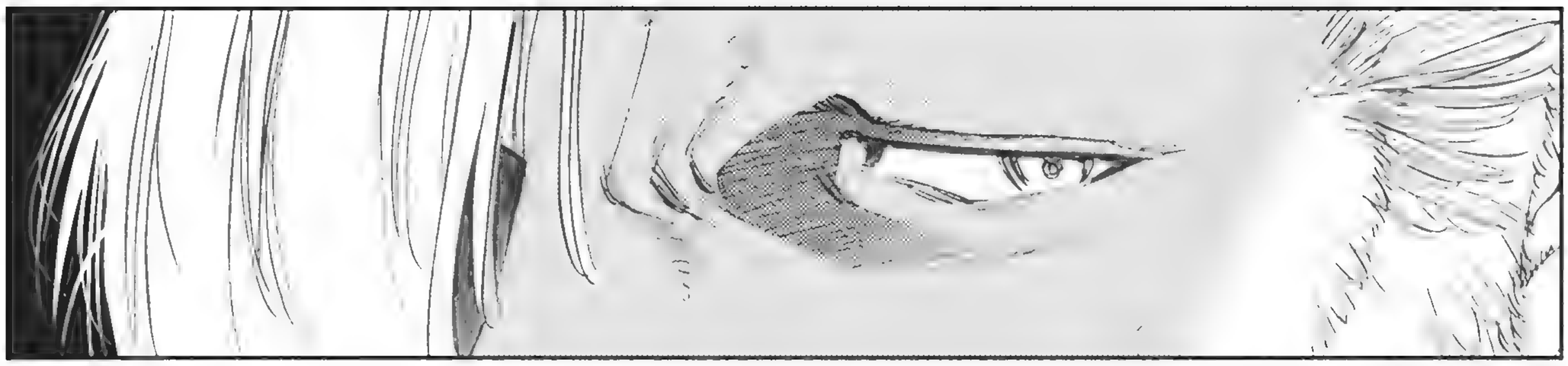
ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE IN THIS HOUSE?

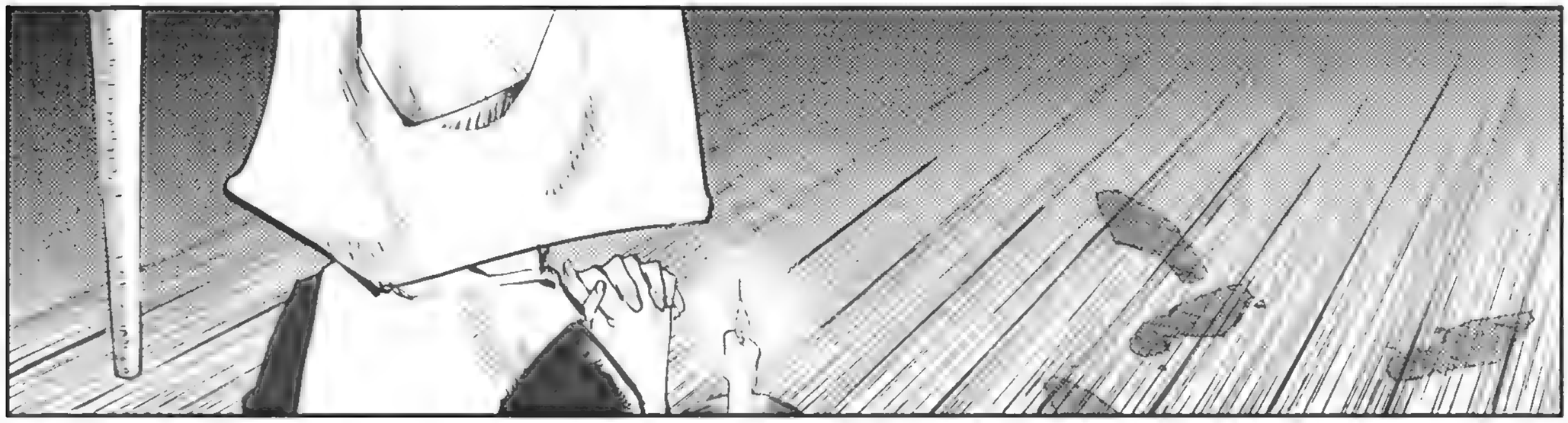
I PRAY FOR THE SOUL OF MADELEINE-- WHOSE TRUE NAME IS JEAN VALJEAN.

PRAYING, MON-SIEUR.

WHY ARE YOU HERE ALONE?

OUI.





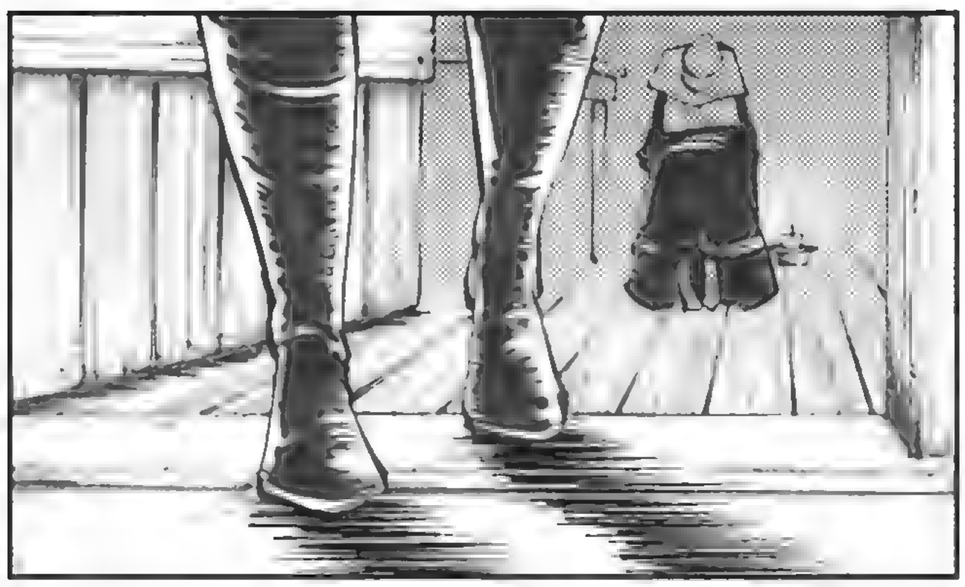
PLEASE FORGIVE MY PERSISTENT QUESTIONS...
BUT IT IS MY DUTY.

SPEAKING OF HIM...
TWH

I'M SURE YOU'RE AWARE THAT JEAN VALJEAN IS A CRIMINAL.

A WICKED, EVIL REPEAT OFFENDER. HAVE YOU SEEN HIM THIS EVENING, SISTER?

NO.

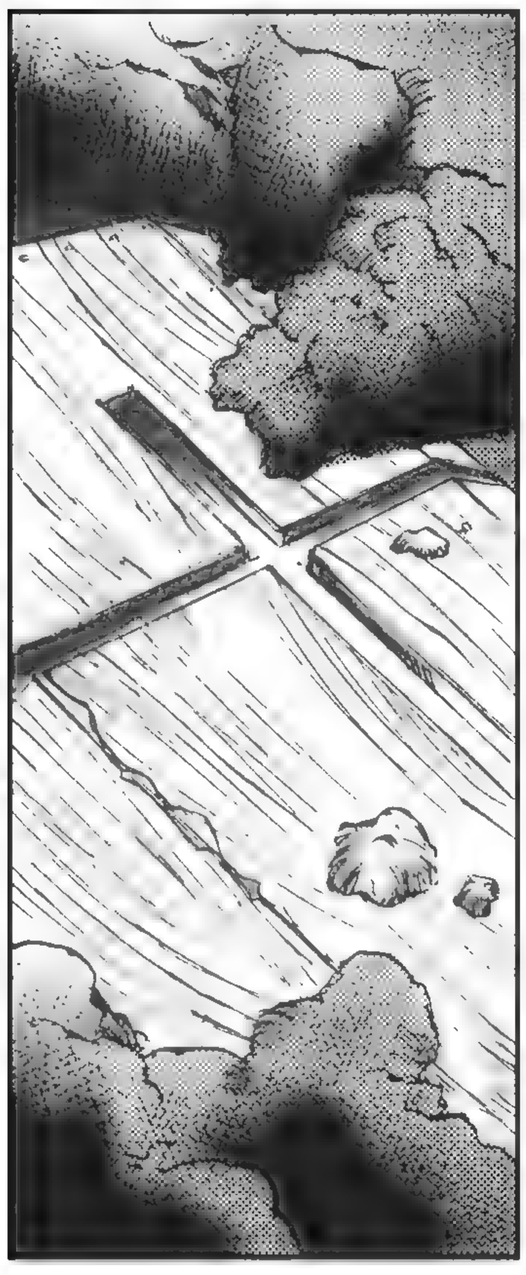


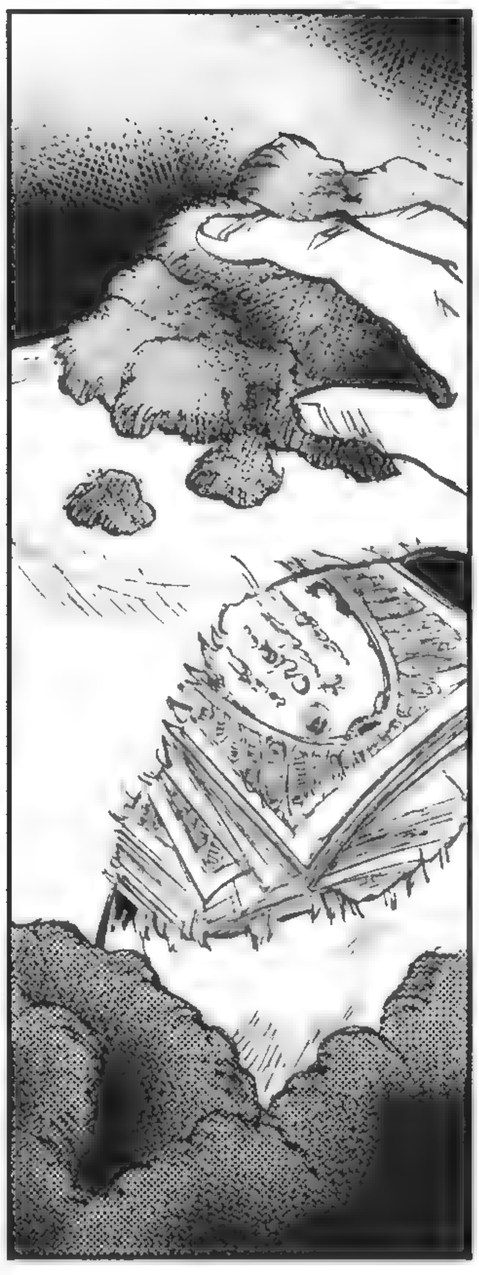
I SEE.
I BEG YOUR PARDON.

TROMP
OUI!
HE CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR.
SEARCH THE AREA.

HAVE YOU BECOME SO EVIL...
VALJEAN...
MON-SIEUR...
I PRAY TO GOD YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT...!
THAT YOU MAKE A HOLY SISTER OF GOD SPEAK LIES?

TMR

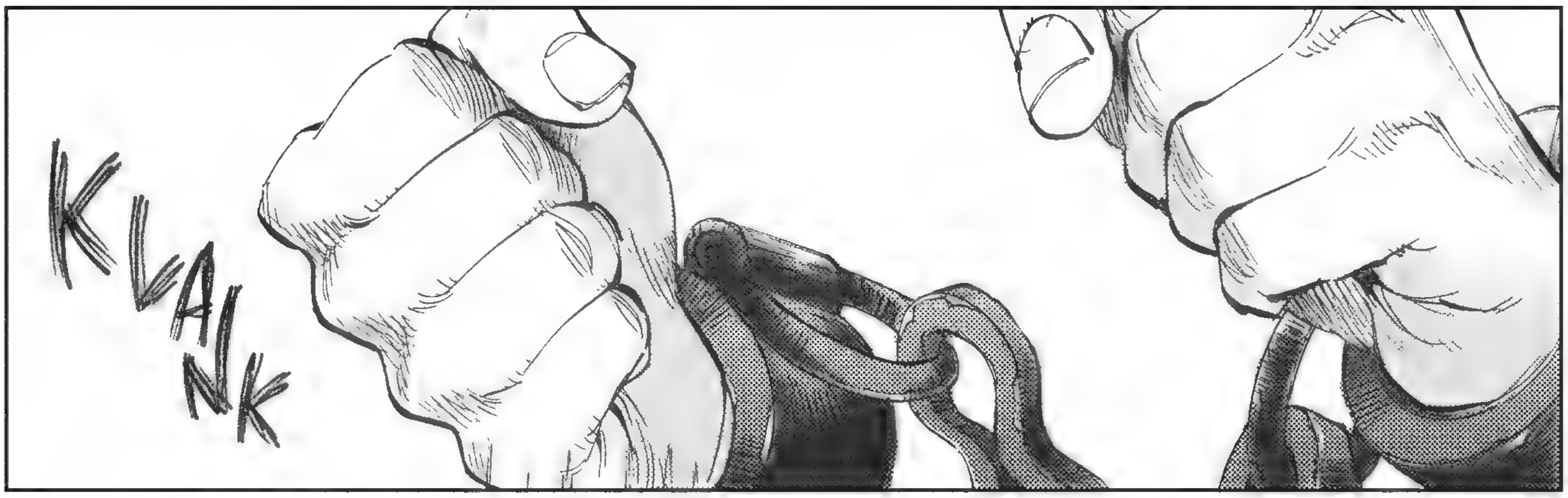


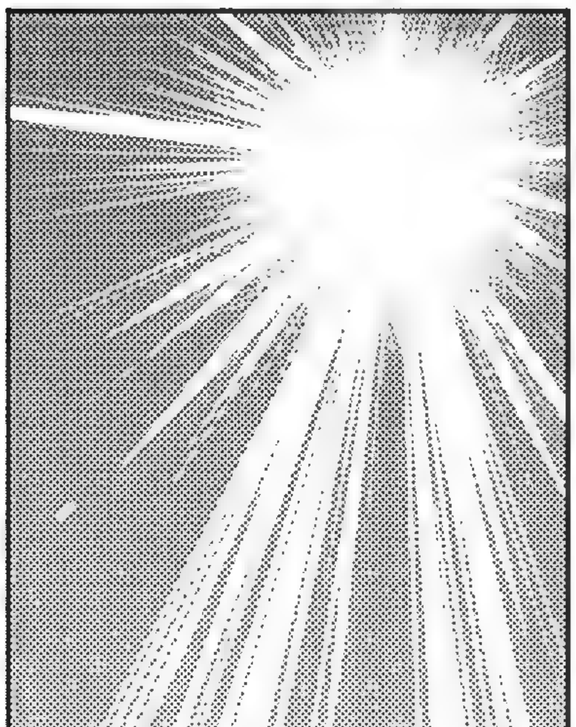


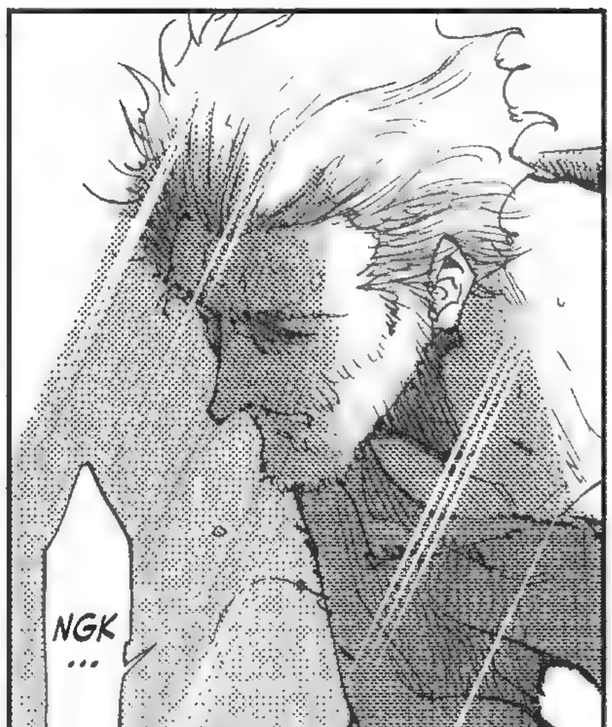
THREE DAYS LATER...

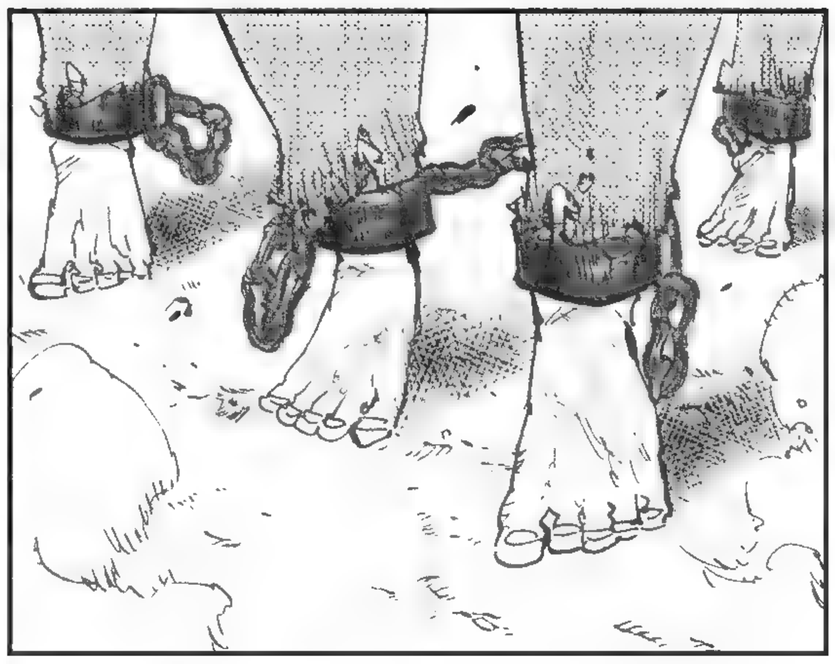
AT THE PROMISED TIME.

WHAT DID YOU DO THESE LAST THREE DAYS?
YOU COULD'VE CONTINUED TO RUN.
WHY TURN YOURSELF IN?
I DON'T UNDER-STAND.
YOU DON'T WISH TO UNDERSTAND.


KLANK




NGK
...



WAP
WALK FASTER, 9430!

JEAN VALJEAN ONCE AGAIN ARRIVES IN TOULON.

THIS TIME, A PRISONER FOR LIFE.

THIS IS A NASTY WIND! TAKE CARE!

OUI.

Eight months later...

November 16th, 1823.

OKAY!

ALL GOOD!

WAH?

HEY!

LOOK THERE!

SLIP

IF HE FALLS HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD!

WHAT?

SOMEONE'S DANGLING FROM THE MAST!

CLIMBING THE RIGGING NOW IS SUICIDE!

ARE YOU CRAZY?!

WHY ISN'T ANYONE GOING TO SAVE HIM?!

.....

THANK YOU.

KNAH

LET ME BORROW THAT HAMMER.

HEY!

HE CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!

WHO'S THAT?!

SLIP

NGK ...!

NN ...

RED CLOTHES?

HE'S A CONVICT ?!

SOMEBODY'S CLIMBING THE RIGGING!

IT'S OKAY.

LET ME.

WAH ?!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, 9430?!

9430?

GET DOWN HERE!

KEEP A FIRM GRIP ON THAT ROPE.

GRP

INCRED-IBLE!

DID HE REALLY JUST DO THAT?!

OOOO

HE'S A HERO!

FORGET HIS CRIMES, WHATEVER THEY MAY BE! PARDON HIM!

HE PULLED HIM UP ONE-HANDED!

9430!!

9430!!

9430!!

HFF!

HFF!

HFF!

THERE. YOU'RE OKAY NOW.

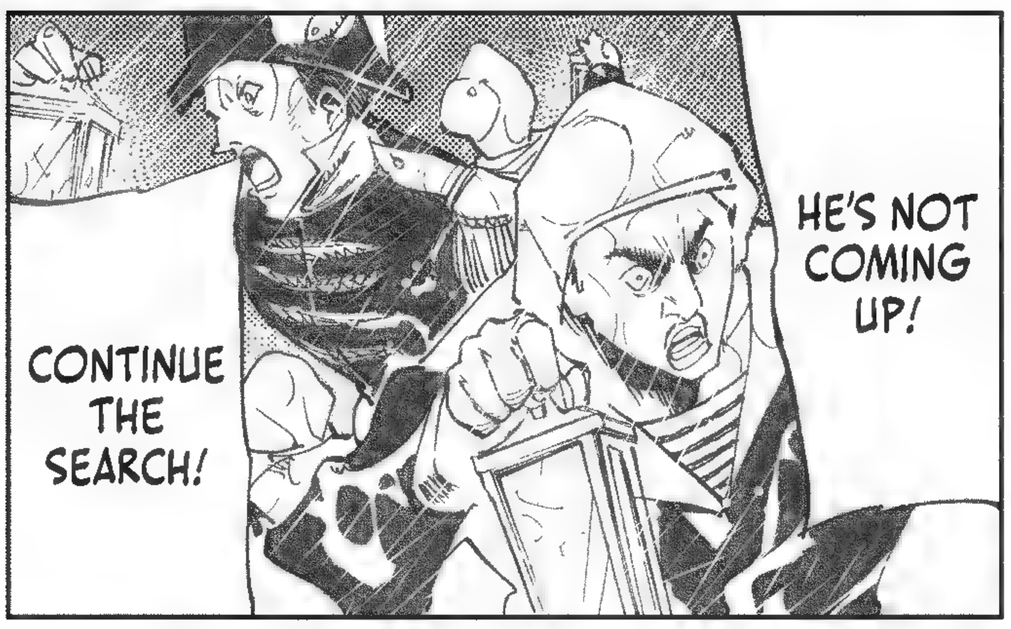
AH!

!! TOTR

YOU... SAVED ME.

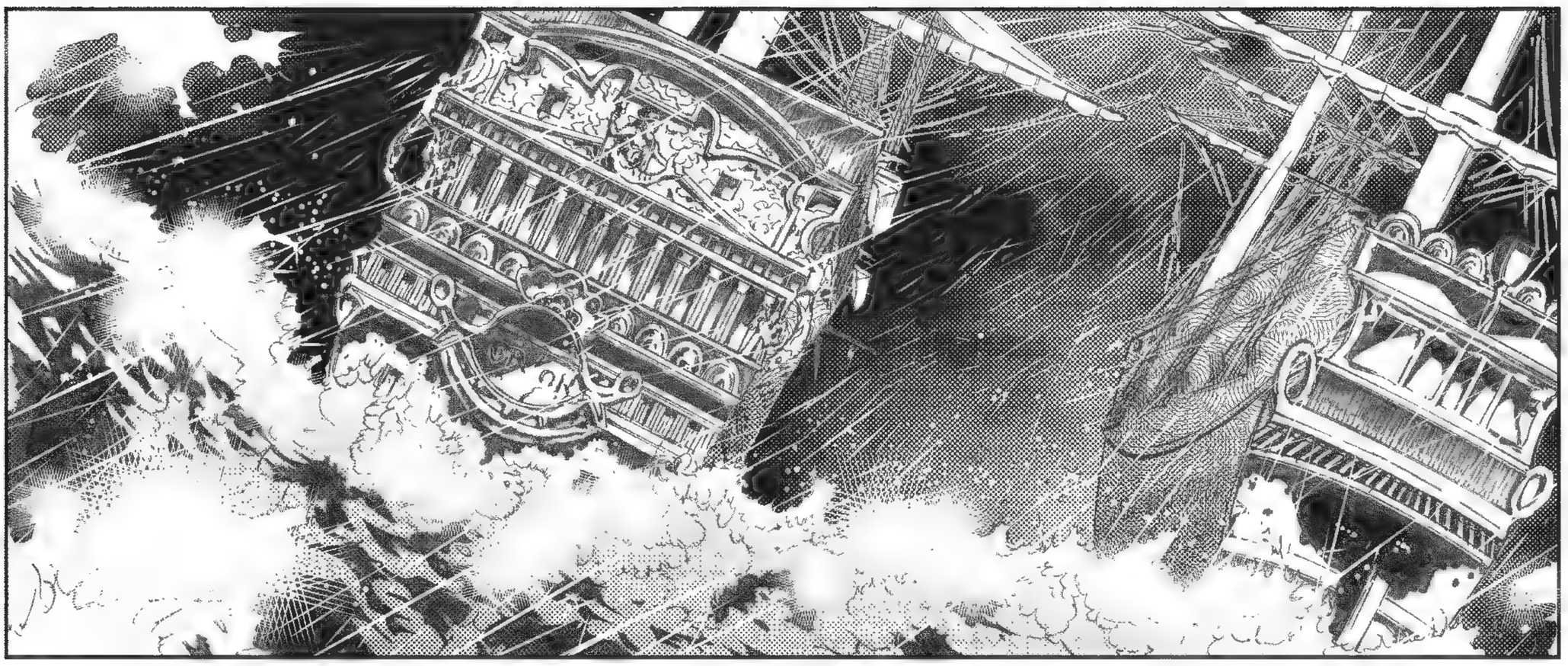
THANK YOU.

SEND OUT A BOAT!
HURRY!
PARDIEU!
THE CONVICT FELL INTO THE SEA!


CONTINUE THE SEARCH!
HE'S NOT COMING UP!

WE WILL NOT LET HIM DIE!
HE SAVED ONE OF OUR COMRADES!

Fwoo oo



Le Journal

but was then blown into the ocean, where he drowned.

During recent stormy weather, a convict assigned to labor aboard the *Orion* rescued a sailor...

YOU RECEIVED WHAT YOU DESERVED...

BOTH GOD AND MAN'S LAW IS SERVED.

His body was not recovered.

VALJEAN.

Le

PRISONER FOR LIFE, NUMBER 9430, JEAN VALJEAN...!

PERISHED AT SEA—

BLASH

HFF! HFF!

QUIET, YOU WRETCH! ENOUGH OF YOUR WAILING!

CORN-FLOWER ...

BLUE...

SSS

AND ...

AH...

OH LOVE, MY LOVE...

CHAPTER 1: Number 24601 Becomes Number 9430

BOOK 2: COSETTE

Les Misérables

LES MISÉRABLES

HFF...

I AM AFRAID.

THE STARES OF DEAD FISH SCARE ME.

LOUD LAUGHTER SCARES ME.

AU SERGEN DE WATER

THE FANGS OF DOGS SCARE ME.

CHAPTER 2: Cosette Takes a Dark Walk with a Stranger

I AM AFRAID.

AREN'T YOU DONE YET?!

COSETTE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

MADAME TERRIFIES ME.

MY APOLOGIES FOR THE UNSEEMLY SIGHT, GENTS.

TNK

BNNN

LITTLE DUNCE!

STOP STANDING THERE LIKE A STICK!

DON'T MAKE THE MADAME MAD, *HA HA!*

HEY, KID! WORD OF ADVICE.

BZZZ...

SHE'S LIKE A DAUGHTER TO ME...

OUI. IT'S BEEN SIX YEARS WE'VE HAD HER.

TAKING IN AND RAISING AN ABANDONED CHILD LIKE THAT. FOR FREE, NO LESS!

IT'S AWFUL LAUDABLE OF YOU, MONSIEUR THÉNARDIER.

I'VE GOT TO SAY...

THNK.

EAT, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

YOU'VE A MOUNTAIN OF CHORES YET TO FINISH!

WELL, OKAY. PERHAPS NOT QUITE LIKE THAT.

ÉPONINE!

AZELMA!

MAMAN!

I'M HUNGRY!

MAMAN, LOOK! I CAN DO IT, TOO!

GOOD GIRL.

PFF PFF

IT'S HOT.

BLOW ON IT FIRST.

I BET YOU ARE!

EAT UP, MY DEARS.

GOOD, GOOD!

KLAT

OOPS!

SMA
T

LET THAT GO!

COSETTE!

HOW DARE YOU, LITTLE WRETCH!

DON'T TOUCH OUR GOOD SPOONS WITH YOUR FILTHY HANDS!

NOW IT'S ALL DIRTY!

WE CAN'T USE THAT SPOON ANYMORE, ÉPONINE.

SOME PEOPLE SIMPLY NEED THAT SORT OF BALANCE TO HELP KEEP THEIR MINDS AND WORLDS ORDERLY.

TOO STRONG A LOVE FOR ONE MEANS EQUALLY STRONG HATE FOR ANOTHER.

MEANS LESS AIR FOR HERS TO BREATHE, AND IT ANGERS HER.

TO HER, ANOTHER CHILD BREATHING IN THE VICINITY...

MY WIFE IS ONE OF THEM.

THERE ISN'T ANYTHING MEN LIKE US CAN DO ABOUT IT.

BZZ...

BUT THAT'S JUST MATERNAL INSTINCT, IN THE END.

Wah ha ha ha!

DONTCHA MEAN PHILOSO-PHER?!

BNT

YOU'RE SMART AS A REAL PHILOSO... PHASTER.

WOW.

BAM!!

SLF

HA HA HA.

PHILOSO-PHER? I WON'T DENY IT.

NOW, WHO WANTS ANOTHER DRINK?

ER, SURE...

I'LL TAKE ONE.

I'LL GET IT RIGHT AWAY.

ENJOY YOURSELVES.

LET ME KNOW IF THERE'S ANYTHING ELSE YOU NEED.

CLICK

HEY.

BOOZE FOR THE GUESTS.

THAT, AND...

THEIR DINNER, TOO.

HNK HNK

KOO

THEIR MIRRORS, TOO.

AND LET'S SEE...

CHECK TO SEE HOW MUCH THEIR REFLECTIONS HAVE USED UP THE MIRROR IN THEIR ROOMS.

THE LAMPS LETTING 'EM SEE, THE FIRE'S HEAT THEY USE...

CHARGE 'EM FOR THEIR FOOD, THEIR BOOZE, THEIR SEAT...

EXACTLY.

MAKE IT SEPARATE FROM THEIR ROOM FEE.

SO, CHARGE 'EM FOR THEIR MIRRORS?

SMIRK

LET'S MAKE 'EM MUCH, MUCH LIGHTER.

THEIR PURSES ARE MUCH TOO HEAVY, Y'SEE.

CAN'T YOU HEAR HIM?

NOT THAT IT MATTERS, BUT HE'S GETTIN' LOUD.

HEY.

WHO IS?

WAAAH!

WAAAH!

GAVROCHE IS BAWLING AGAIN.

Sigh

JUST LOOKING AT HIM DEPRESSES ME.

I CAN'T STAND THAT BRAT.

FEH! WHO CARES?

GO CHECK ON HIM.

TCH!

PAIN IN MY ASS.

Waa!

Waaaaah!

Waaah!

FWIIIII...

I AM AFRAID.

BEASTS HIDE IN THAT DARK-NESS...

WAITING TO POUNCE ON THEIR PREY.

KRK

SHAD-OWS IN THE DARK-NESS...

MAKING A DEEP, COLD BLACK.

TREES RUSTLING IN THE NIGHT SCARE ME.

RSTL

RSTL

SHVR

IT FRIGHTENS ME.

MADAME.

BDM BDM

WAS MY HORSE WATERED? I DON'T THINK IT WAS.

WHERE ARE YOU?!

CO-SETTE!

HUH.

SO'RE YOU SURE IT WAS WATERED?

CAN'T SAY. I TOLD COSETTE TO DO IT, BUT...

WHAT?

Y'SEE...

WHEN MY HORSE AIN'T DRUNK NO WATER...

I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE.

IT GETS THIS FUNNY WAY OF BREATHING.

SHVR SHVR

KREK

UM...

.....

DID YOU WATER HIS HORSE?

HWOOOO

KWEK

AH!

SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS, EH?

AHA.

PLIP

WELL, DRAT. NEVER MIND, THEN.

IZZAT SO?

YOU DIDN'T WANT TO FETCH ANY WATER IN THE DARK...

SO YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE WATER BARREL BEING EMPTY.

DON'T WANNA MAKE A LITTLE GIRL FETCH WATER IN THAT.

IT'S BLACK AS THE INSIDE OF A CAULDRON OUT THERE.

FLINCH

NO, NO.

SHE WILL GO.

GLADLY.

OF COURSE!

SHE'S MADE THE TRIP HUNDREDS OF TIMES.

SHE CAN FIND HER WAY THERE IN THE DARK.

WILL SHE BE ALL RIGHT?

REALLY?

BUT SHE IS SO SMALL, AND THE SPRING IS OUT IN THE WOODS...

FIFTEEN SOUS. DON'T LOSE IT.

HERE.

BUY A LOAF OF BREAD. A BIG ONE.

AND ON THE WAY...

RSTL

RSTL

SPLAT

NOW GET MOVING, YOU LITTLE BEAST!

YOU'RE MAKING A GUEST WAIT!

FLINCH

ZWISH

I'LL GIVE YOU REASON TO CRY!

YOU IRRITATING BRAT!

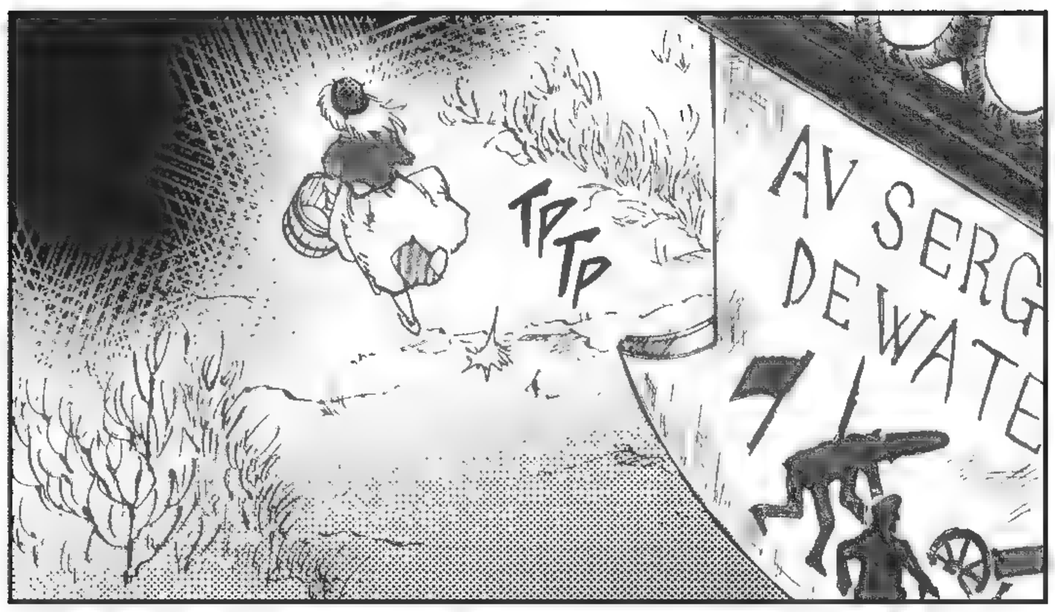
QUIT YOUR SNIVELING!

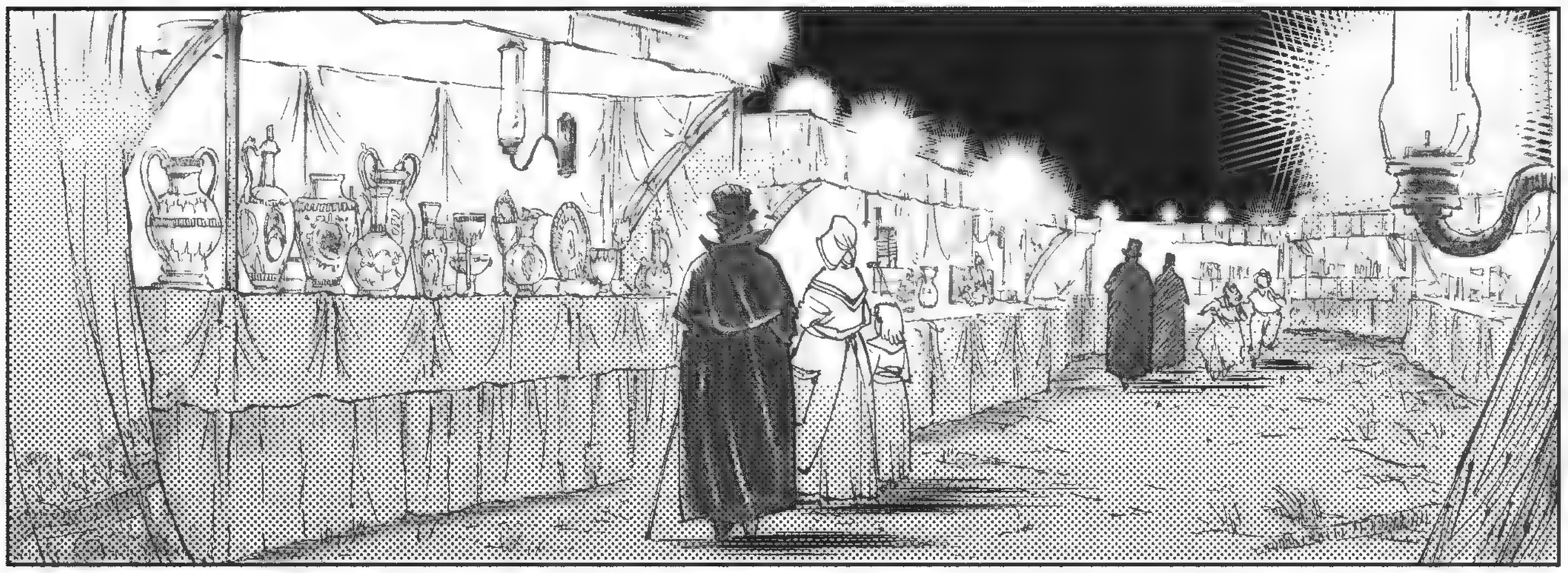
B-BUT...

NGK!

HIFF...

STOP DRAGGING YOUR FEET! GO!


TPTP
AV SERG
DE WATE



LET ME SEE...

IT'D MAKE A LOVELY CHRIST-MAS GIFT.

WELL, MADAME?

I WANT IT!

MAMAN, LOOK!

WHAT A PRETTY DOLL!

BUT HERE IN MONTFERMEIL?

NOBODY'S BUYING A DOLL THAT PRICEY!

YOU MIGHT GET AWAY WITH IT IN PARIS...

IT COSTS HOW MUCH?!

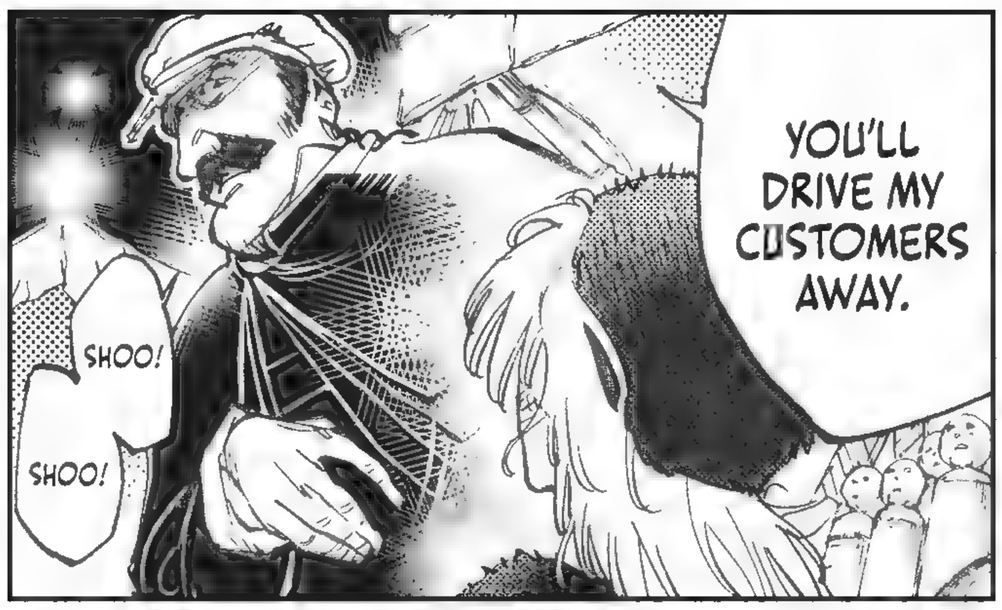
THAT'S HIGHWAY ROBBERY!

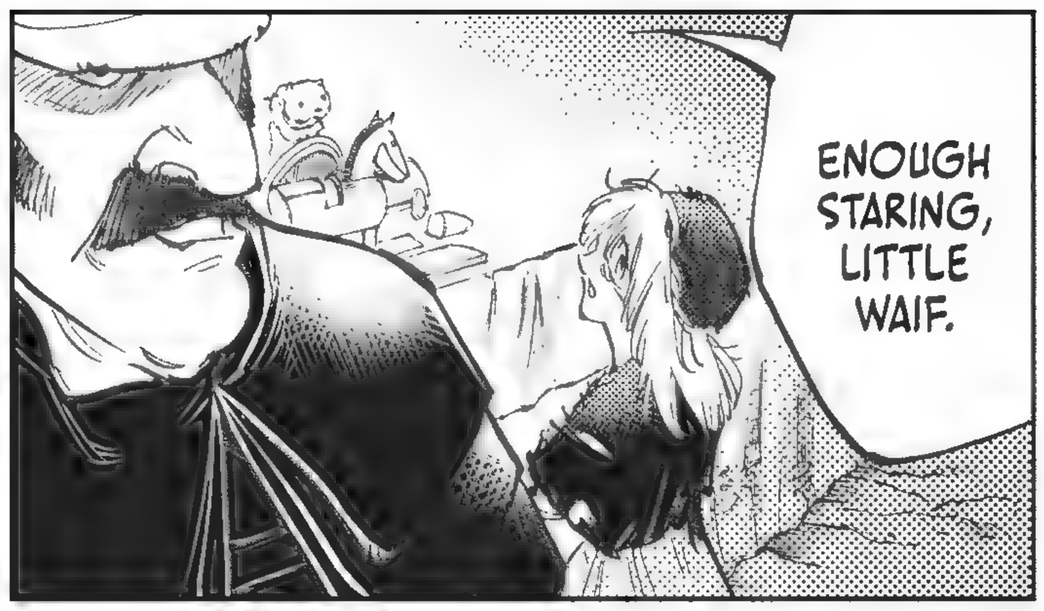
PLEASE!

BUT I WANT THAT ONE!

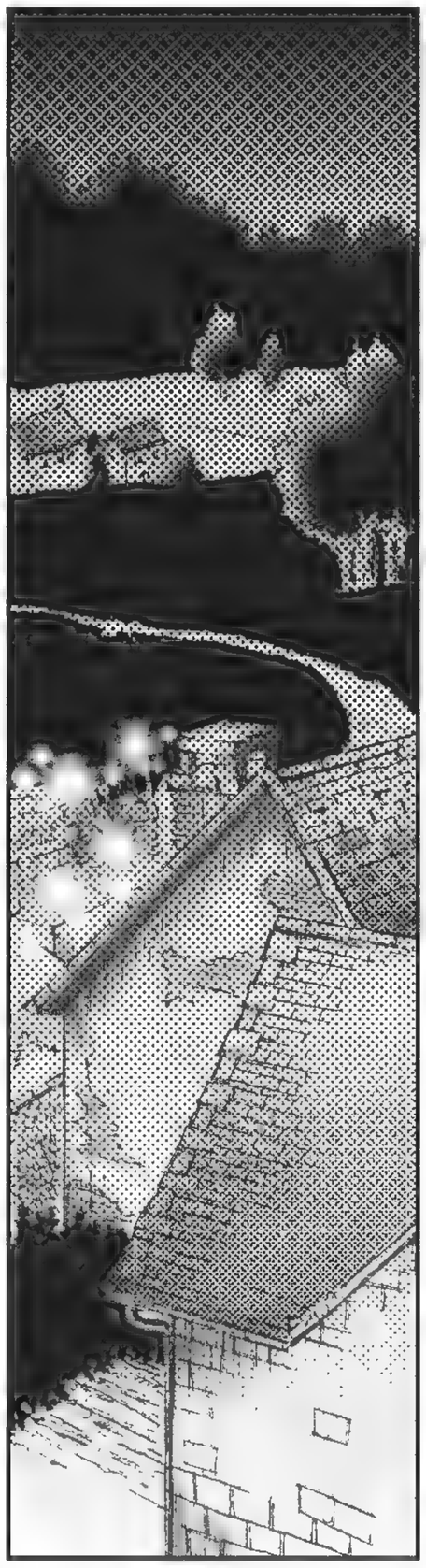
YOU HAVE A DOZEN DOLLS AT HOME ANYWAY.

COME.


SHOO!
SHOO!


YOU'LL DRIVE MY CUSTOMERS AWAY.

ENOUGH STARING, LITTLE WAIF.

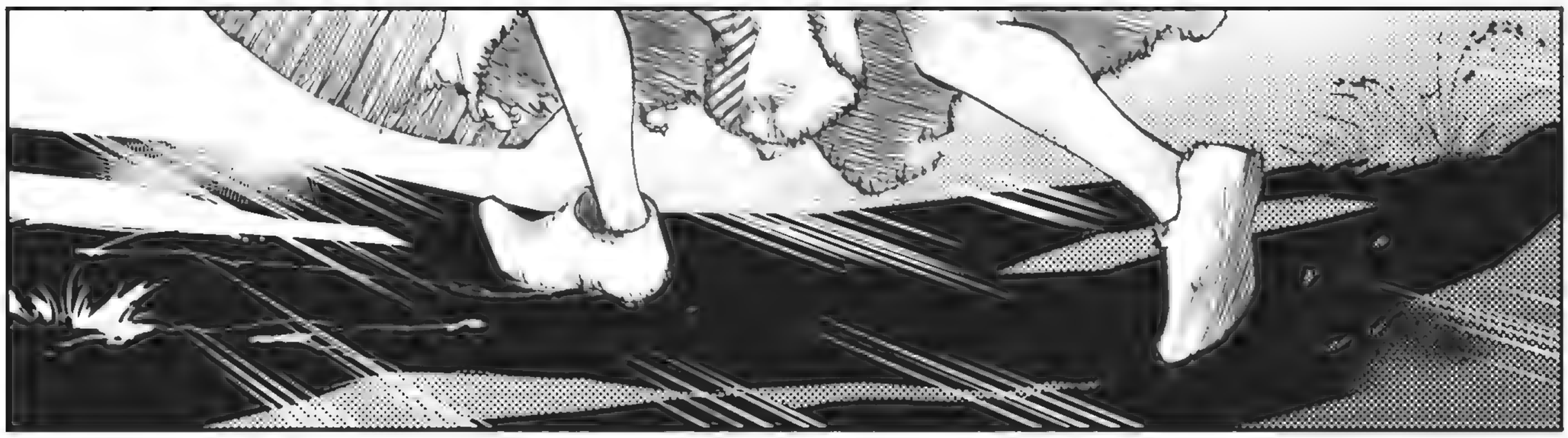


RUSTL

RUSTL

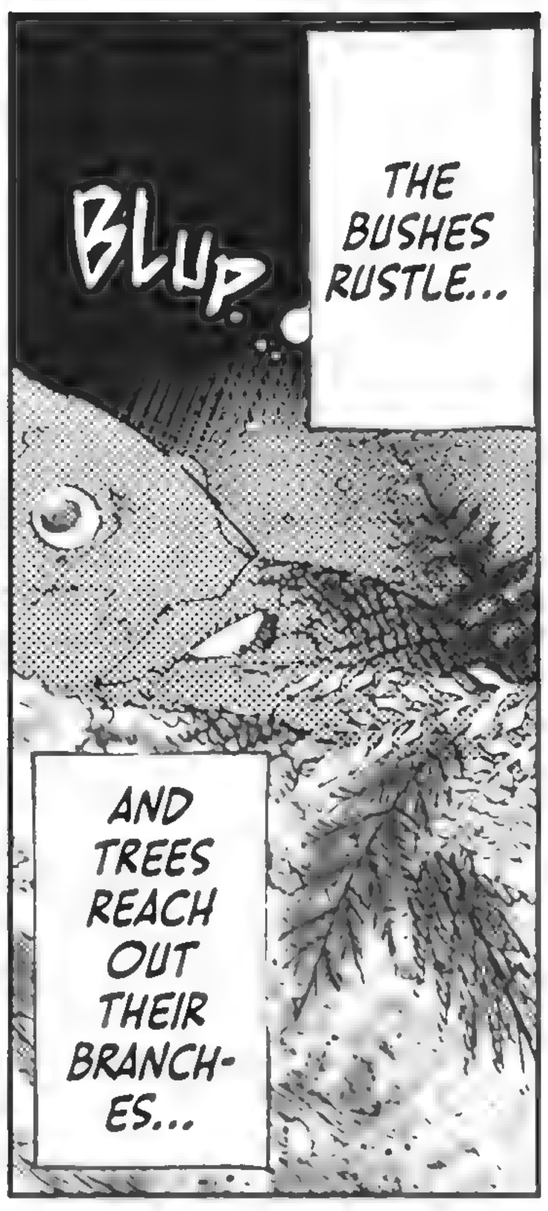
AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

GO!



THE FOREST AT NIGHT IS DARK AS A CAVE...

TRYING TO GRAB ME.
KREE...


BLUP
THE BUSHES RUSTLE...
AND TREES REACH OUT THEIR BRANCH-ES...

DARK AS A BEAST'S STOMACH.

I RUN...

AND I RUN...

ABOVE, BELOW...

ON ALL SIDES...

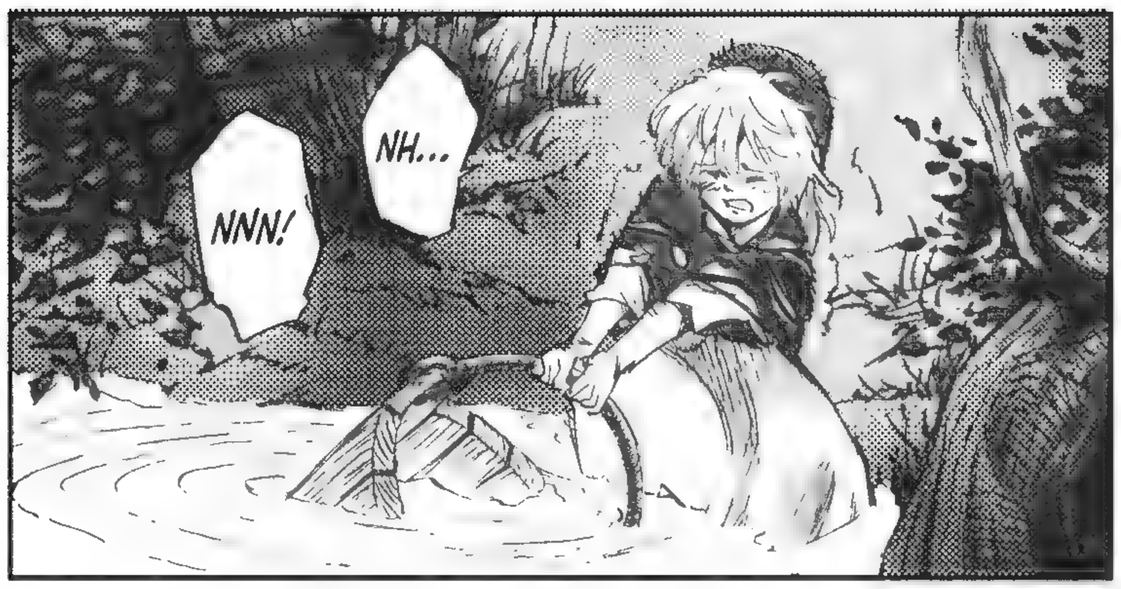
BUT BEFORE ME, BEHIND ME...

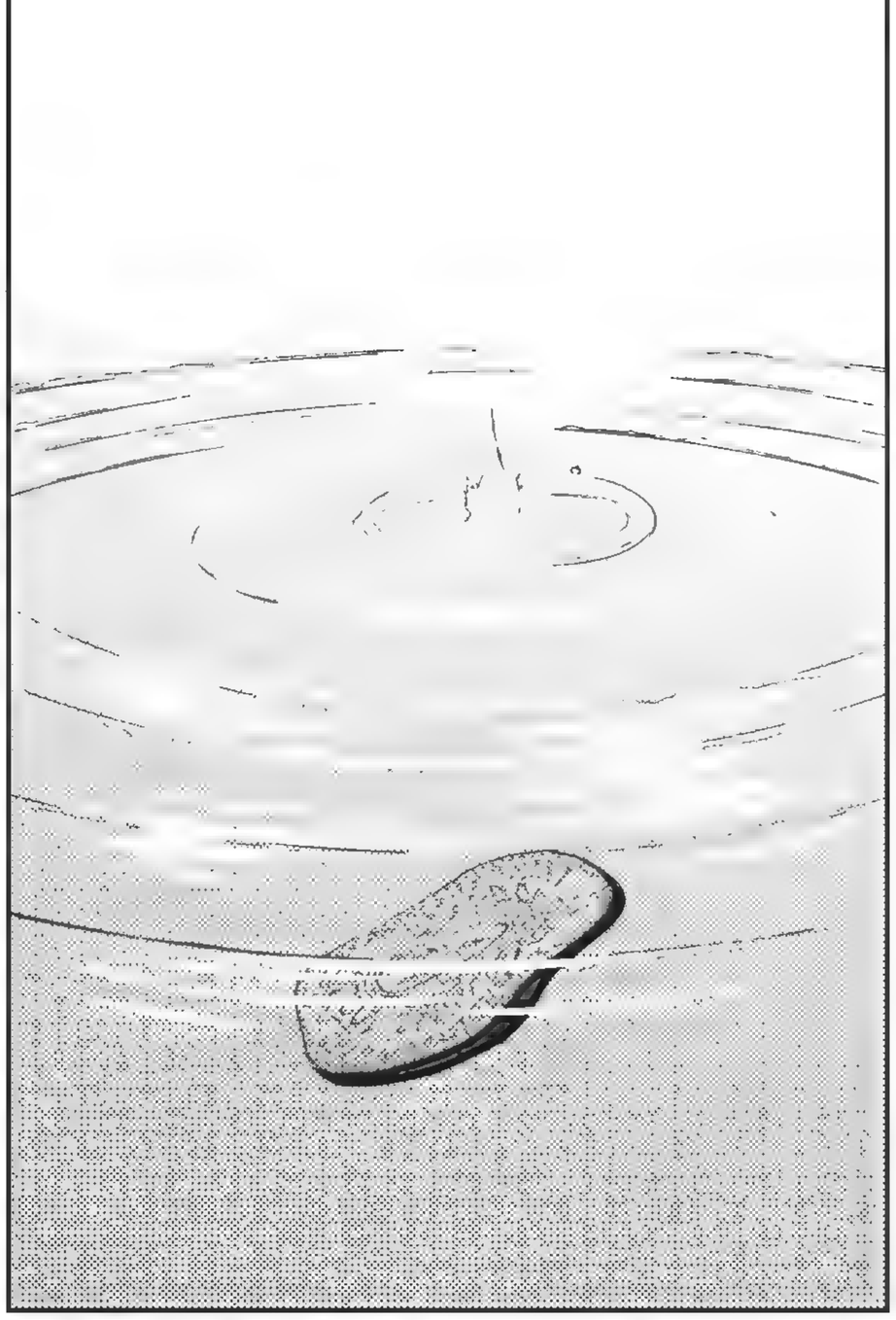
I'M SCARED.

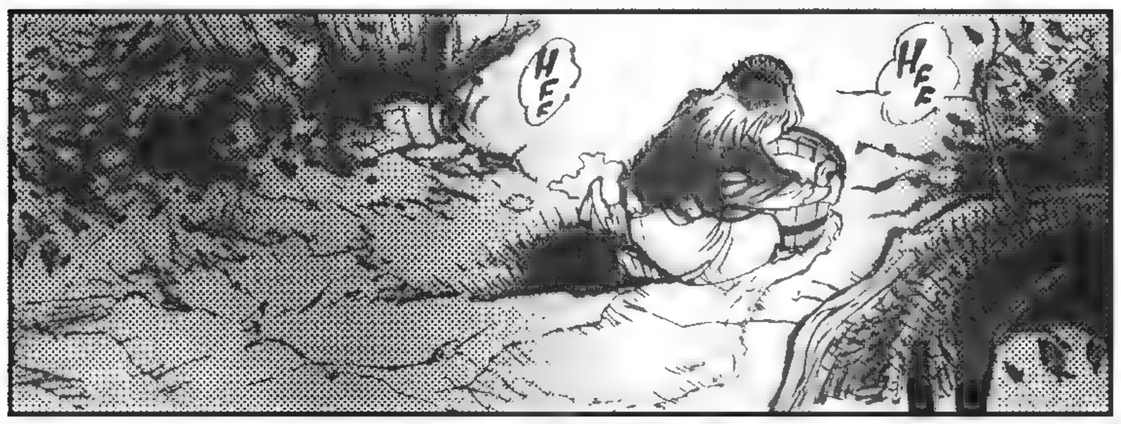
EVERY-THING IS BLACK.

I'M ALONE IN THE DARK.

HFF
HFF
SWIF
BRR!
COLD...
PLISH


NH...
NNN!




HFF
HFF

NNF...
HIFF...

FWIII
RSTL

STOP CRYING! DO YOU WANT ANOTHER BEATING?!
SNIF

SKF

SKF

HFF

HFF

I HURT.

MY FEET HURT.

I'M SCARED.

I HURT.

I'M COLD.

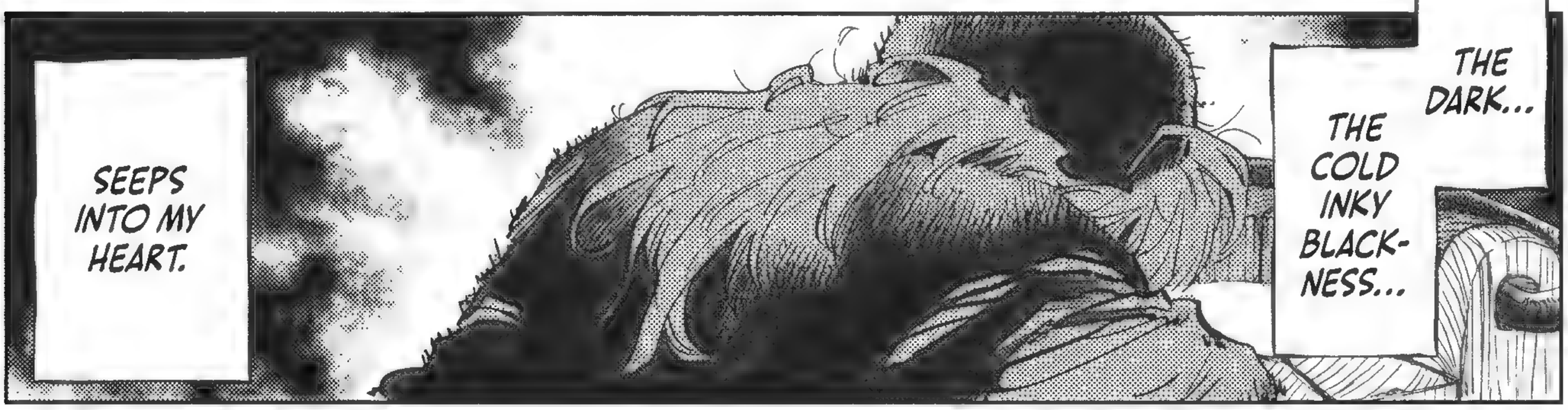
I'M SCARED.

SKFF

HNNG

I...
Haaa...

I'M TIRED.


SEEPS INTO MY HEART.
THE DARK... THE COLD INKY BLACK-NESS...

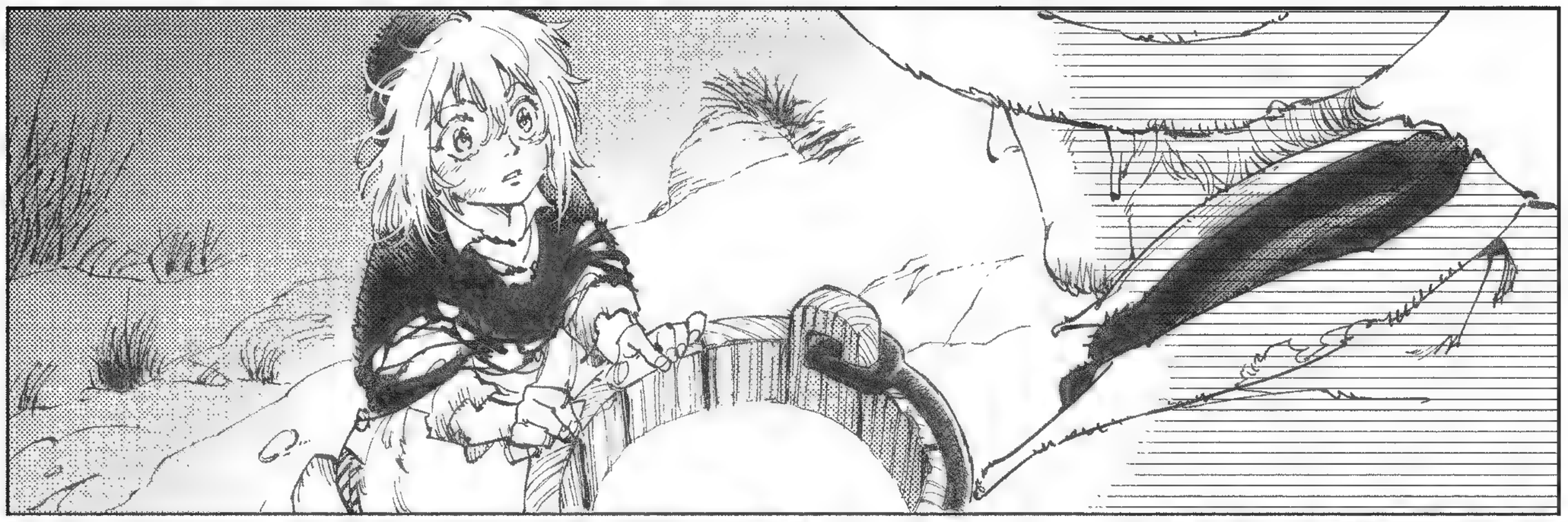
BUT RIGHT THEN--

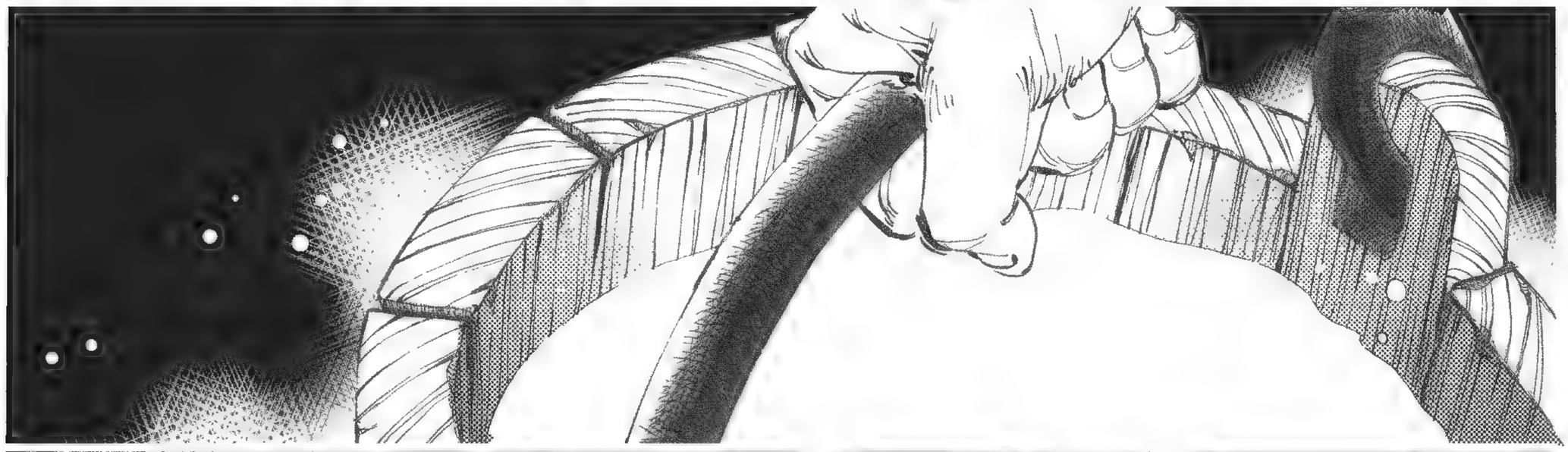
I SAW A BEAST EMERGE FROM THE SHADOWS.

I WASN'T SCARED AT ALL.

STRANGE-LY...

BOOK 2: COSETTE
Chapter 3: The Thénardiers' Plan





BOOK 2: COSETTE

Chapter 3: The Thénardiers' Plan

ODD TO SEE A GIRL AS SMALL AS YOU FETCHING WATER AT THIS HOUR.
WHO SENT YOU?
YOUR MOTHER?
.....
HOW OLD ARE YOU?
EIGHT.

MAMAN...?

I DON'T HAVE ONE.

OTHER CHILDREN DO...

BUT I DON'T.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

COSETTE.

ONLY YOU WERE...

YOU...

I WILL KEEP MY PROMISE TO FANTINE.

COSETTE!

MY COSETTE!

COSETTE, *HM?*

I ASSUME YOUR HOME IS OVER THERE?

IN MONTFERMEIL...

I THINK I'LL STAY THERE TONIGHT.

WILL YOU SHOW ME THE WAY?

OUI. THE VILLAGE INN.

THE SERGEANT OF WATER-LOO.

OH.

TODAY'S CHRISTMAS...

?

!

CO-SETTE?

TAP TAP

?

MAY I HAVE THE BUCKET BACK?

WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

UM...

.....

SHE'LL GIVE ME A BEATING.

IF MADAME FINDS OUT I LET SOMEONE CARRY IT FOR ME...

?

HE SAYS HE WANTS TO STAY THE NIGHT.

THERE YOU ARE, YOU LITTLE BEGGAR!

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO FETCH WATER?!

NOK NOK

.....

YOU?

RAGGED

AH WELL. COME IN.

YOU'VE GOT MONEY TO PAY?

WE DON'T DO CHARITY.

♪

♫

THAT WAS GOOD OF YOU, MADAME.

THANK YOU!

HERE YOU GO.

WATER FOR YOUR HORSE.

KRCK

YOU'D BET-TER NOT TELL ME YOU LOST IT!

UM, MADAME?

IT...

USELESS BRAT!

GIVE BACK THE COIN I GAVE YOU!

?!

STOP DITHERING AND GIVE IT!

HOW COME YOU CAN'T MANAGE EVEN A SIMPLE ERRAND LIKE THAT?!

YOU FORGOT THE BREAD?!

SHE

I DIDN'T MEAN TO LOSE IT!

I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!

OR ARE YOU TRYING TO STEAL?!

?!

PARDON ME, MADAME.

FIFTEEN SOUS.

TWENTY SOUS.

COULD THIS BE IT?

THE COIN YOU GAVE THE GIRL.

IT'D FALLEN OUT OF HER POCKET.

YES! THAT'S IT!

IT WAS A TWENTY SOUS COIN!

HAH.

FIFTEEN SOUS TURNED INTO TWENTY.

TWCH

AND DON'T DO IT AGAIN!

STMP STMP STMP

HEY YOU.

I'M SHOCKED HE DIDN'T NICK IT FOR HIMSELF.

STILL...THE MAN'S A BEGGAR.

NO. Y'KNOW?

NEVER MIND.

THAT GUEST.

WHAT.

TNK

UM...

THANK YOU FOR BEFORE.

WRAP HER IN CLOTH TO DRESS HER UP.

I CAN PAT HER HEAD LIKE THIS. SEE?

A TOY SWORD?

IT'S MY DOLL.

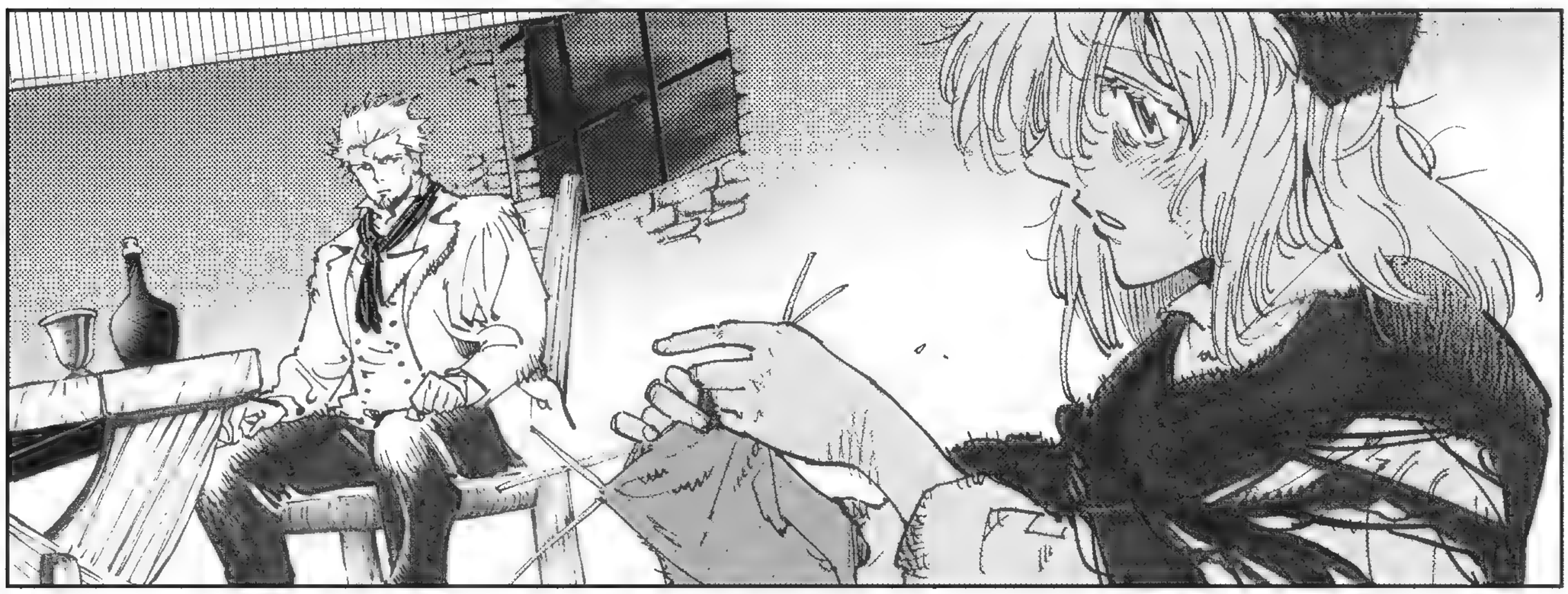
WHAT'S THAT?

AH.

AS A SWORD IT DOESN'T CUT MUCH. JUST LEAVES AND MAYBE FLIES.

TP
TP

COSETTE!
ENOUGH OF YOUR DAWDLING!
YOU HAVE WORK TO DO!



OH.

YOUR SUPPER?

?

YOU THERE!

. . . . . .

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO EAT?

BREAD AND CHEESE.

WE'RE NOT SO WELL OFF WE CAN KEEP THE CHILD FOR FREE.

WORKING.

I'M HAVING HER KNIT MY DAUGHTERS' STOCKINGS.

WHAT IS THAT GIRL DOING?

SO HE IS A PAUPER.

FEH!

MA-DAME.

YES?

YOUR DAUGHTERS, HM?

HADN'T MUCH CHOICE, SINCE HER MOTHER ABANDONED HER.

HEAVENS NO! TOOK IN THE POOR THING OUT OF PITY.

COSETTE IS NOT YOUR CHILD?

THEN...

COSETTE...

I'M A MOTHER MYSELF. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

WHAT A HORRIBLE WOMAN.

WILL YOU SELL THEM TO ME FOR FIVE FRANCS?

WHAT WOULD THEY COST WERE THEY FOR SALE?

THE STOCKINGS SHE'S KNITTING.

HMM. I'D SAY THIRTY SOUS AT THE LEAST.

WHY?

IT'S NO COUNTER-FEIT!

THAT THERE BE A REAL COIN, TOO!

FIVE FRANCS GOOD SILVER FOR STOCKINGS!

MON DIEU! DID YOU HEAR THAT?

YANK

I'M THE INNKEEPER.

PLEASE CALL ME THÉNARDIER.

GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR.

OUI. NOW THEN, LITTLE ONE. I'VE BOUGHT YOUR WORK.

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?

GO ON AND PLAY.

SHVR SHVR

MAY I REALLY PLAY?

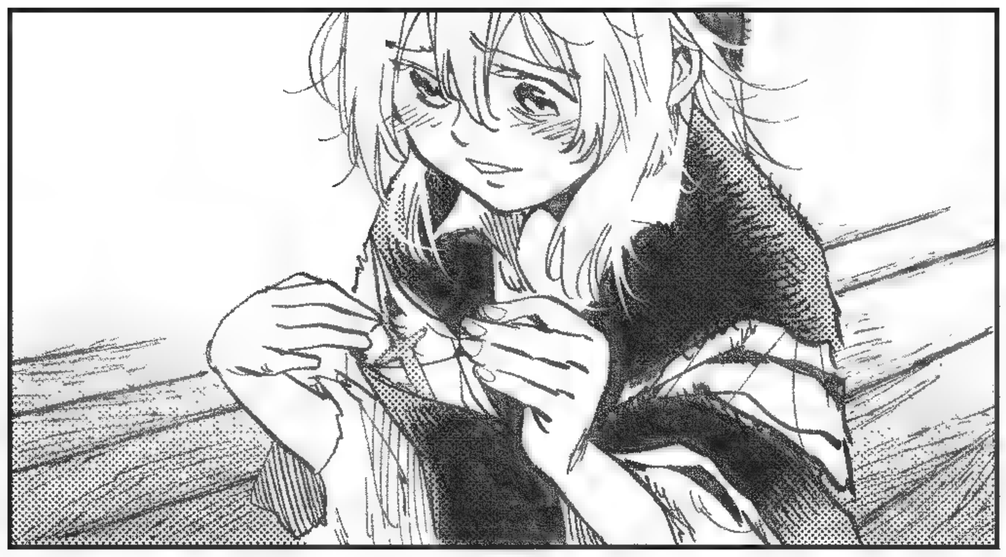
MAY I, MADAME?

SHUT UP.

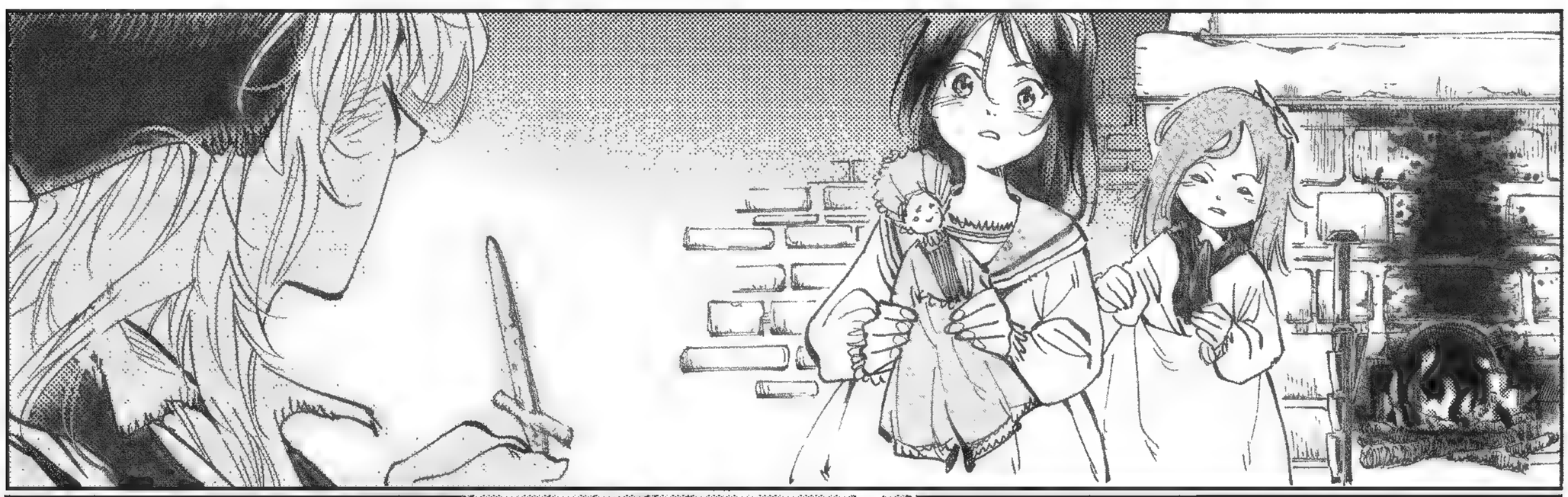
BUT! BUT!

WE CAN'T JUST...

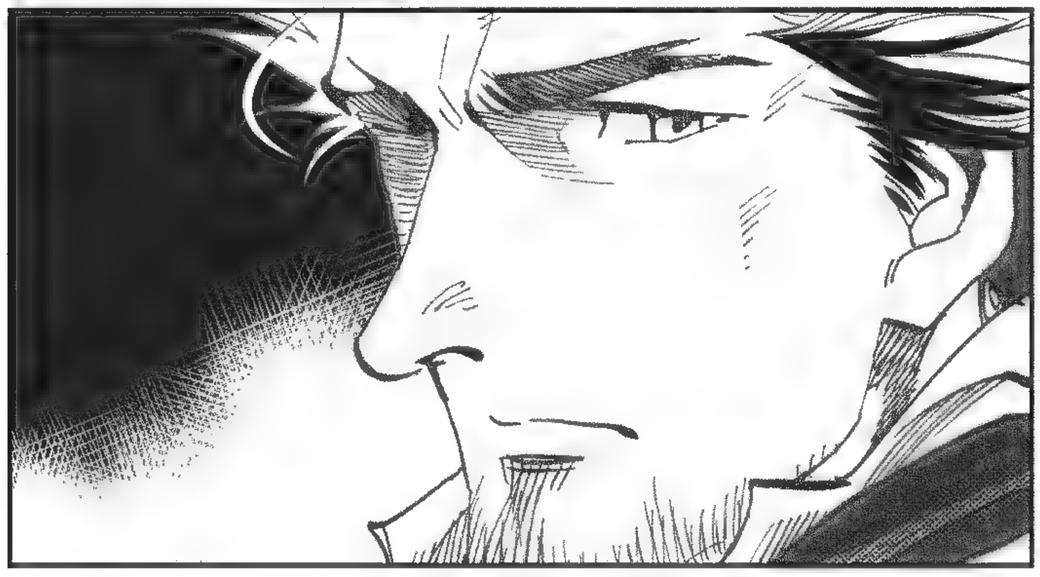
WHAT HE WANTS, HE GETS.

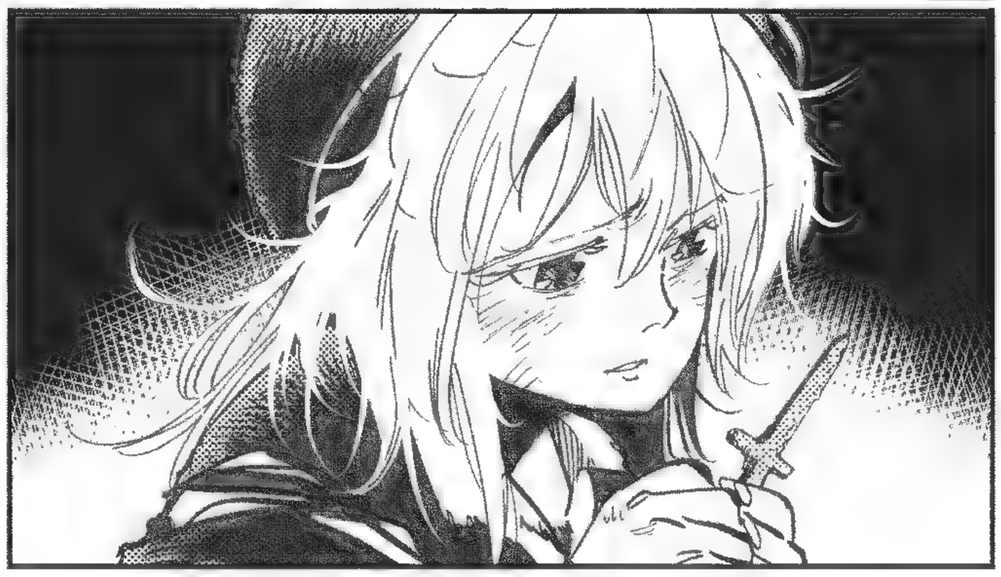


THANK YOU!
PLAY!



NYEH!





HOW DARE HE SHAME ME LIKE THAT!

WHO IS THAT DAMNED BEGGAR?

WAIT THERE A MOMENT.

KREK

HE'S PROBABLY A THIEF.

HE'S AN ODD ONE, THAT'S FOR SURE.

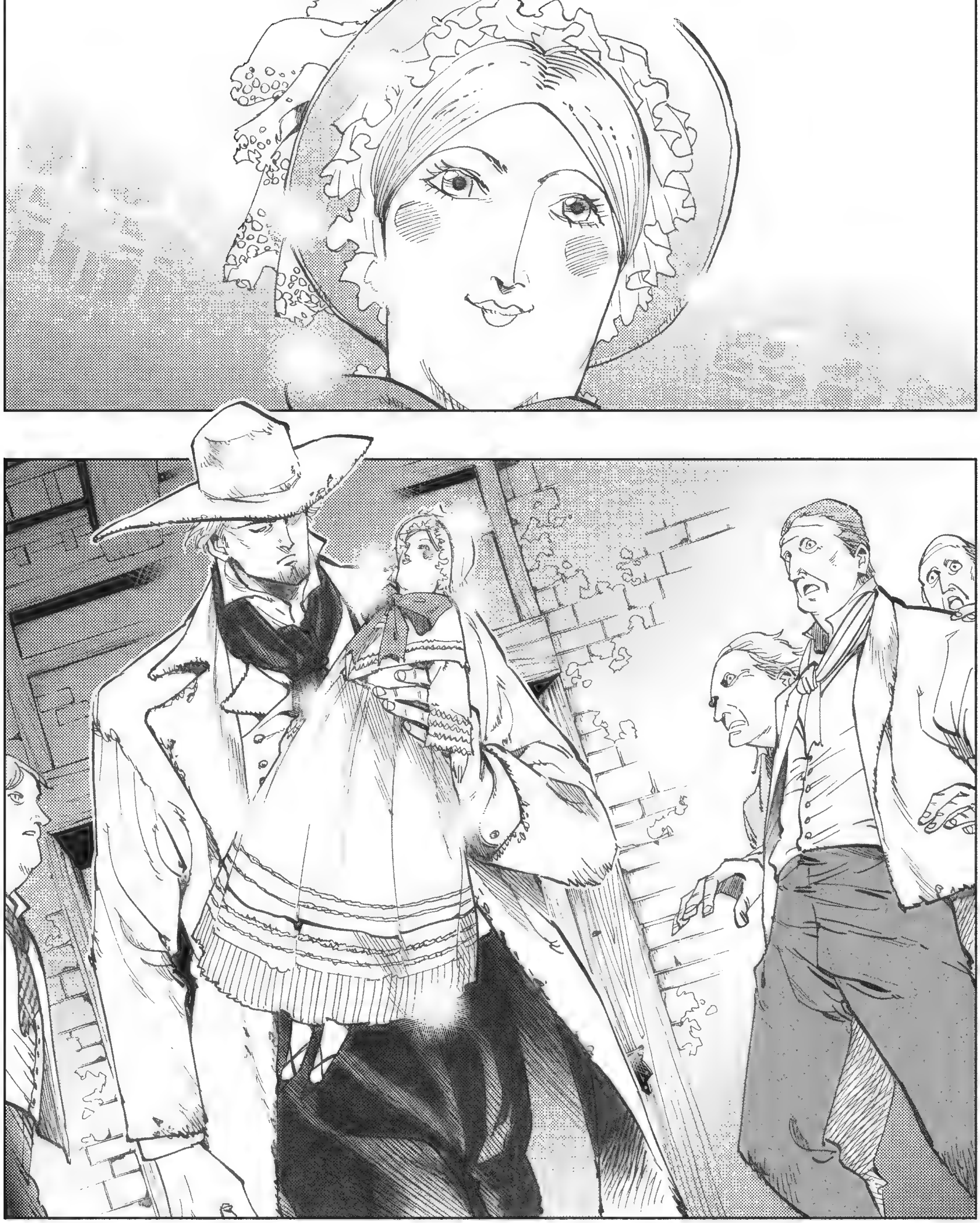
CAN'T TELL IF HE'S POOR OR RICH.

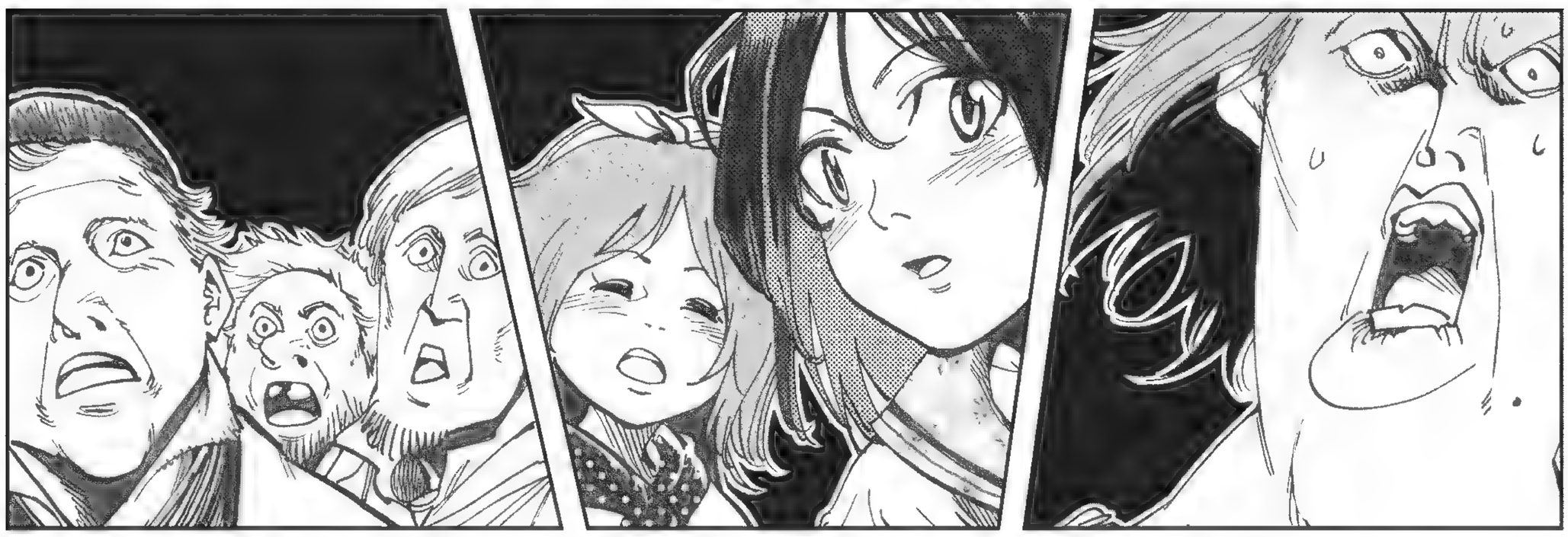
HE'S BACK.

SHH!

LET'S KICK HIM OUT!

WE DON'T NEED A GUEST LIKE HIM!





A LEAD SWORD IS WELL AND FINE...
BUT I NOTICED YOU DIDN'T HAVE A REAL DOLL.
I BOUGHT THIS FOR YOU.

STOP BEING STUPID. IF THAT'S WHAT THAT MAN WANTS, YOU'LL BE PLEASANT ABOUT IT.

THAT DOLL COST FORTY FRANCS, AT LEAST!

HE DID WHAT?!

AREN'T YOU GOING TO TAKE YOUR DOLL?

GO ON, COSETTE.

SHUR SHUR

GRIN

MAY I, REALLY?

OF COURSE.

GIVE HER A NAME, TOO?

MAY I, UM...

.....

CATHERINE.

AS OF TODAY, THAT'S YOUR NAME.

ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU THE WAY.

MONSIEUR, WE'VE SET ASIDE OUR BEST ROOM FOR YOU.

IT'S TIME FOR COSETTE TO BE ABED.

NOW THEN, IT'S GROWN LATE.

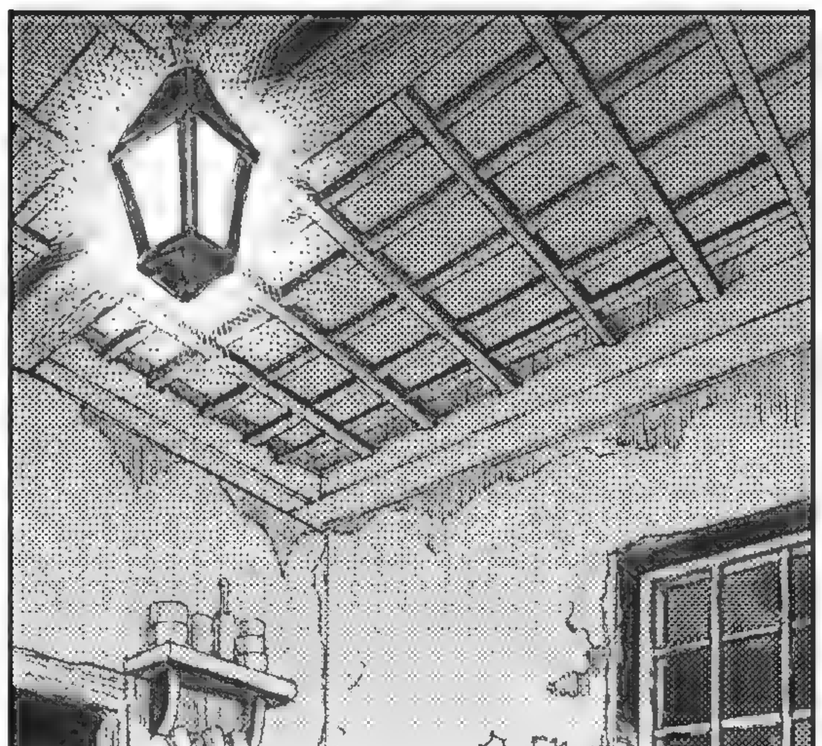
I THINK I'LL STAY DOWN HERE A WHILE YET.

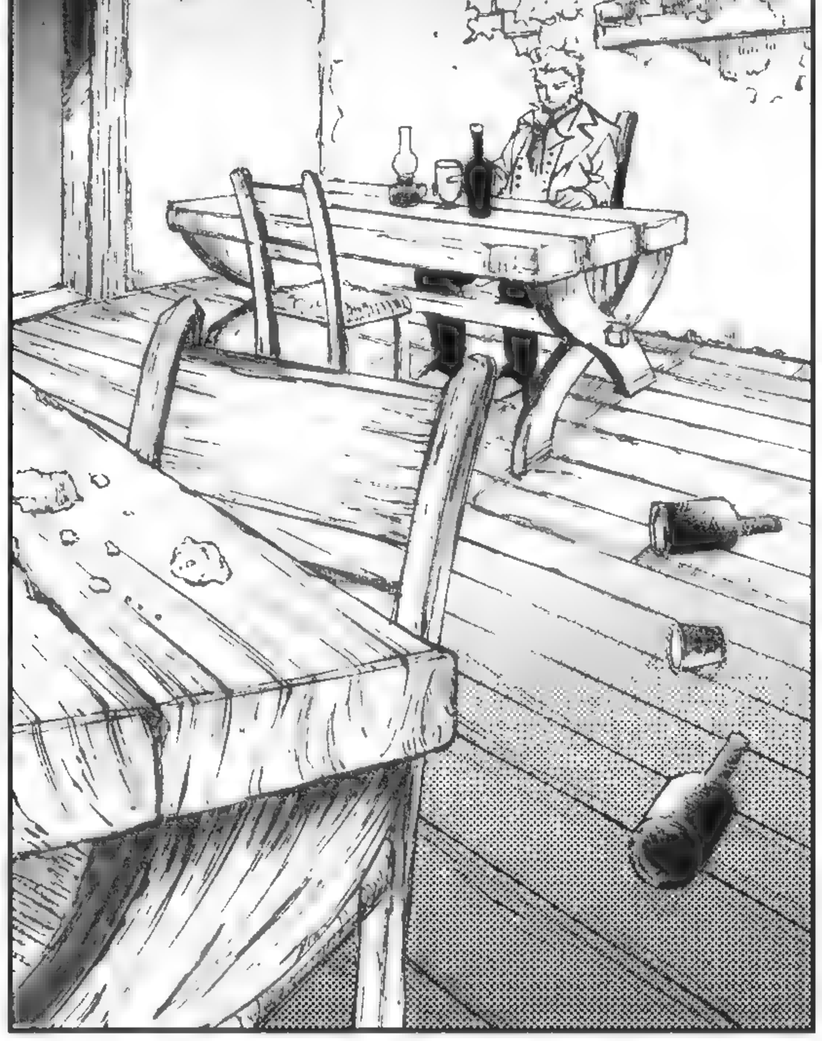
NO.

AV SERGENT
DE WATERLOO

ENJOY YOUR REST.
G'NIGHT!

YAWN...





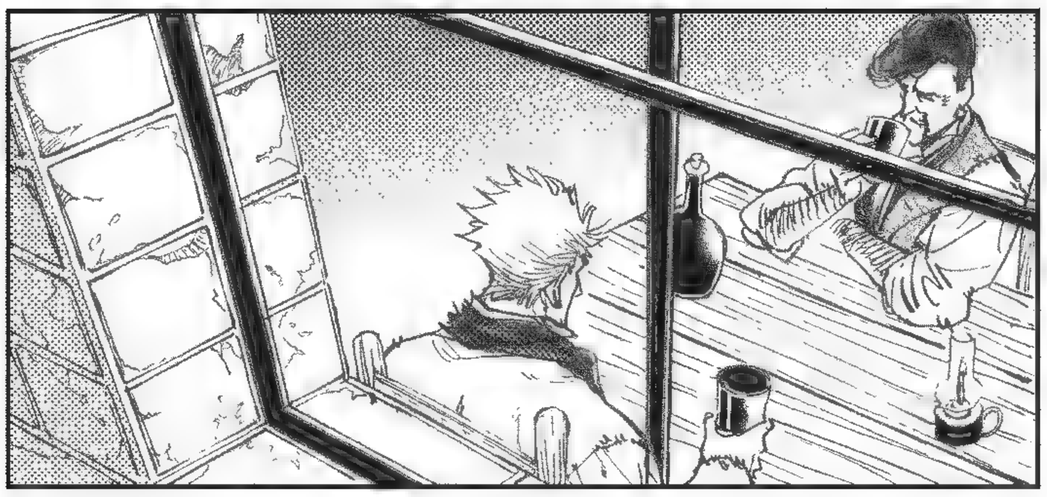
ZLSS ZLSS

HERE, MONSIEUR.

THE BEST BOTTLE IN THE HOUSE.

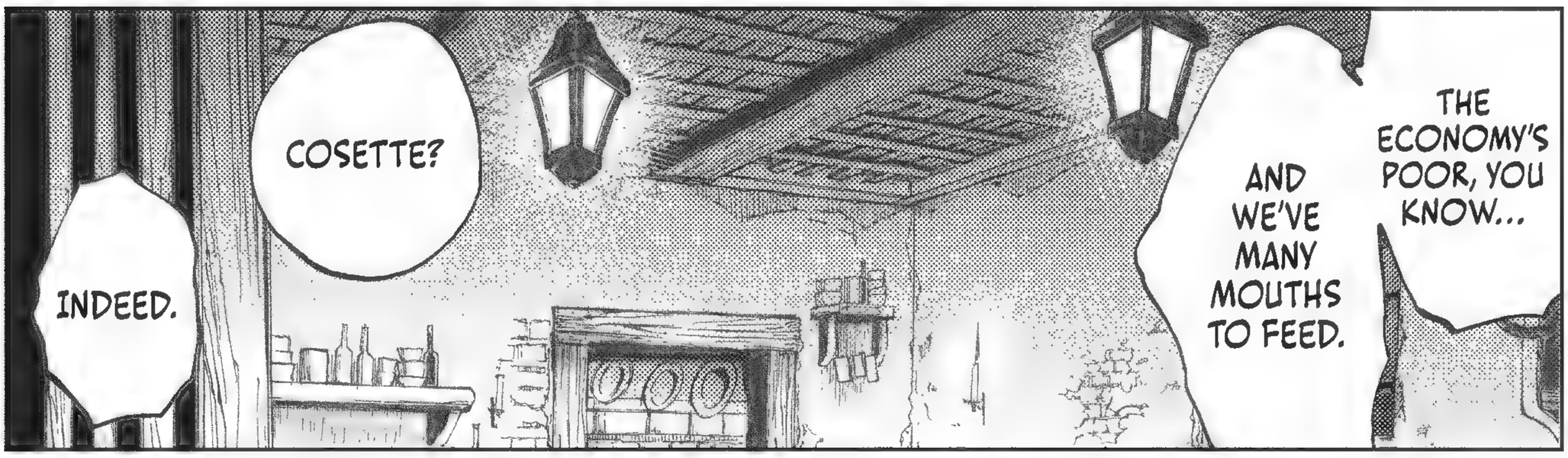
.....

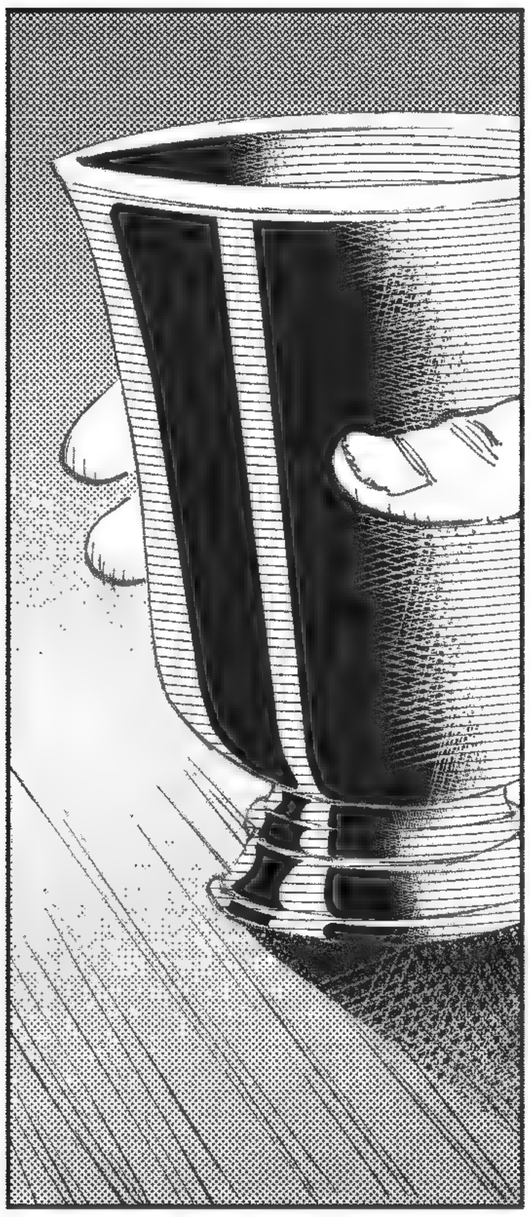
TO BONA-PARTE.



LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR.
TO FREEDOM.

BARELY, BARELY.
DO YOU DO WELL AROUND THESE PARTS?


COSETTE?
INDEED.
AND WE'VE MANY MOUTHS TO FEED.
THE ECONOMY'S POOR, YOU KNOW...



LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE!
THAT'S A BOTHER.

IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU HAVE IT TOUGH.
OH, DEFINITELY. SHE EATS LIKE A CHAMP, BUT BARELY WORKS AT ALL.

LET ME TAKE THAT BOTHER OFF YOUR HANDS.

HA HA HA.

YOU JEST.

.....

YOU? TAKE COSETTE?!

OUI.

I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE KIND AND WEALTHY, MONSIEUR...

BUT WE WOULDN'T HAND OVER OUR BELOVED DAUGHTER TO JUST ANY PASSERBY.

MY WIFE...

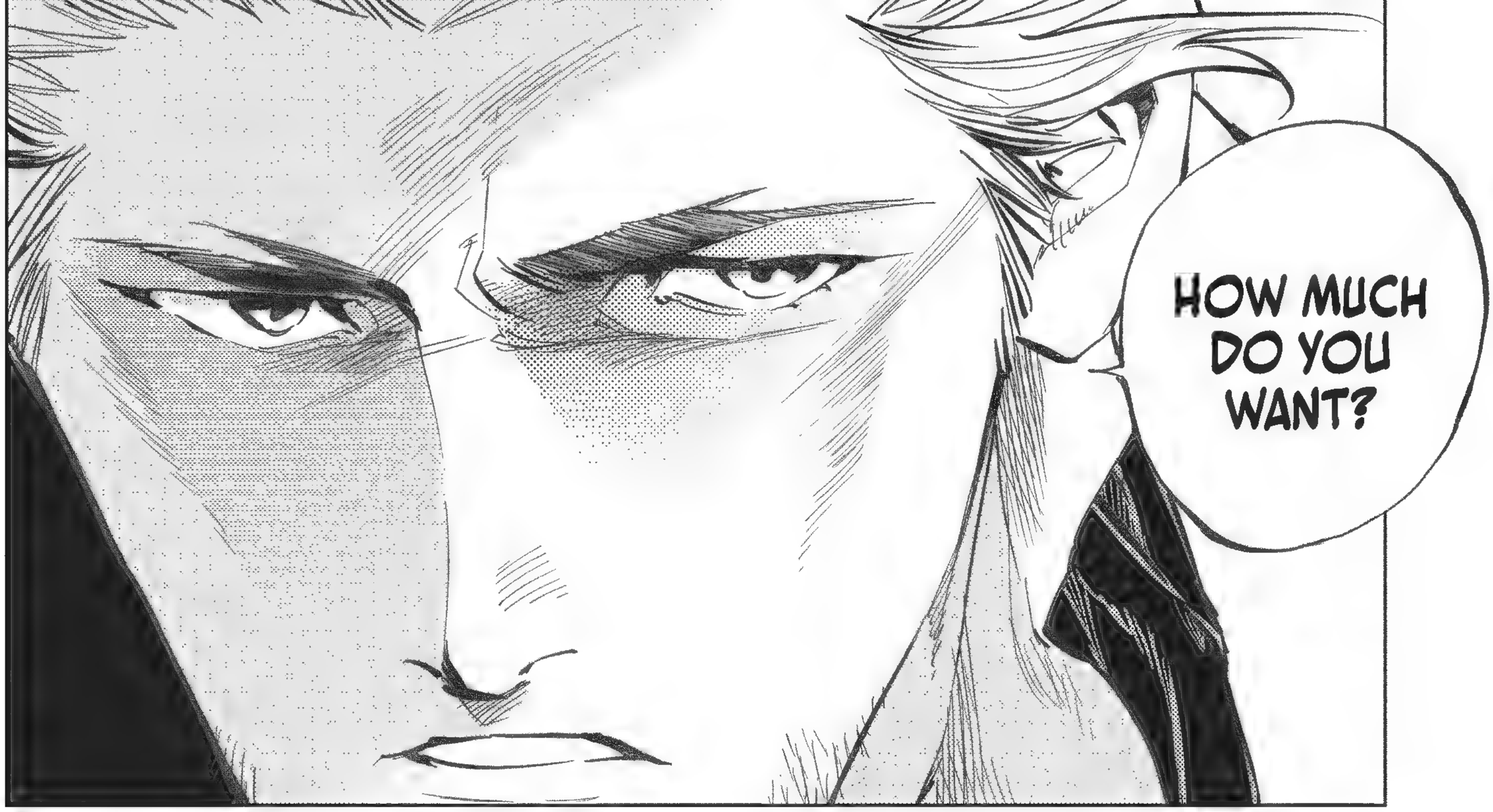
YOU MAY NOT THINK IT, BUT SHE ADORES THE CHILD.

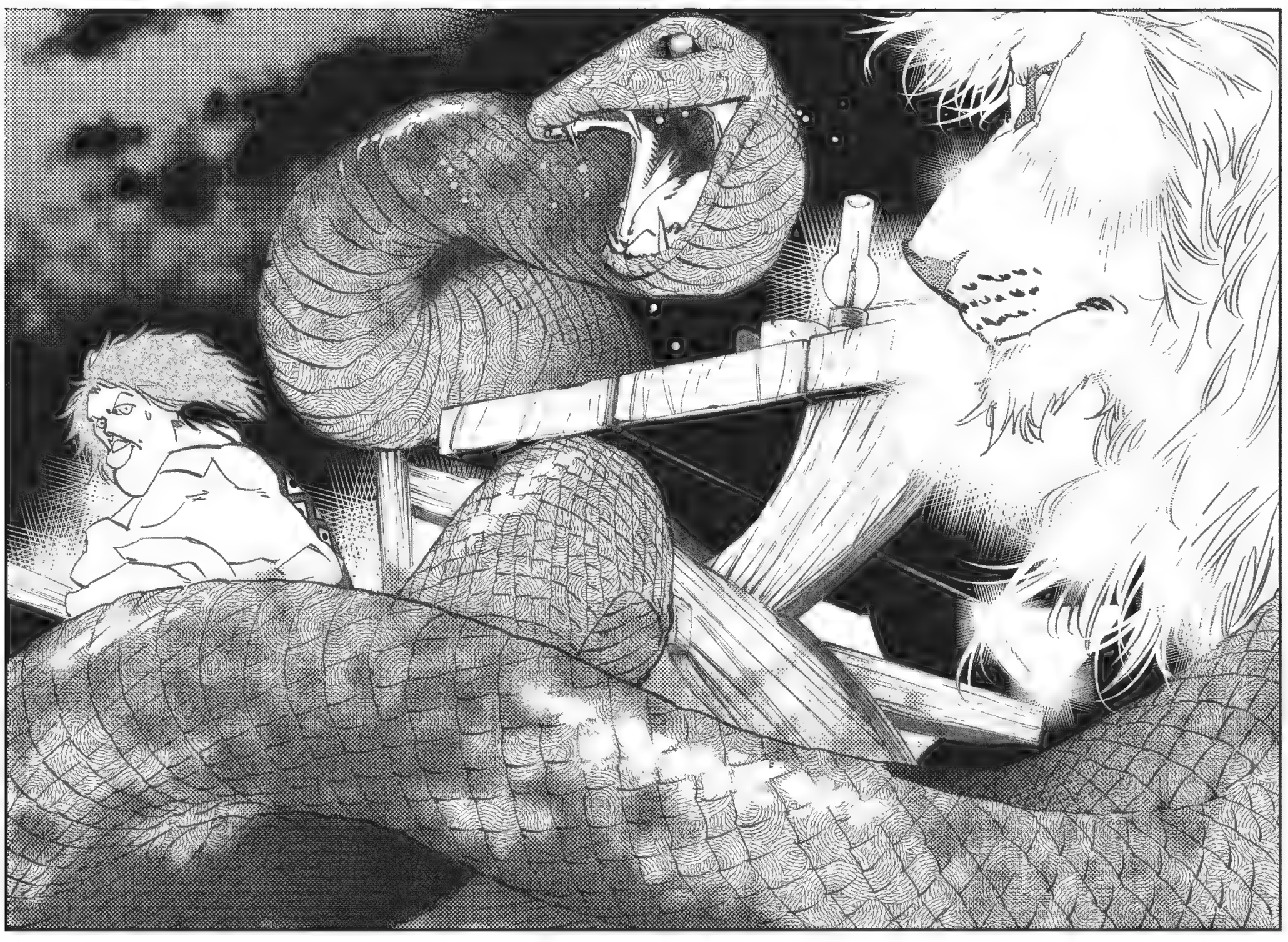
WE'VE RAISED HER SINCE SHE WAS AN INFANT.

WE'RE FOND OF HER.

LET'S DISPENSE WITH THE POSTURING.

I'LL GET STRAIGHT TO THE POINT.


HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT?



500 ASSIGNAT mille francs

FIFTEEN HUNDRED FRANCS.

BRING COSETTE HERE.

GOT 'IM!

I CAN GET MORE!

WAIT...

THERE'S ALSO...

FIFTEEN HUNDRED REPRESENTS ONLY A PORTION OF MY EXPENSES.

NO, NO. LET'S NOT BE HASTY, MONSIEUR.

MEDICINES. SHE COST US FIVE HUNDRED IN MEDICINE.

ALSO?

FIVE HUNDRED MORE.

A THOUSAND FRANCS FOR THE DISHES AND FURNITURE SHE'S BROKEN.

ANOTHER THOUSAND FRANCS.

AS YOU MAY KNOW, COSETTE'S MOTHER ENTRUSTED HER TO US. WE CAN'T SEND HER WITH JUST ANYONE.

BUT THIS ISN'T A MATTER OF MONEY AND ACCOUNTS.

NOPE. ENOUGH.

LET'S STOP, MONSIEUR.

YES, THAT GIRL DID COST US A SMALL FORTUNE IN FEES.

WE NEED PROOF THAT HER MOTHER ASKED YOU TO COME FETCH HER.

A LETTER, IN FACT. WITH HER SIGNATURE!

WITHOUT THAT, WE CAN'T LET YOU TAKE COSETTE.

BUT IF YOU INSIST, MONSIEUR...

I'LL TAKE TEN THOUSAND!

YOU MAKE A GOOD POINT.

TRUE.

READ THIS.

QUIVR

FAN...

TINE...

QUIVR

I WON'T LET YOU SAY YOU FORGOT IT.

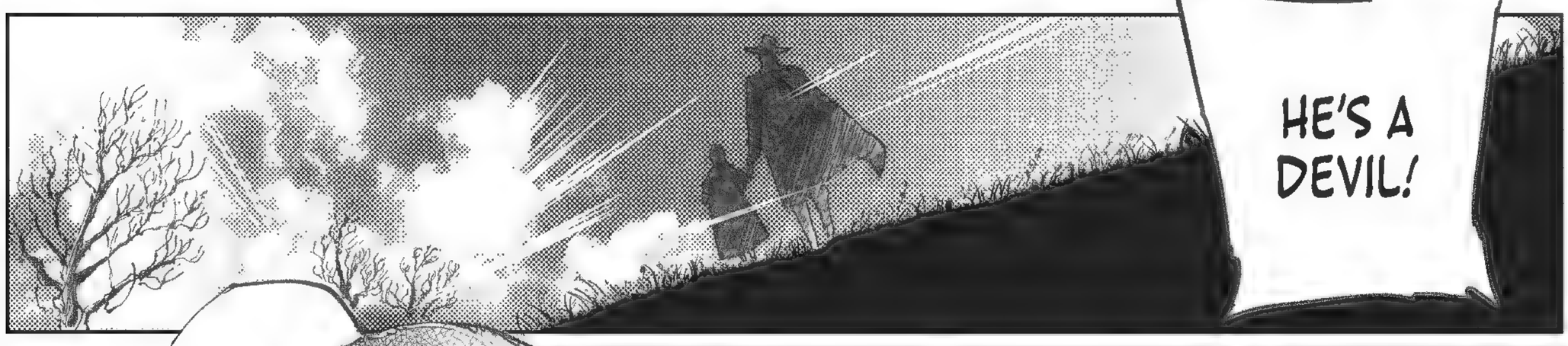
THE NAME.

MONSIEUR...?

WILL YOU COME WITH ME?

I THOUGHT I HAD HIM CAUGHT IN MY TRAP, BUT REALLY...
HE HAD CAUGHT ME.

WHO IS THAT MAN?!
DAMN IT ALL!
WHAK


HE'S A DEVIL!

DID I WAKE YOU? SORRY.
SLEEP, IF YOU WANT.
Bobi
Bobi

YOU NEEDN'T CALL ME THAT, EITHER.

MON-SIEUR.

I WON'T EVER HAVE TO GO BACK THERE AGAIN?

NEVER.

FAMILY?

WE'RE FAMILY, NOW.

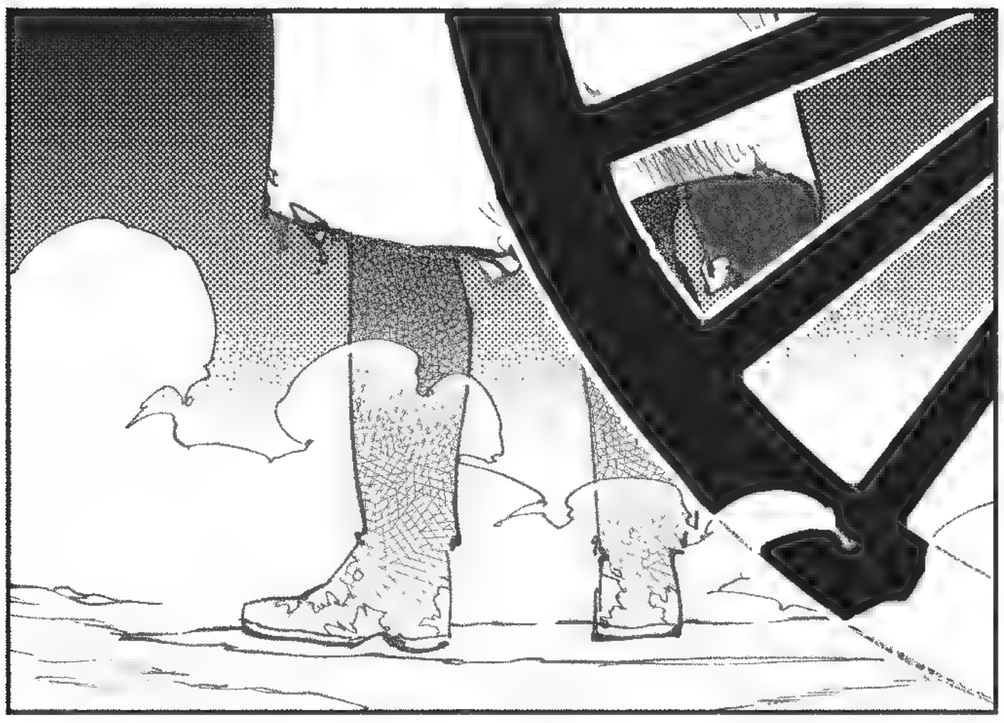
OUI. FROM NOW ON, YOU MAY LIVE WITH ME.

GOOD NIGHT.

BOOK 2: COSETTE

Chapter 4: The Gorbeau House

December, 1823. The outskirts of Paris.



BOOK 2: COSETTE

Chapter 4: The Gorbeau House

52

MNH...

I'M AWAKE!

I'M SORRY!

FWMP

WAH!

MADAME!

GOOD MORNING.

UM...

I'LL START SWEEPING RIGHT AWAY...

HUH?

OH...

ARE YOU HUNGRY AT ALL?

GURGL

YOU NEEDN'T SWEEP ANYMORE.

I MUST START SWEEP-ING.

WHERE IS THE BROOM?

IT'S SWEET.

IT'S HOT. SIP IT CAREFULLY.

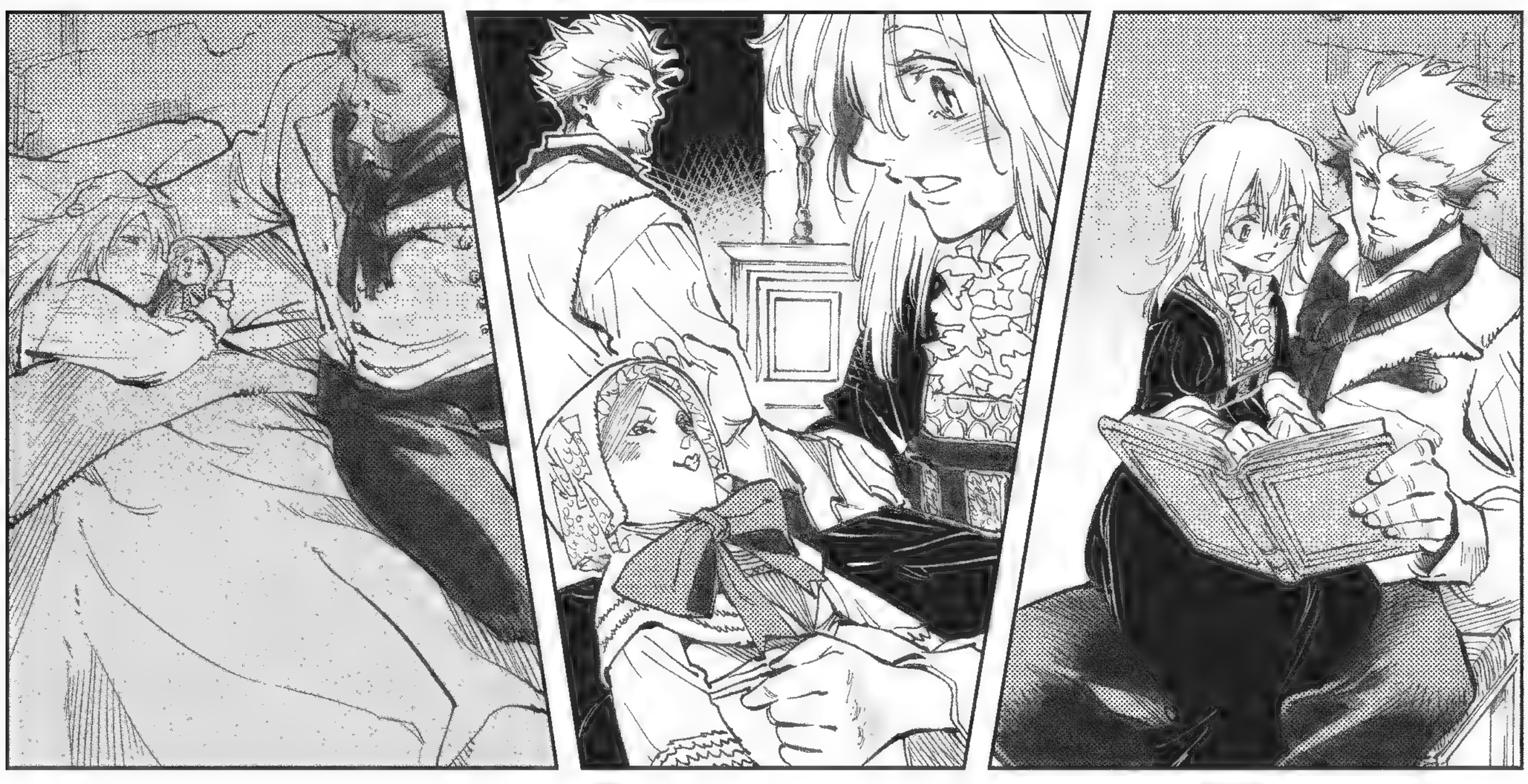
HERE. COFFEE WITH PLENTY OF MILK AND CREAM.

HERE. LIKE THIS.

YOU EAT IT TOGETHER WITH THE CHEESE.

.....

CHEW



NEXT IS A WORD THAT BEGINS WITH "A."

A...
B...
C.

CORRECT.

a
B
C

Amour

ONCE, I DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THIS WORD EITHER.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

AMOUR...

I WAS NO ONE'S FATHER, NO ONE'S LOVER, NO ONE'S HUSBAND, NO ONE'S FRIEND.

I THINK I UNDER-STAND IT.

Amou

"AMOUR"...

BUT NOW, THIS WORD...

DON'T YOU WANT TO PLAY WITH CATHERINE?

LET'S GO FOR A STROLL TOGETHER!

PICOLE

I JEST.

HA HA HA!

SO THAT MADAME CAN'T FIND YOU IN THE DARK.

WHY DO WE ONLY EVER STROLL IN THE EVENING?

PLEASE...

OUR LORD ...

WHO ART IN...

MUTR

MUTR

I'M FINE.

YOU AREN'T COLD?

YOUR HAND IS VERY WARM.

STROLLS ARE SO MUCH FUN.

FATHER.

I KNOW. BUT I WANT TO CARRY YOU.

I CAN STILL WALK.

WAH!

AT LEAST FOR A LITTLE WAY LONGER.

I AM COSETTE'S PILLAR...

AND SHE IS MY STAFF.

IT IS CLEAR AS THE SUNRISE TO ME NOW.

HELLO, GRAND-MAMAN.

WELCOME HOME.

HO HO! WELL, AREN'T YOU TWO CLOSE?

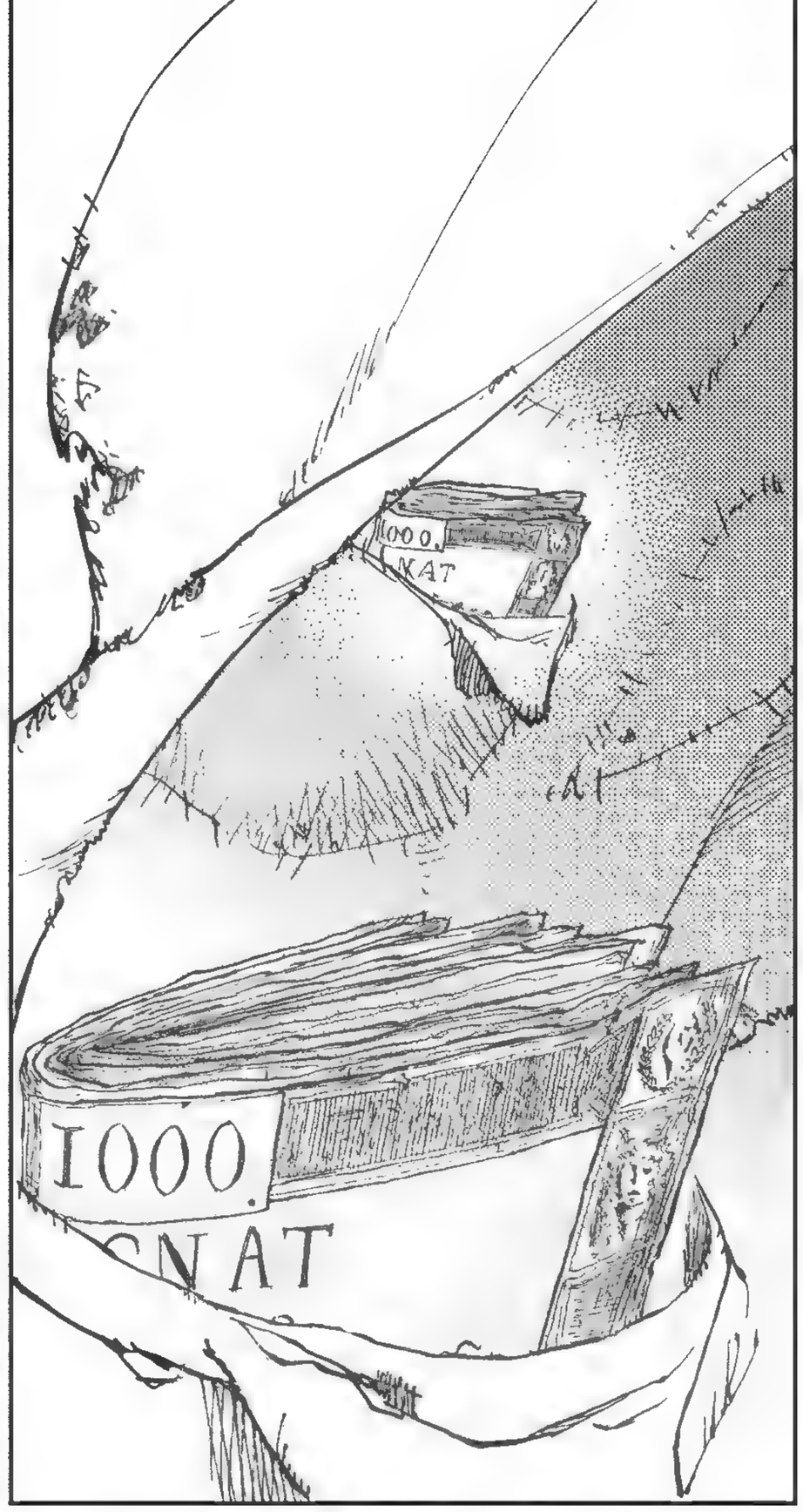
THANK YOU, MADAME CARETAKER.

I'LL BRING SUPPER UP TO YOU LATER.

AH. HERE. MY RENT, A LITTLE EARLY.

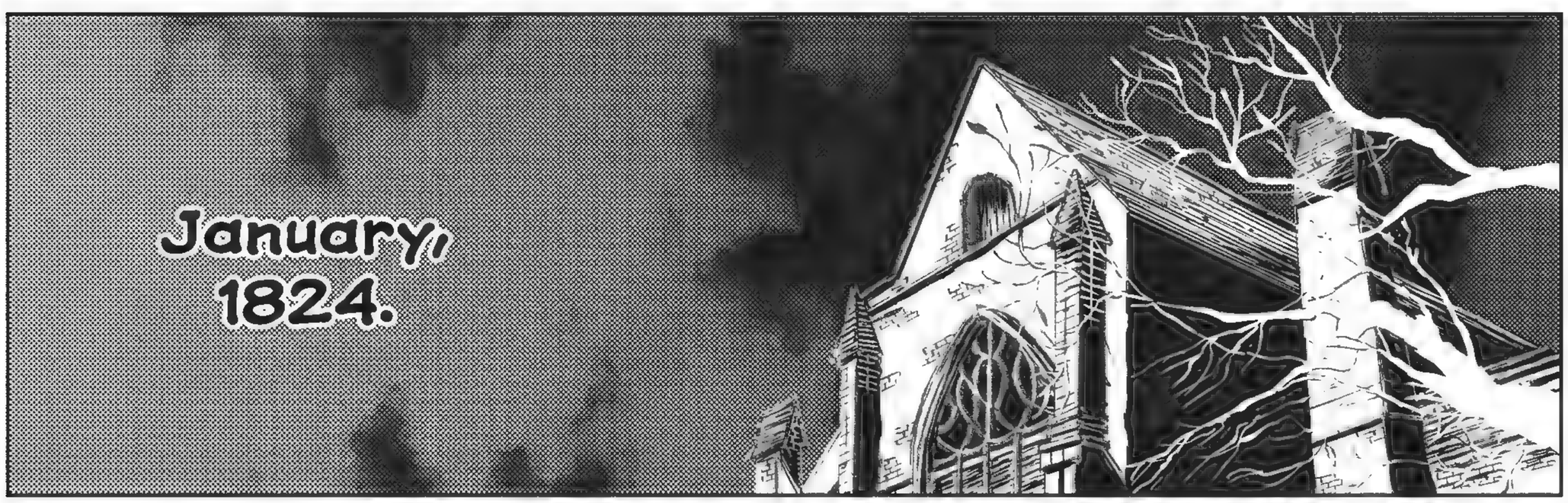
Yeep!

TING


1000.
KAT
1000.
CNAT

A THOU-SAND FRANC BILL...

LET'S HURRY INSIDE AND WARM UP.


January,
1824.

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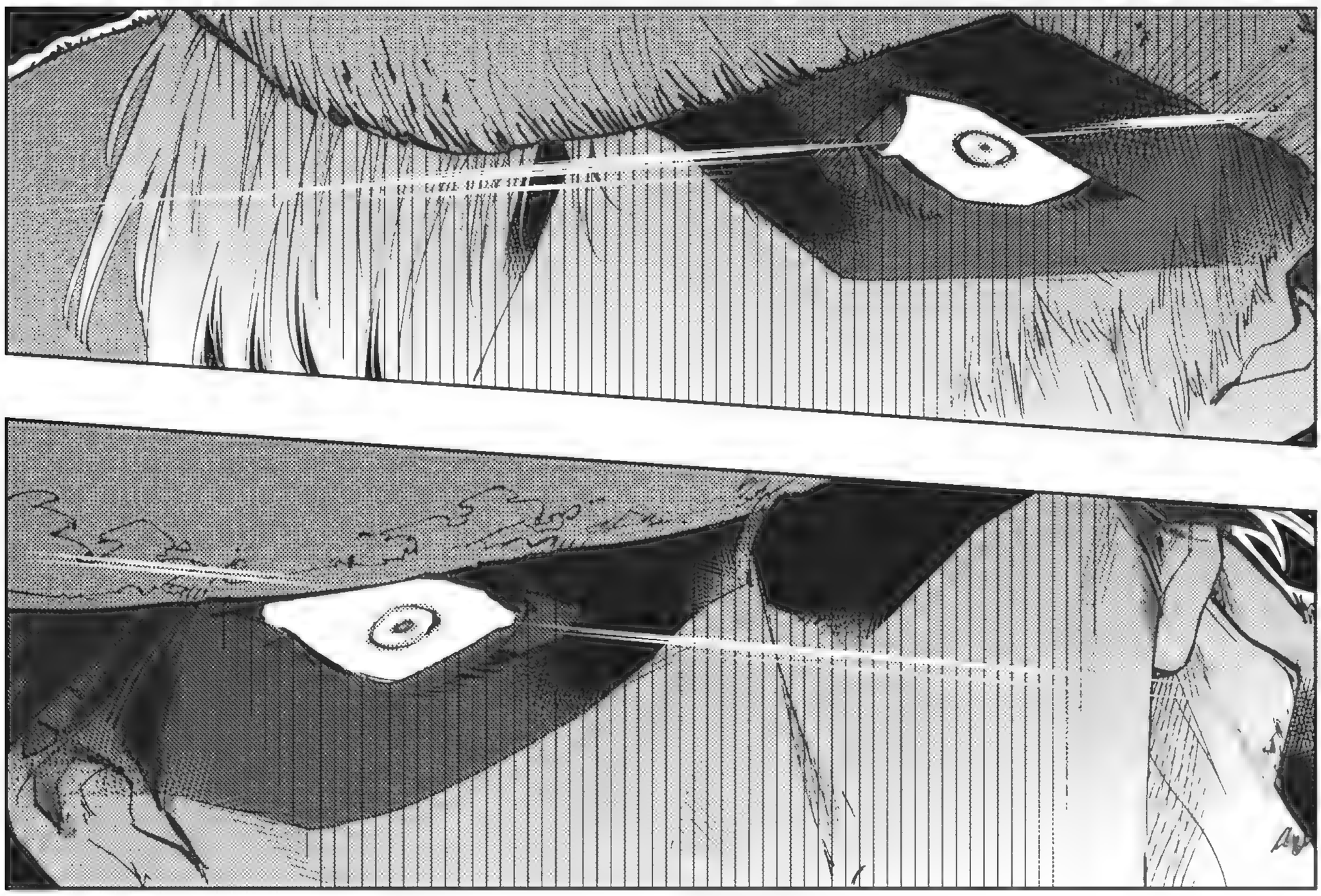


IT COULDN'T BE.

WAS THAT...? NO.

KREE

IT'S AFTER WHEN SHE GOES TO SLEEP, THOUGH, RIGHT FATHER?

IS THAT GRAND-MAMAN?

KREK

KREK

GET IN BED. QUIETLY, NOW.

PFF

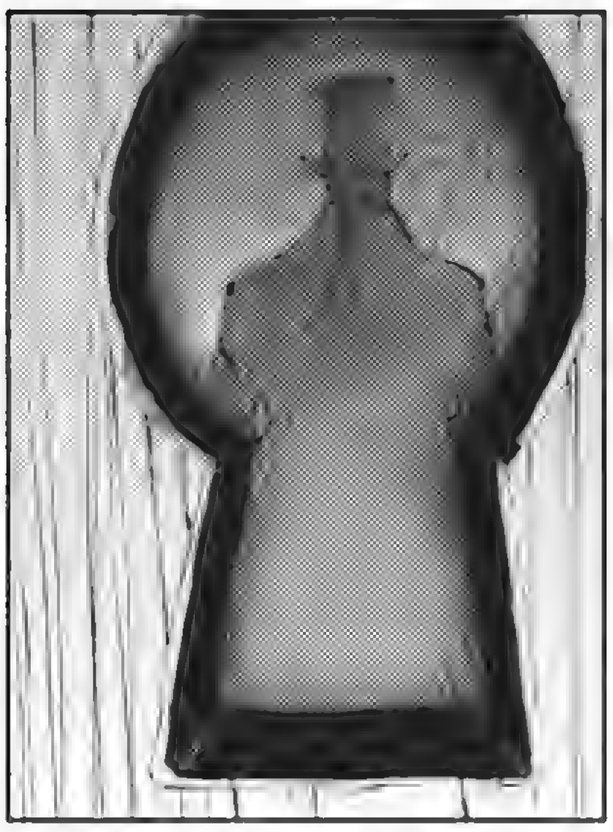
KREK

KREK

KREK

KREK

KREK



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I'VE FINISHED TIDYING UP FOR YOU.

YOU LOOK GRIM.

AH.

IS SOMETHING THE MATTER?

OUI.

WHY DO YOU ASK?

I'M SORRY, BUT...

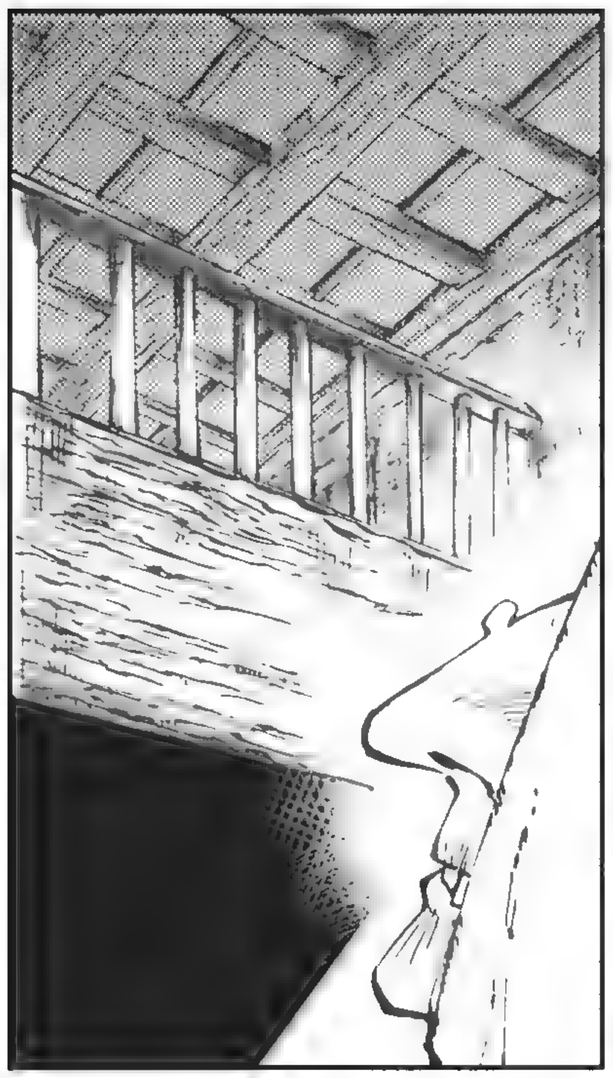
WERE YOU ABED BY EIGHT O'CLOCK LAST NIGHT?

KNAK

HE'S A GENTLEMAN WITH INCOME, MUCH LIKE YOU.

I HEARD THE FRONT DOOR OPEN.

OH, THAT? WE'VE A NEW TENANT, IS ALL.



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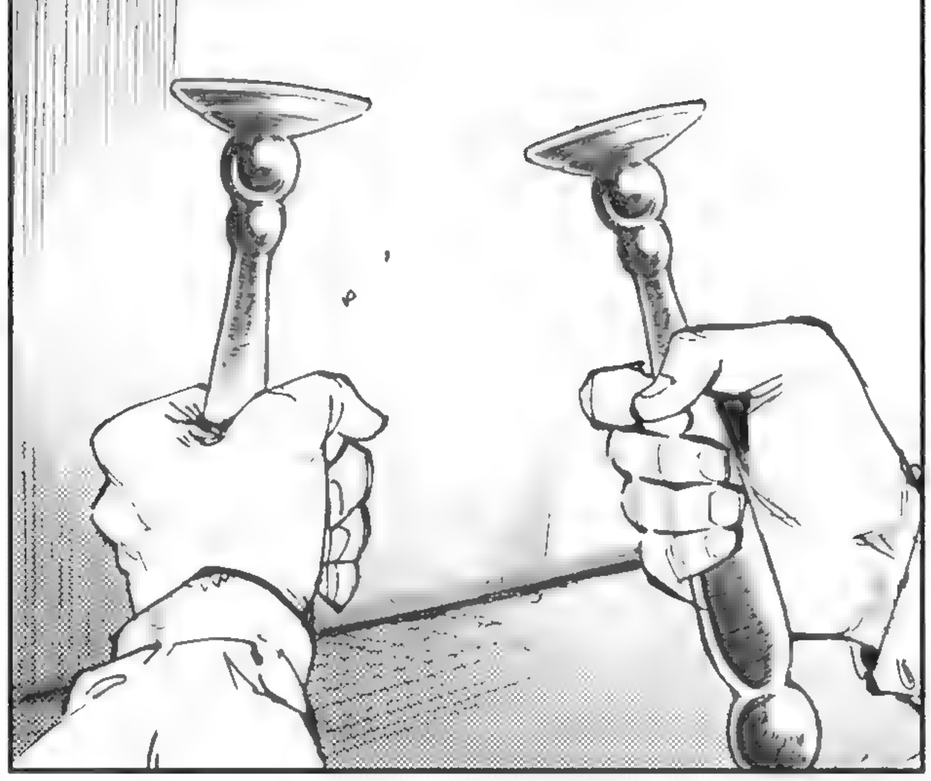
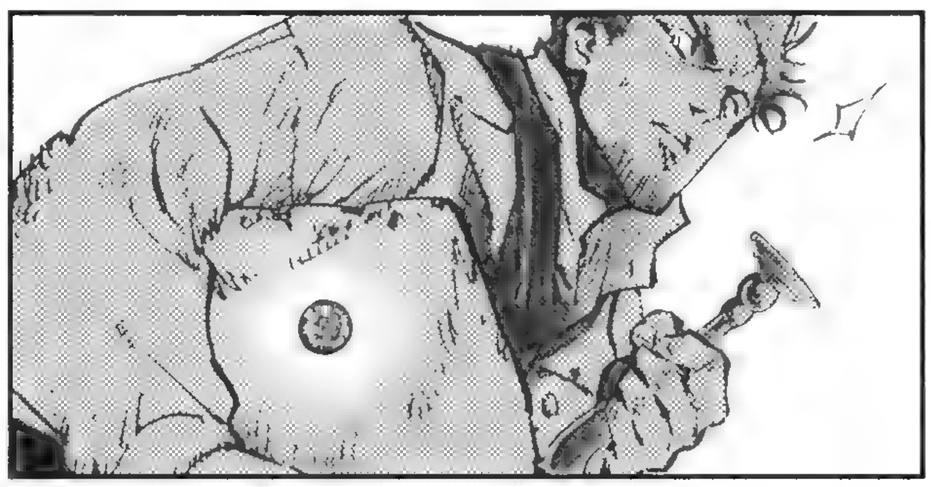




HURRY.

5¢
KREEE

Le Journal

IS THAT REALLY YOU?

JEAN VALJEAN.

Paris Prefecture of Police.

YOU SEEM TO BE SETTLING INTO PARIS WELL...

IT'S LITTLE WONDER YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO PARIS.

AFTER CAPTURING THAT ESCAPED CONVICT...

YOUR TALENTS HAVE ASTOUNDED EVERYONE.

JAVERT.

OUI.

I'M SURE THE WOLVES HIDING AMONG PARIS'S SHEEP ARE SHAKING.

WE HAVE HIGH EXPECTATIONS FOR YOU.

A REPORT RECEIVED THIS MORNING.

YOU.

WHAT IS THIS?

THE MOTHER'S NAME IS...

COSETTE.

CHILD KIDNAP-PING?

MONTFER-MEIL.

AV SERGENT DE WATERLOO

FANTINE.

COSETTE, KIDNAPPED?!

YOU FOOL!

DON'T MAKE A BIG DEAL OF IT!

IT WAS A TRAVELER!

JUST SO, MONSIEUR OFFICER!

R-RIGHT! THAT'S TRUE!

IF HE GETS SUSPI-CIOUS...

HE MIGHT INVESTIGATE. THEN HE'LL FIND OUT HOW WE EXTORTED FANTINE!

HA HA..

KIDNAP-PING?

.....

THE ONLY ONES GETTING BUCKLED THEN ARE US!

PSST PSST

PSST

GRAND-FATHER?

HER GRANDFA-THER, I BELIEVE.

WE LOOKED AFTER COSETTE FOR YEARS. WE SIMPLY RETURNED HER TO HER FAMILY.

HOW TERRIBLE! IT WAS NOTHING OF THE SORT.

HE EVEN BORE A LETTER FROM HER MOTHER, FANTINE.

SHE'D BE HAPPIER WITH HIM THAN US.

AV SERGENT DE WATERL

I'M SURE.

INDEED. HE'S A WEALTHY FARMER...

I'M OVERTHINKING IT. JEAN VALJEAN IS DEAD.

WHERE'D YOU HEAR THAT?

EVERYONE TALKS ABOUT HIM OVER IN SAINT-MÉDARD.

ONE OF THE TOWN GOSSIPS.

AIN'T THAT ODD.

A BEGGAR WHO HANDS OUT ALMS TO OTHER BEGGARS.

WHAT, YOU HAVEN'T?

NEVER HEARD OF 'IM.

Paris Prefecture of Police.

THE BEGGAR WHO GIVES ALMS?

HE MUST'VE BEEN A CHURCHMAN.

JUST AN OLD BEGGAR MAN IN RAGS.

HE DON'T LOOK MUCH DIFFERENT THAN ME.

OUI. HE ALWAYS HANDS ME A COIN OR TWO.

IT'S A HOVEL JUST UP BOULEVARD L'HÔPITAL.

WHERE IS THE GORBEAU HOUSE?

THE OLD LADY AT THE GORBEAU HOUSE SAYS SHE'S SEEN IT WITH HER OWN EYES.

BUT THEY SAY HE CARRIES A FORTUNE AROUND, SEWN UP IN HIS COAT.

I HEAR SHE CAME FROM MONTFERMEIL.

A LITTLE GIRL NOT EVEN TEN LIVES THERE.

I'LL SIT IN YOUR PLACE TODAY.

LET ME BORROW YOUR RAGS.

HE ONLY EVER COMES OUT IN THE EVENINGS.

NO.

HAVE YOU SEEN THAT MAN TODAY?

MONT-FERMEIL.

AN OLD MAN AND A CHILD.

IS IT REALLY YOU, JEAN VALJEAN?

I'M SURE HE DROPPED IT WHILE HURRIEDLY COLLECTING HIS THINGS.

WHAT'S THAT MATTER?

OUI. I HEARD HIM DROP IT ON THE FLOOR THIS MORNING.

A DROPPED COIN?

5¢

HE'LL TRY TO LEAVE TONIGHT. I GUARANTEE YOU THAT.

LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED AUGHT ELSE.

ENOUGH.

YOUR REWARD.

YOU SOUND CONFI-DENT.

WOMAN'S INTUITION.

JUST THAT...

WHAT OF YOUR ROOM?

I DON'T NEED IT.

I'M NOT ENTIRELY CERTAIN.

NOT YET.

SHALL WE REPORT IT TO THE PREFEC-TURE?

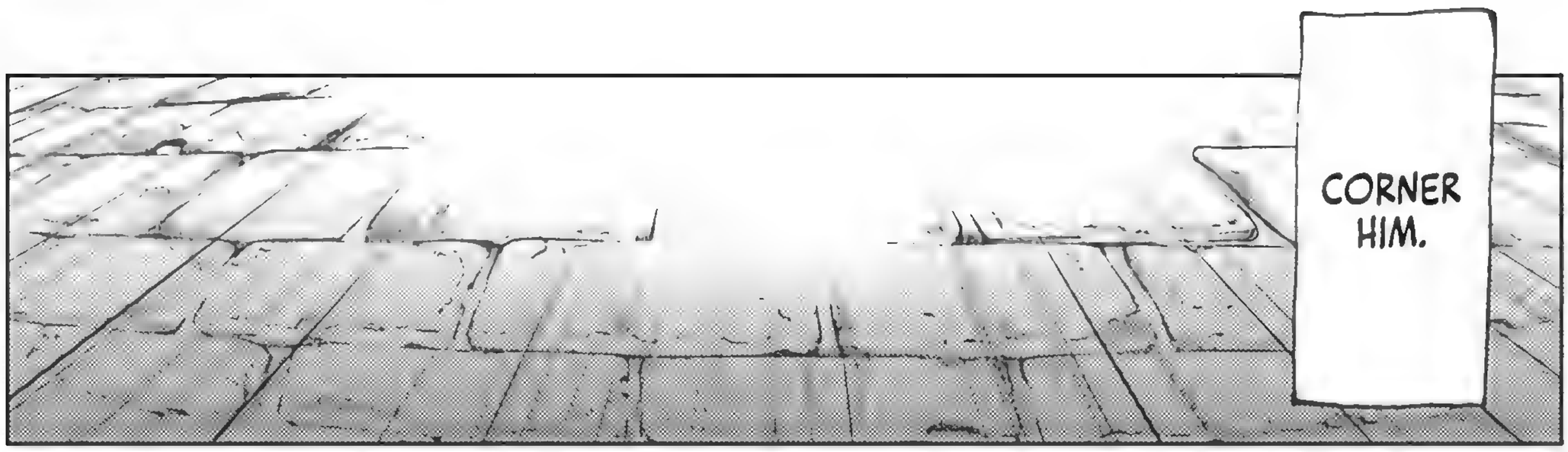
INSPECTOR. THIS SEEMS TO BE THE TRAIL OF ESCAPED CONVICT JEAN VALJEAN.

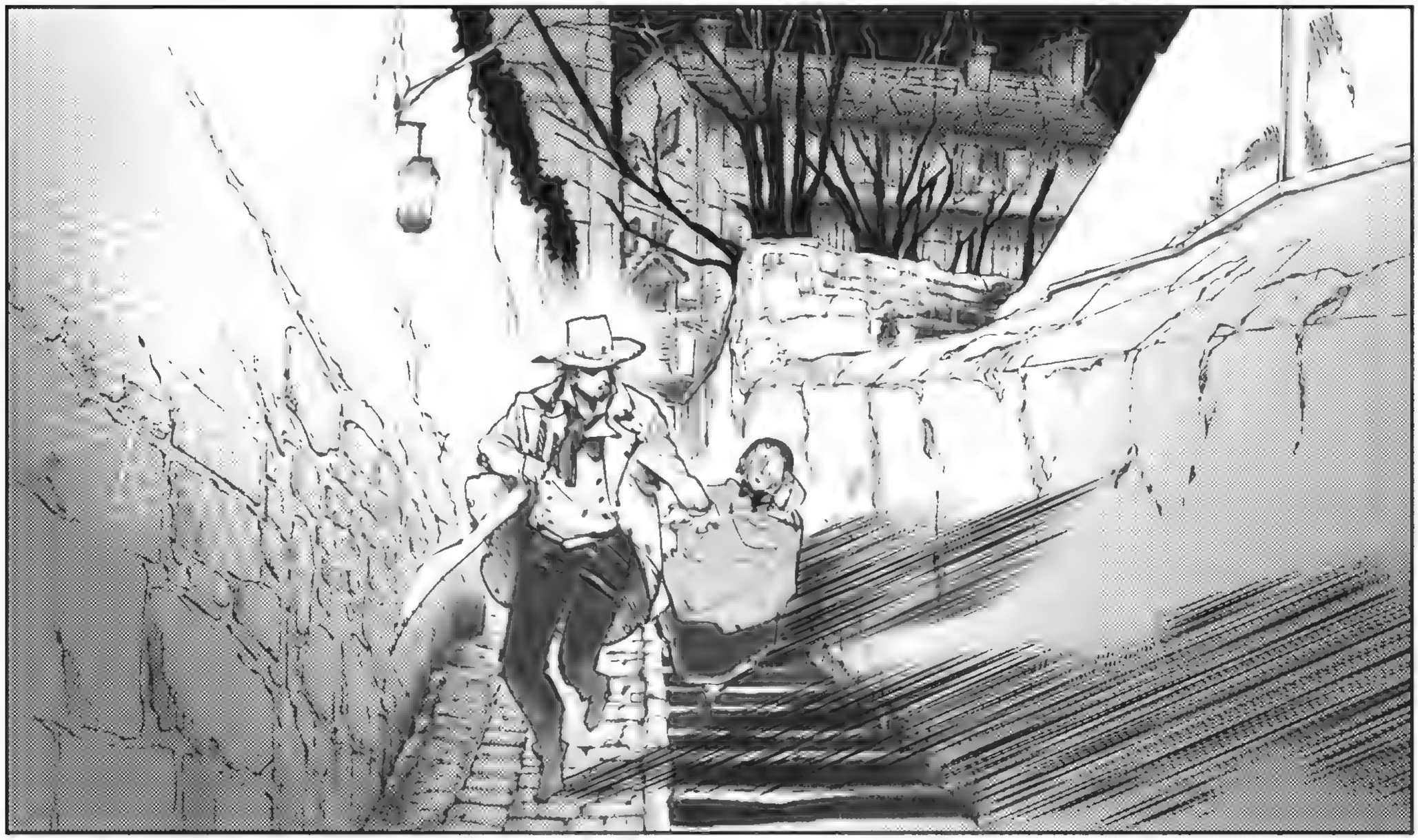
LET THAT HEADLINE HIT PAPERS AND WE'LL ALL BE DISMISSED.

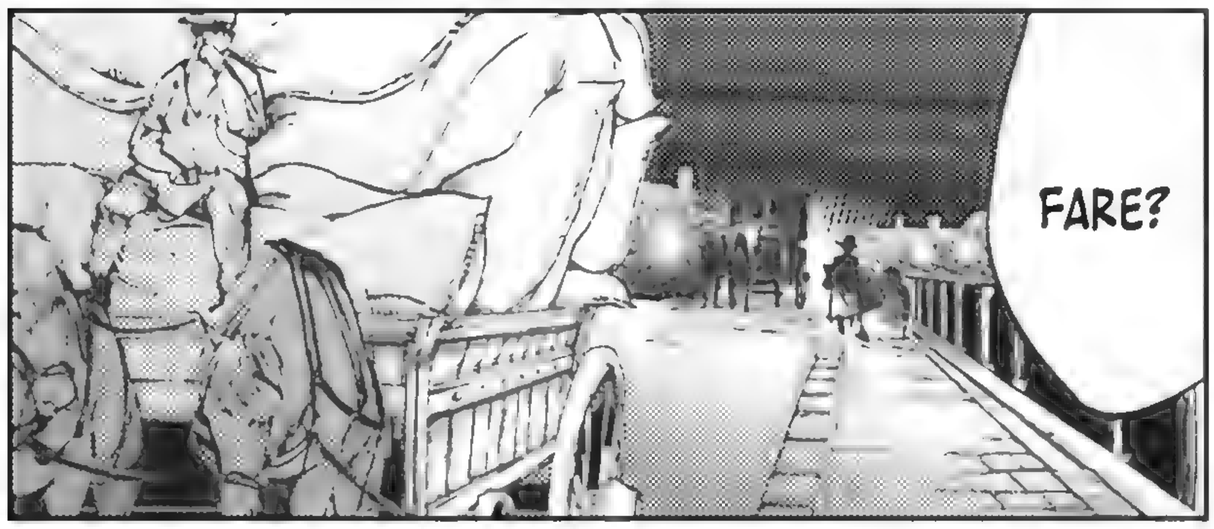
"OLD MAN AND GRANDDAUGHTER MISTAKENLY ARRESTED BY POLICE."

THE FREE PRESS IS AN IRRITATION, TOO.

LET'S GO.


CORNER HIM.




FARE?

TINK

TWO SOUS FOR YOU BOTH.

RMBL RMBL

PLASH

PLIP PLIP

VALJEAN!

MY HUNCH...

WAS CORRECT!

IT'S HIM! IT'S JEAN VALJEAN!

SUMMON REINFORCE-MENTS FROM THE PREFEC-TURE!

AND FROM THE LOCAL PRECINCT, TOO!

WHO ARE THEY COMING AFTER US?

FATHER, I'M SCARED!

I WANT TO STAY WITH YOU!

IT'S MADAME THÉNARDIER.

SHH!

I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK!

SHE SENT THE POLICE TO COME BRING YOU BACK.

A DEAD END...!

YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME!

VALJEAN!

SHVR

SHVR...

PARIS

!!

I NEED A LADDER. EVEN JUST SOME ROPE...

TUG

IT DOESN'T HURT, DOES IT?

SWP

SHF SHF

WAIT HERE.

TOSS

HFF

HFF

OKAY.

FATHER.

DON'T BE SCARED. YOU'LL BE FINE.

AHDM DM AHH!! DM

!!

BUT I KNOW WE CHASED HIM THIS WAY!

HE'S GONE!

WHAT?!

IMME-DIATELY, INSPEC-TOR!

OUI!

WE CANNOT ALLOW VALJEAN TO ESCAPE!

INSPEC-TOR...

SHIP! SHIP!

BUT INSPEC-TOR...

EXPAND THE NET TOWARD CUL-DE-SAC GENROT.

SUMMON MORE MEN.

I WANTED THE CREDIT OF ARRESTING HIM FOR MYSELF.

I TOOK TOO MUCH TIME. WAS TOO GREEDY.

I WAS BUT A MOUSE...

AND I THOUGHT TO HUNT A LION BY MYSELF!

I GOT OVER-CONFI-DENT.

I WILL NOT LET YOU GET AWAY!

VALJEAN!

YOU DID WELL, COSETTE. GOOD GIRL.

HFF..

HFF..

HANG IN THERE!

COSETTE?!

PLEASE, LORD.

BUT COSETTE ...

PLEASE KEEP HER SAFE!

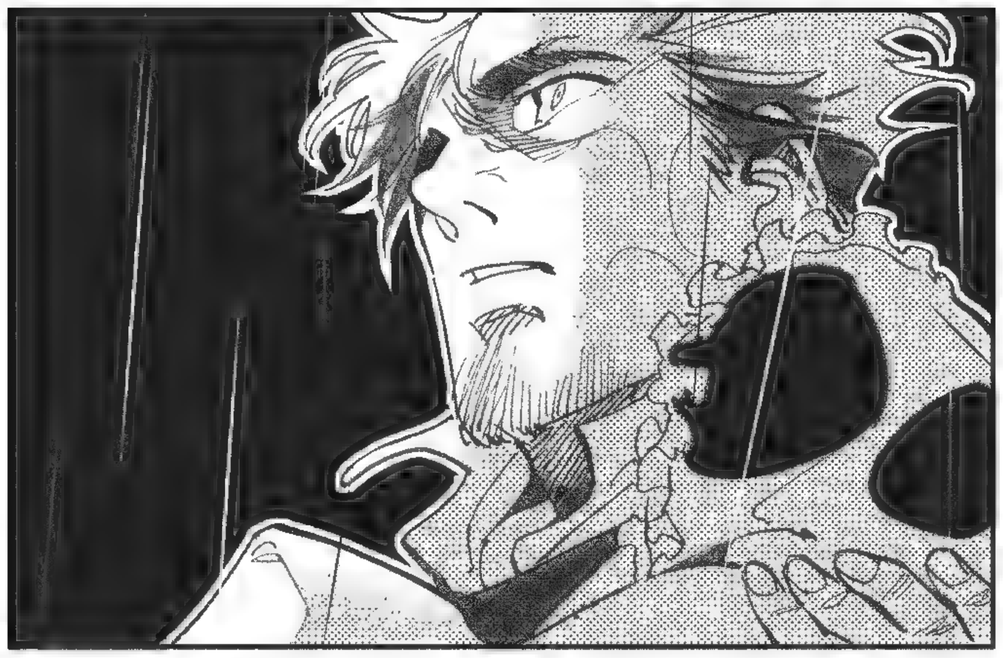
I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME...

BEFORE SHE FREEZES TO DEATH.

SHE NEEDS TO WARM UP BY A FIRE...

SHE FEELS COLD.

THIS CHILL RAIN HAS HER SOAKED TO THE BONE.



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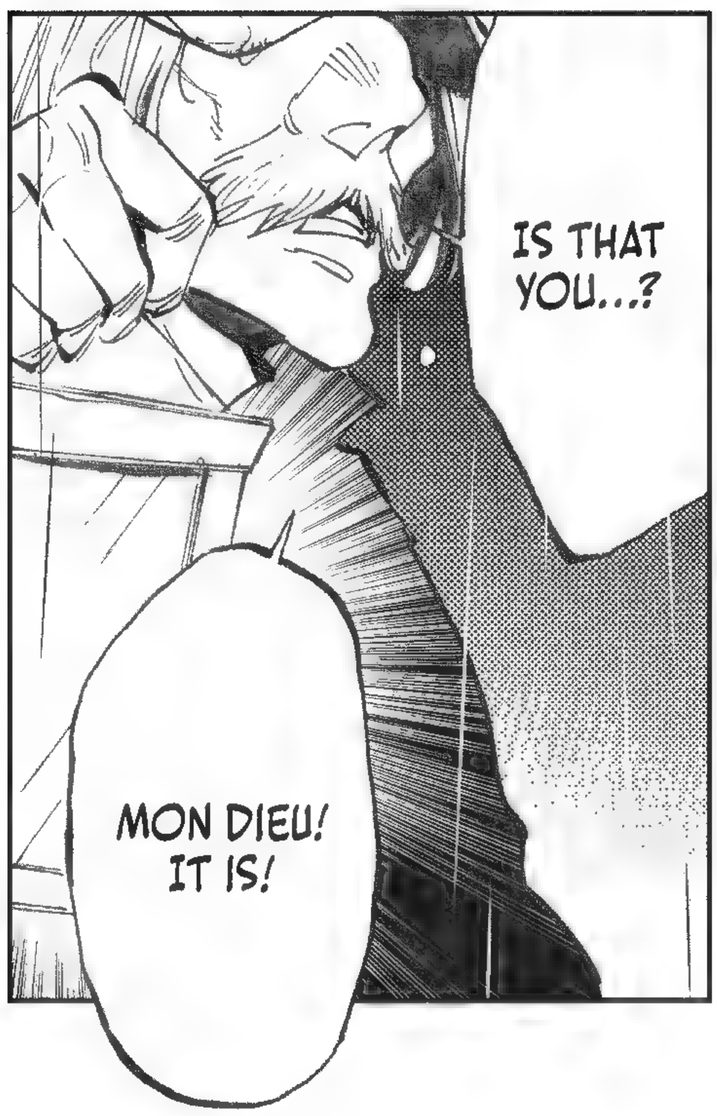
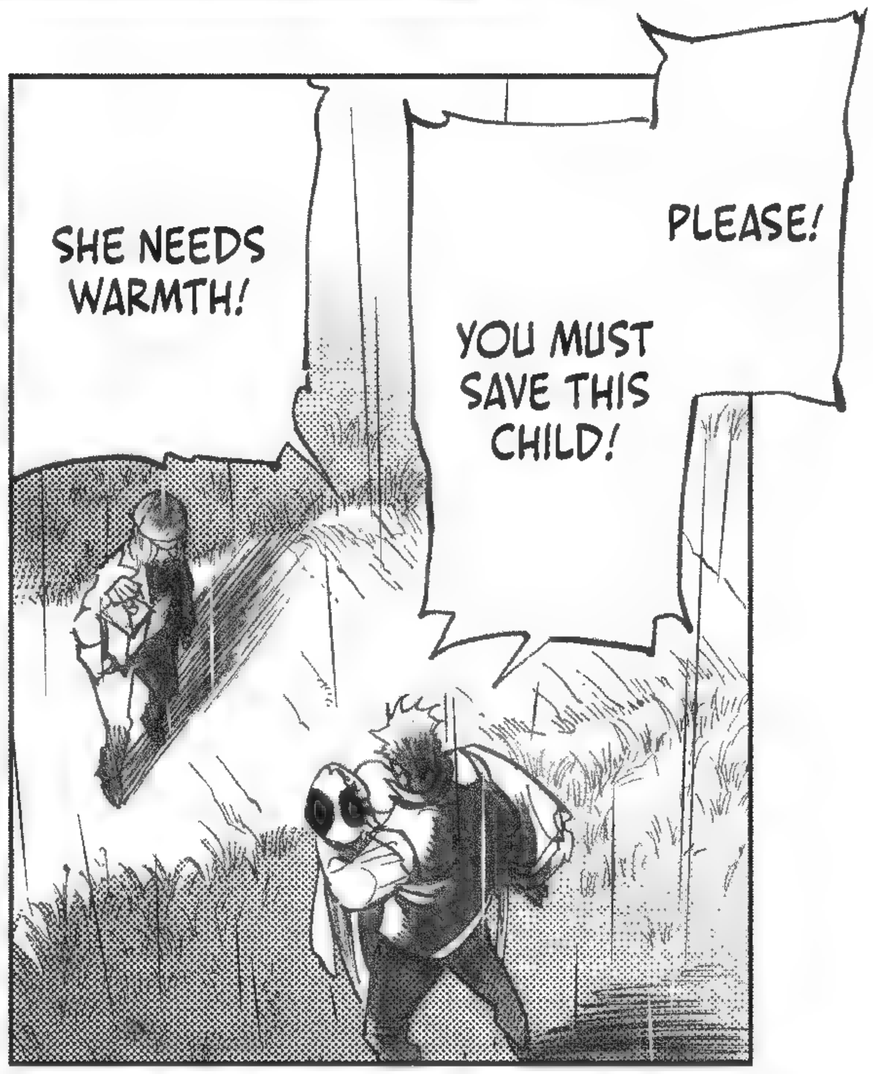
WHO'S THERE?


IS THAT YOU...?
MON DIEU! IT IS!

MONSIEUR MADELEINE?


SHE NEEDS WARMTH!
PLEASE!
YOU MUST SAVE THIS CHILD!

HOW DO YOU KNOW ME?

WHO ARE YOU?

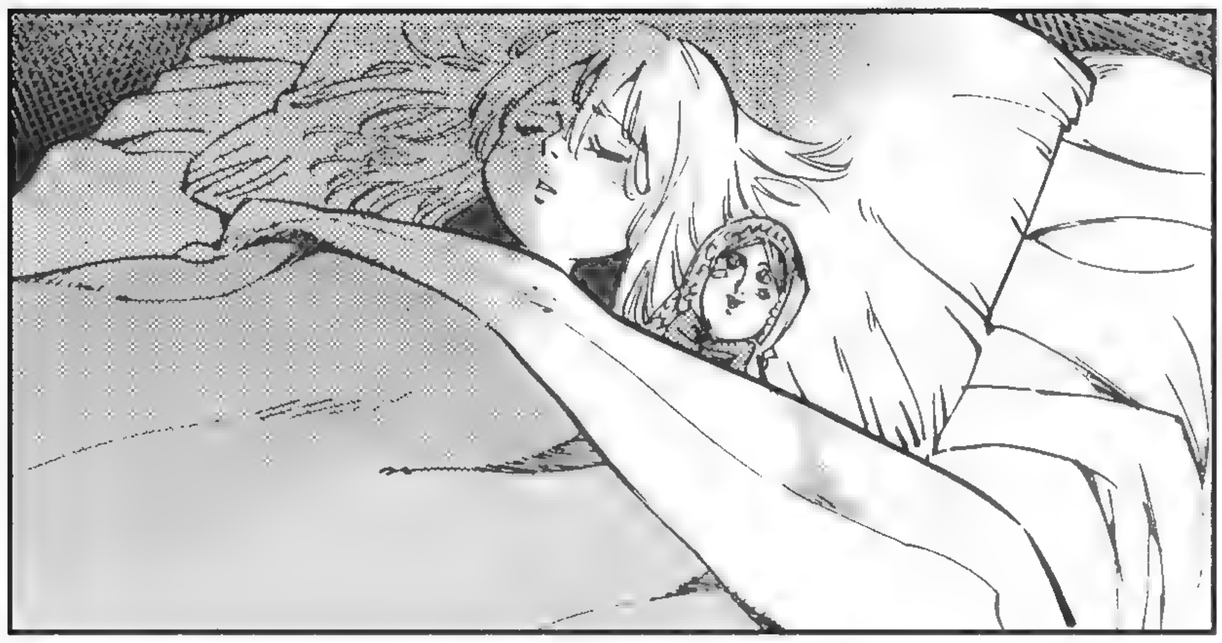
HOW DID YOU COME HERE?

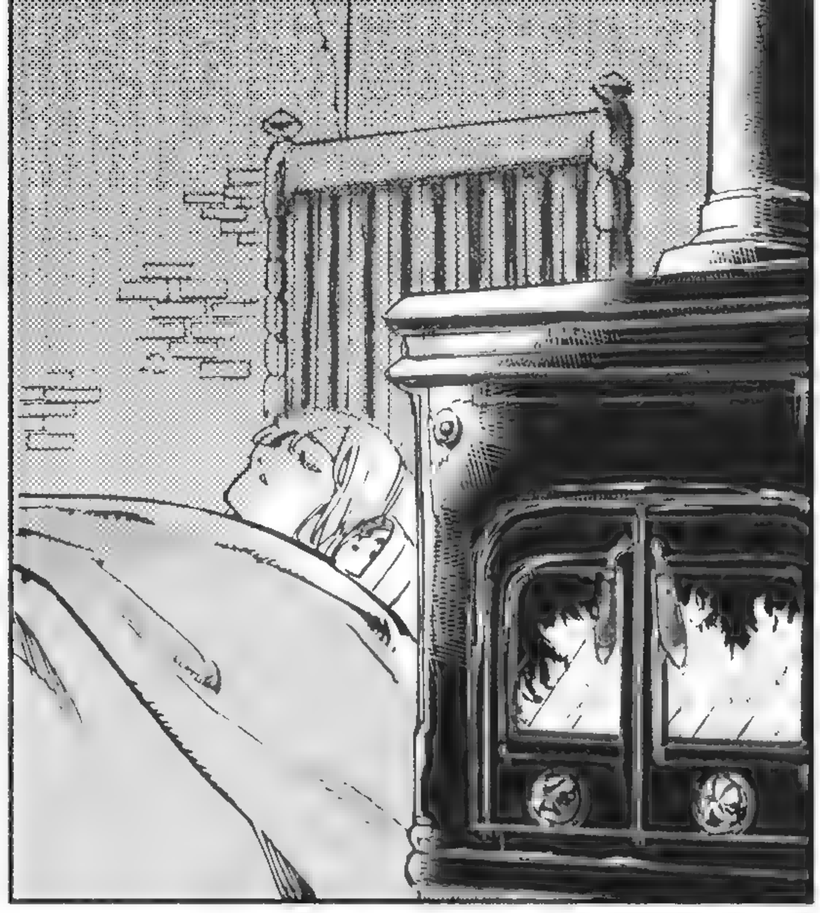
DID HEAVEN DROP YOU ON MY DOORSTEP?!

IT'S ME. FAUCHELEVENT.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU SAVED ME?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ME?





ISN'T THIS THE CONVENT ALONG RUE PETIT-PICPUS?

IT'S BEST YOU DON'T ASK.
AND I BEG YOU TO KEEP MY PAST AS A SECRET BETWEEN US.

AH, THAT'S RIGHT.
OUI. WHEN I INJURED MY LEG, YOU PUT IN A GOOD WORD WITH THEM FOR ME. I'M THEIR GARDENER NOW.

AND THE GIRL IS...?
ER...

THE GIRL AND I HAVE NOWHERE TO GO.

WILL YOU PLEASE LET THE TWO OF US STAY?

FAUCHELEVENT...

PLEASE.

.....

THE POLICE CAN'T REACH US HERE.

THIS IS A CONVENT. MEN AREN'T ALLOWED.

BUT...

PRECISELY.

YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME WHEN YOU FIRST SAW ME.

EVERYONE WHOM YOU'VE SAVED REMEMBERS YOU, THOUGH. FOR CERTAIN.

I OWE YOU EVERYTHING.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE...

AND THEN YOU FORGOT ABOUT ME.

THANK YOU SO MUCH...

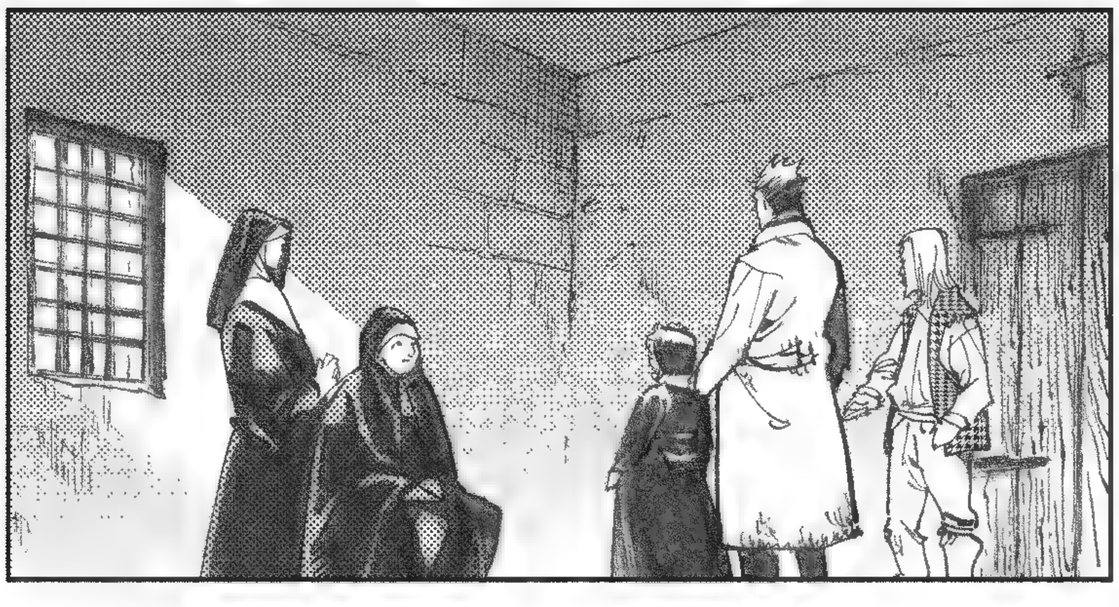
YOU CAN ENTRUST THIS TO ME!

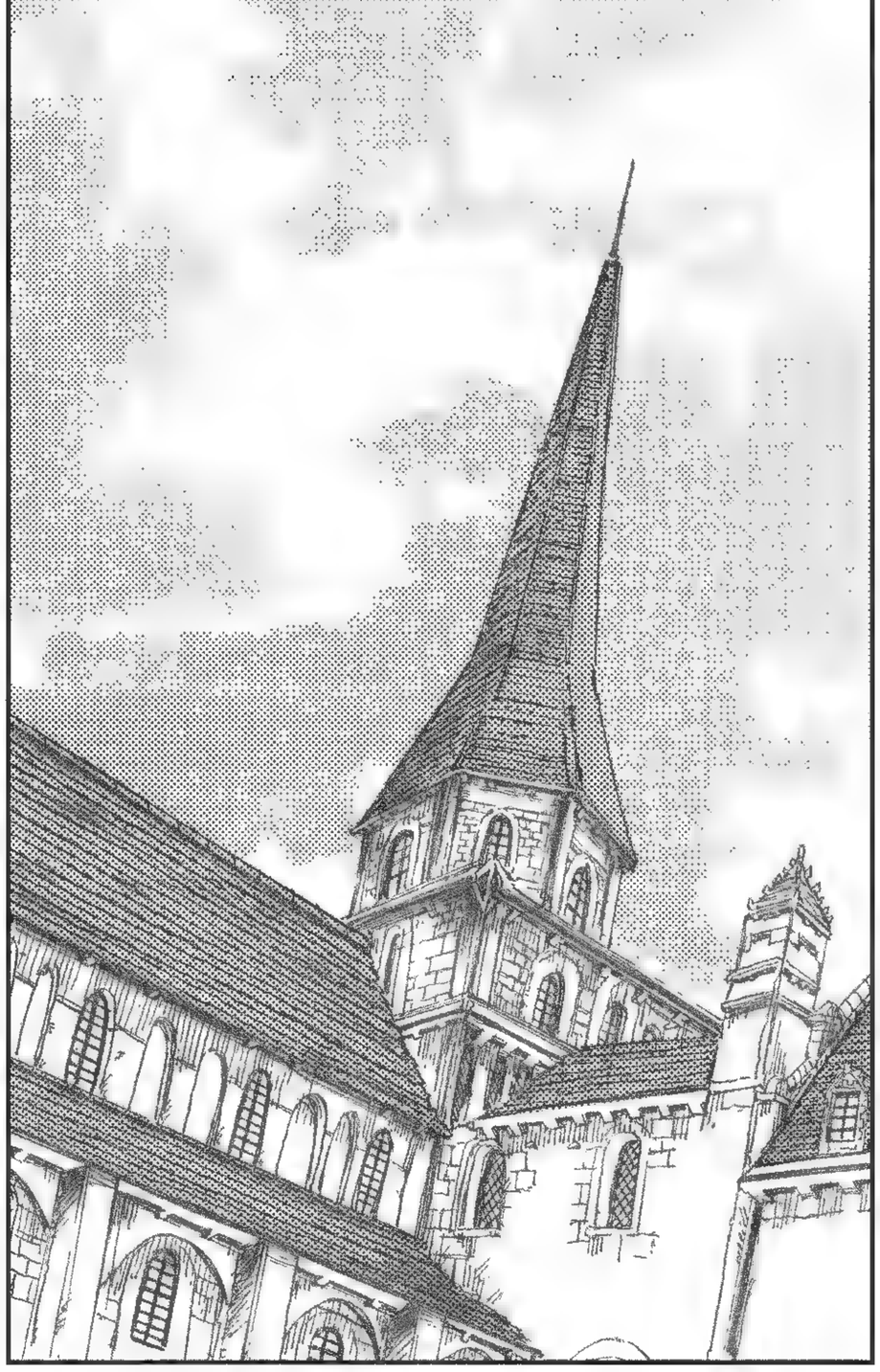
I HAVE THE BEST IDEA, TOO.

THANK YOU.

FOR YOU, I'D DO ANYTHING!

OF COURSE I'LL HELP YOU!





AAH.
YOU MUST BE FATHER FAUVENT'S YOUNGER BROTHER.

THAT'S THE NAME I'M CALLED HERE.
FAUVENT?

I AM ULTIME FAUCHELEVENT.
YES, REVEREND MOTHER.

REVEREND MOTHER...

I AM COSETTE FAUCHELEVENT.

OUI.

IS THIS YOUR DAUGHTER?

.....

YOU WILL BECOME AN UGLY CHILD.

TO BE A NUN, YOU MUST FIRST BECOME UGLY, CHILD.

INNER DEVOTION DEFIES OUTER BEAUTY.

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER COSETTE.

WE'RE GRATEFUL, REVEREND MOTHER.

SEE THAT YOU ASSIST YOUR BROTHER WELL.

ULTIME FAUCHELEVENT.

THERE SHE WILL LEARN EVERYTHING SHE NEEDS TO BECOME A PROPER NUN.

SHE WILL BE A CHARITY PUPIL AT THE CONVENT SCHOOL.

LES MISÉRABLES

Les Misérables

BOOK 3: MARIUS

Chapter 1: Grandfather and Grandson

June 18, 1815.
Waterloo.

BOOK 3: MARIUS

Chapter 1: Grandfather and Grandson

THANK YOU...

THE ENGLISH...

WHICH SIDE WON...?

AAH...

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, SOLDIER.

NAB

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

IF THEY SPOT ME, THEY'LL SHOOT ME!

ENGLISH SOLDIERS ARE COMING.

RUMMAGE

RANK?

UHH...

YOUR RANK?

THÉNARDIER.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE. I'LL NEVER FORGET YOUR NAME.

S-SER-GEANT.

I'M PONTMERCY.

I ASK YOU TO REMEMBER MY NAME, TOO.

LET GO!

THEY'RE GETTING CLOSE!

GEORGES PONTMERCY.

Paris, 1817.

GET DOWN HERE, BOY!

DON'T BE SLOW!

ANSWER ME!

I'LL HAVE NONE OF YOUR CHEEK, EITHER!

OUI...

GRAND-PÈRE.

CAFE

MY NAME IS MARIUS.

I'M TURNING SEVEN SOON.

CHIN UP! LET ME SEE YOU, YOU LITTLE SCAMP!

HE EATS A LOT, HOLDS HIS LIQUOR WELL...

SLEEPS A LOT, AND SNORES A LOT.

HE'S WELL OVER SEVENTY, BUT STILL STANDS STRAIGHT.

HIS VOICE IS LOUD...

Wa ha haha!

WE'RE OFF!

THIS IS MY GRAND-FATHER...

MON-SIEUR GILLEN-ORMAND.

MONSIEUR.

HERE IS THE LADY COOK WHO APPLIED FOR WORK.

HE'S SHARP-TONGUED, AND WHEN HE GETS MAD THERE'S NO HANDLING HIM.

HE ALSO LIKES THE LADIES.

I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY FRANCS, BUT YOUR NAME IS NOW NICOLETTE.

OLYMPIE.

BAH! DON'T LIKE IT.

THIRTY FRANCS, PLEASE.

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT A MONTH?

YOUR NAME?

HE WAS AN OLD MAN EVEN MORE LIVELY...

THAN ONE IN HIS PRIME.

HAVE A GOOD DAY, MONSIEUR.

GRAND-PÈRE WAS SELF-CENTERED, ARROGANT, AND HELD EVERY PREJUDICE THERE WAS.

IN OTHER WORDS...

AH, MONSIEUR GILLENORMAND!

PEOPLE CALL HER MADEMOISELLE GILLENORMAND THE ELDER.

48 BC

THE LADY IS MY AUNT.

SHE'S HALF-SISTER TO MY MOTHER.

WELCOME! PLEASE COME IN!

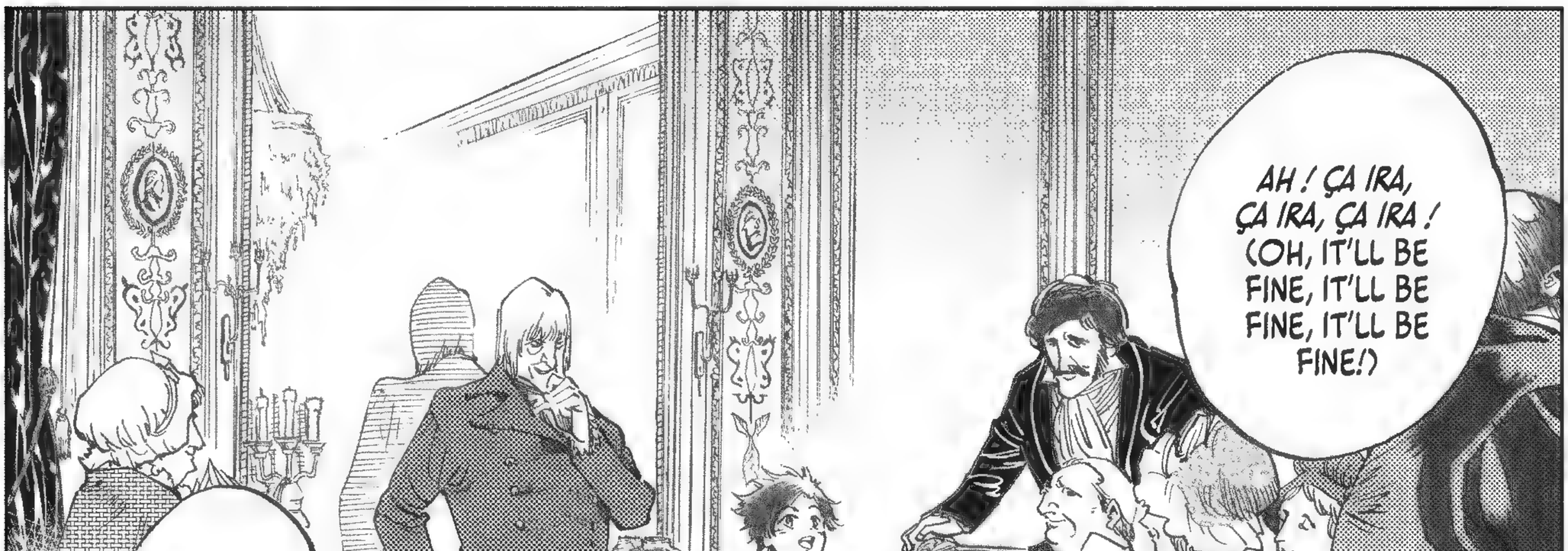
SHE LOOKED LIKE SHE WAS FIFTY.

SHE'D NEVER MARRIED. AND THOUGH ONLY FORTY...

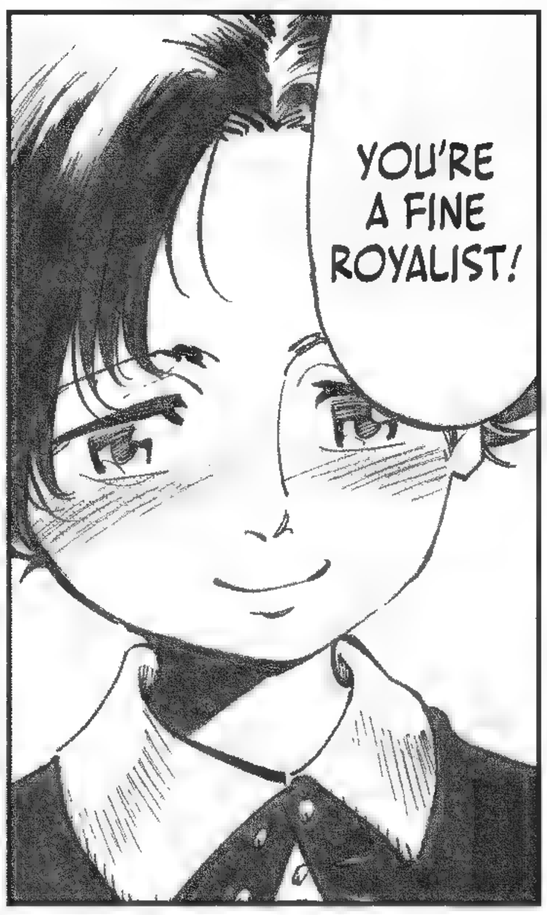
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.

GRAND-PÈRE SAID IT WAS BECAUSE SHE'D NEVER KNOWN A MAN.

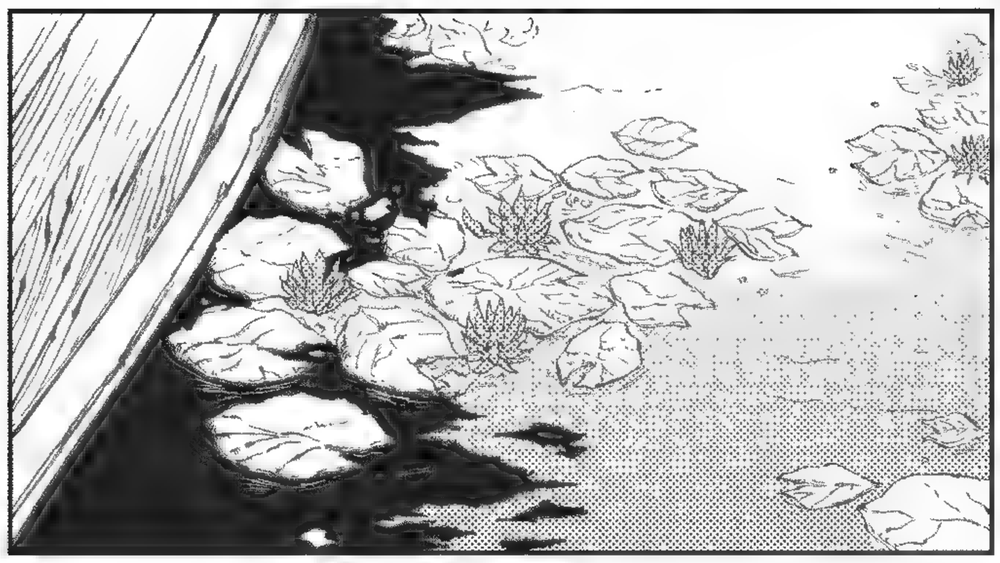
WE'D OFTEN VISIT THE HOME OF BARONNE DE T. ON RUE FÉROU. IT WAS A "ROYALIST SALON."

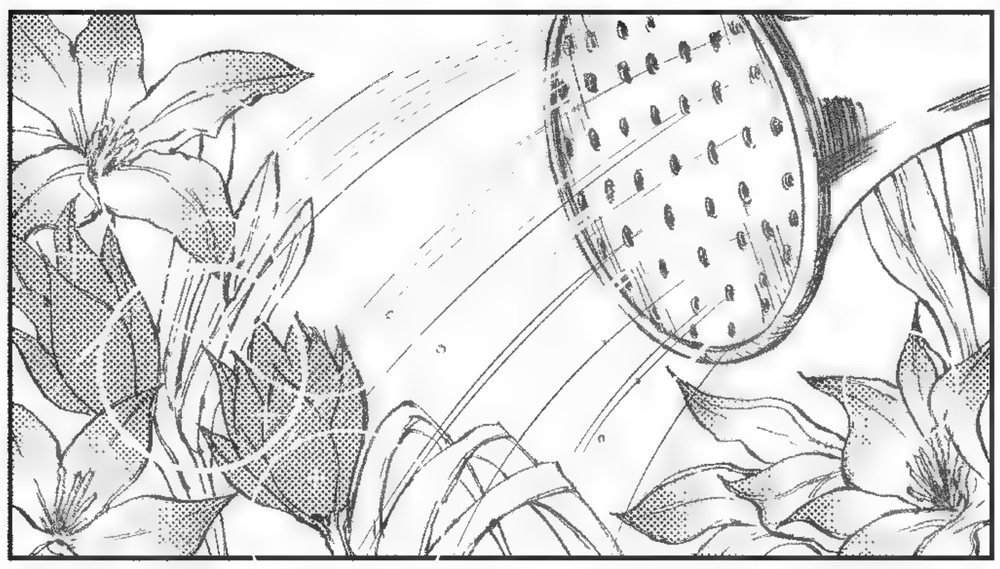

AH! ÇA IRA, ÇA IRA, ÇA IRA! (OH, IT'LL BE FINE, IT'LL BE FINE, IT'LL BE FINE!)
LES BUONAPARTISTES* À LA LANTERNE! (THE BONAPARTISTS WILL BE HUNG FROM THE LAMP POSTS!)

*An insulting mispronunciation of Bonaparte.

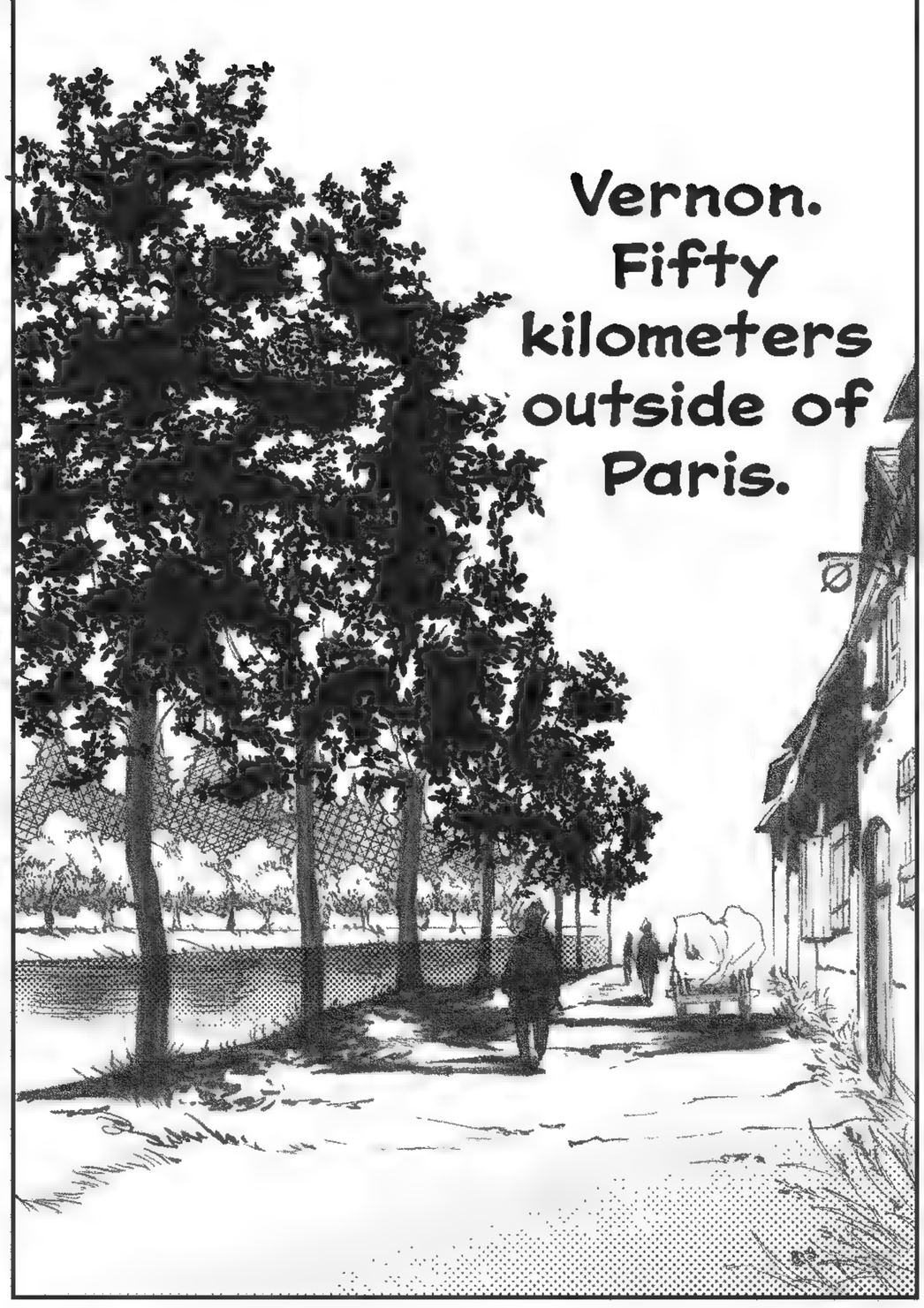


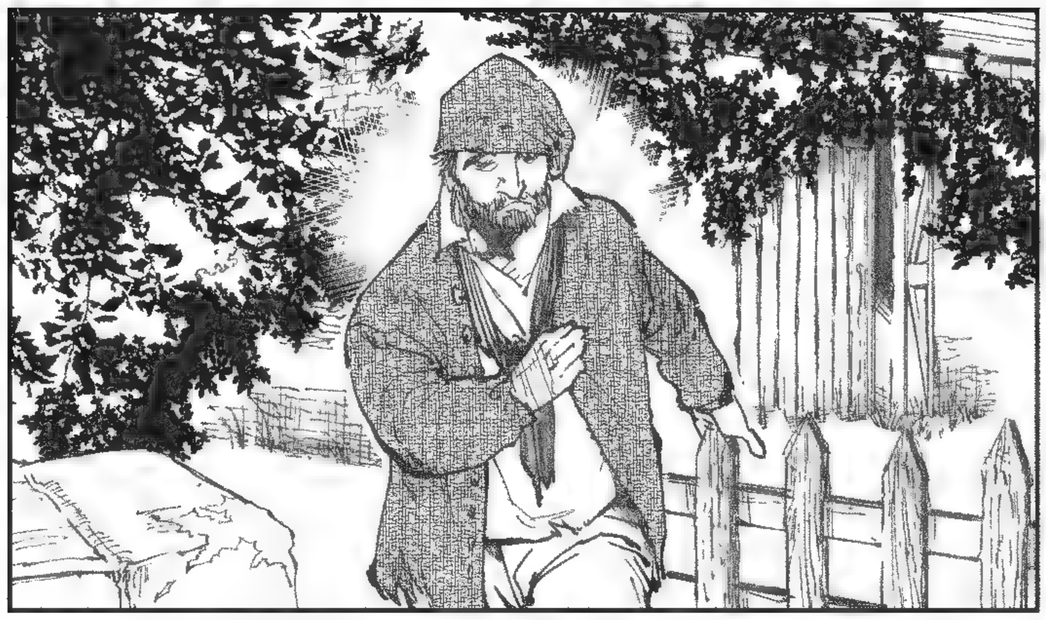
HE'S A DISGRACE TO OUR HOUSE.
WHEN HE'S MENTIONED, THE MOOD TURNS SOUR.
I DON'T REMEMBER MY FATHER.
BAH! THIS BOY HAS NO FATHER!
HE WAS A SOLDIER WITH BONAPARTE'S ARMY.
BECAUSE OF THAT...
I HATE MY FATHER.

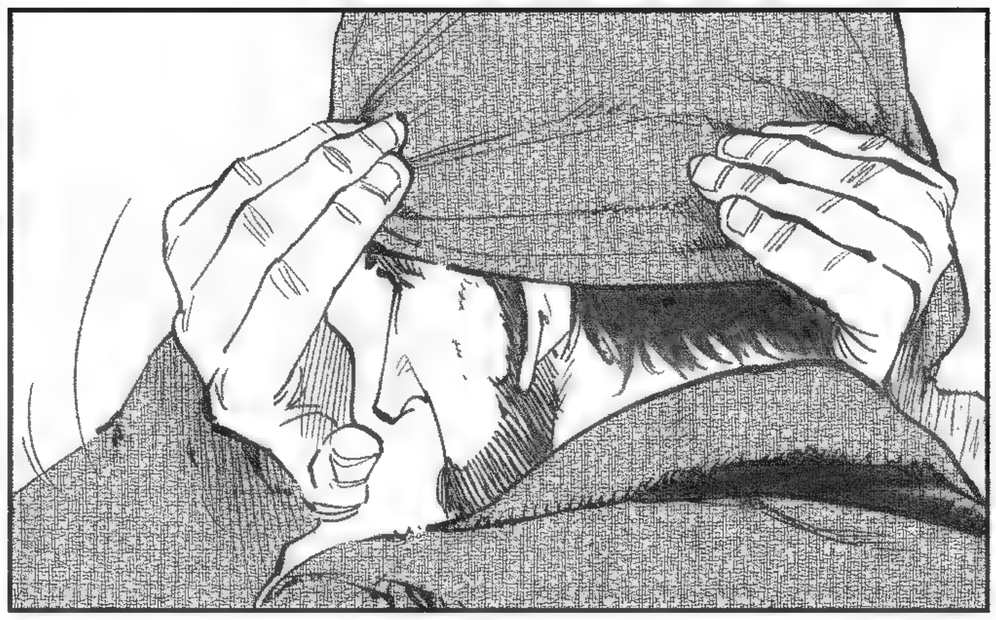


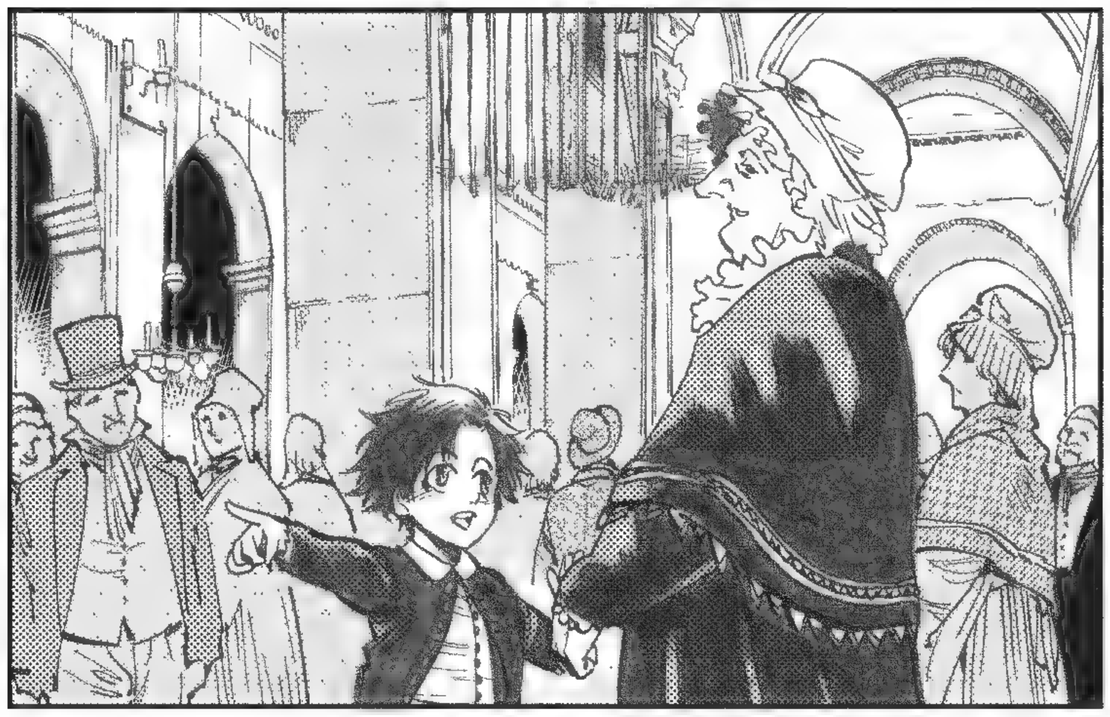


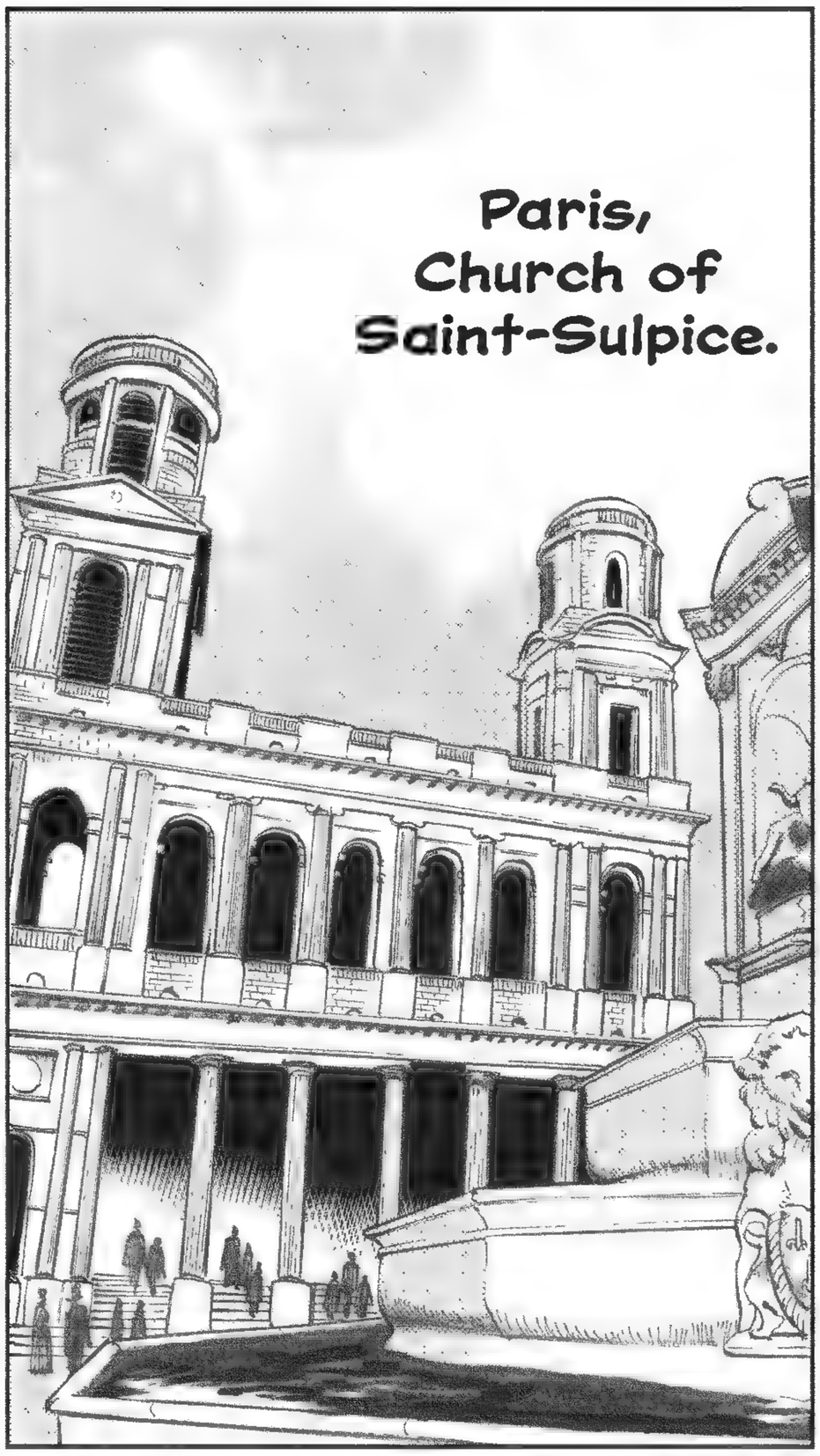
Vernon. Fifty kilometers outside of Paris.

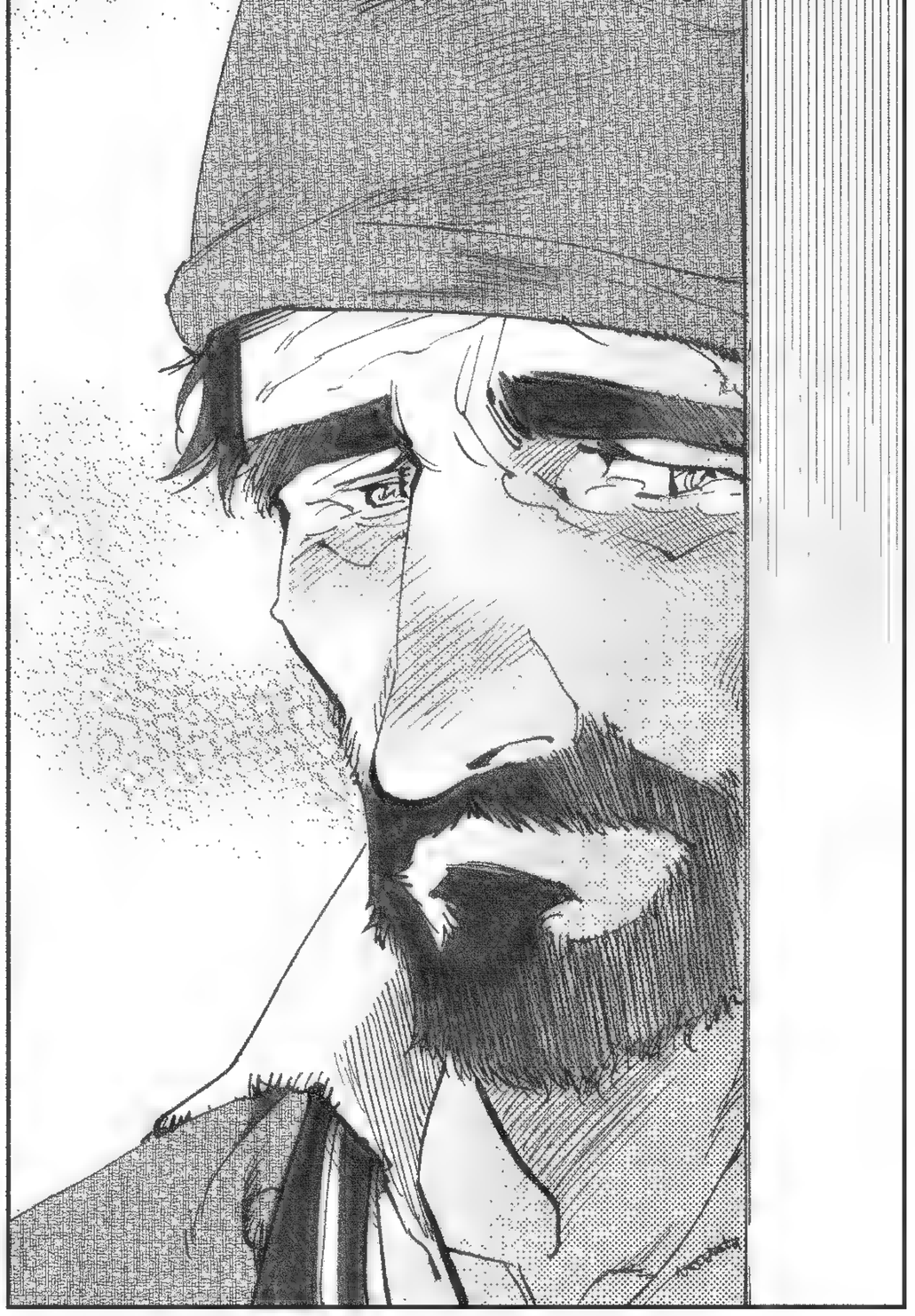


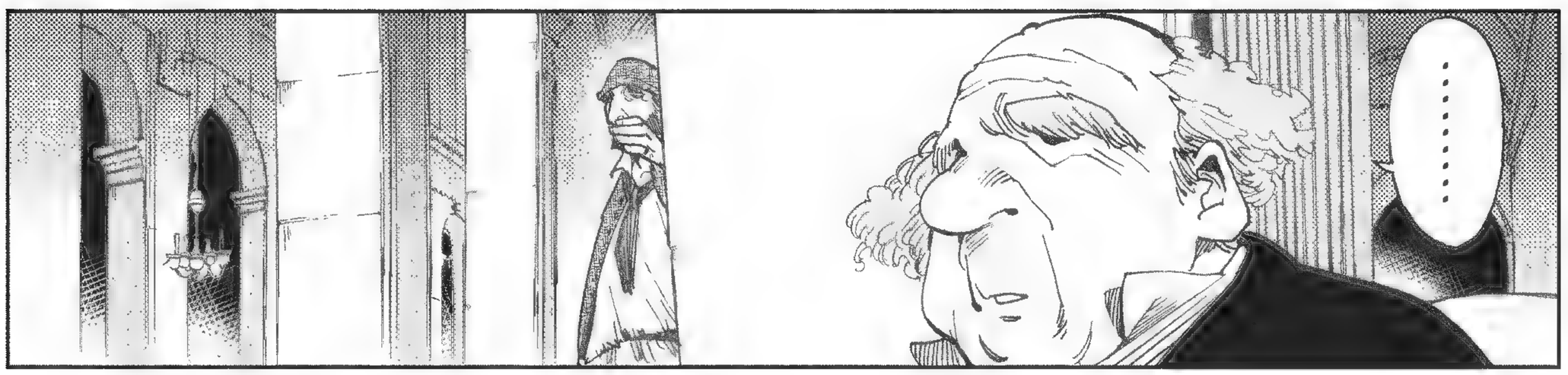







Paris,
Church of
Saint-Sulpice.

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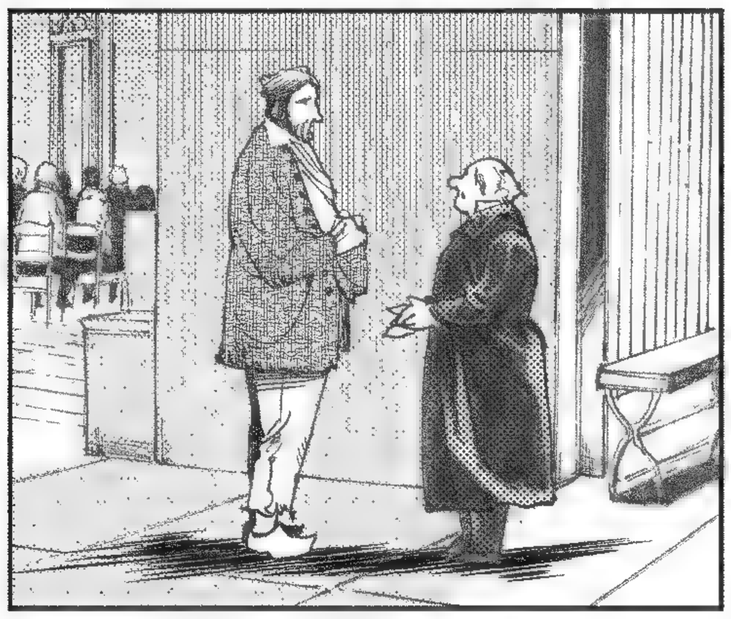
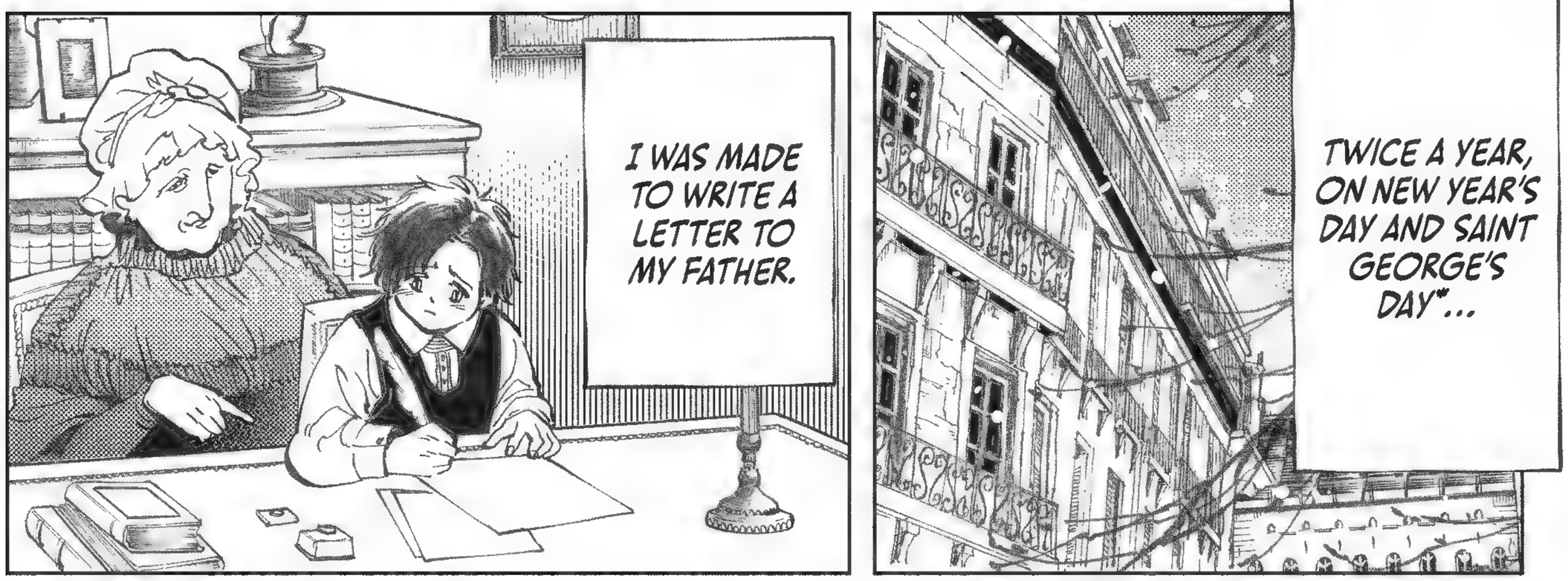
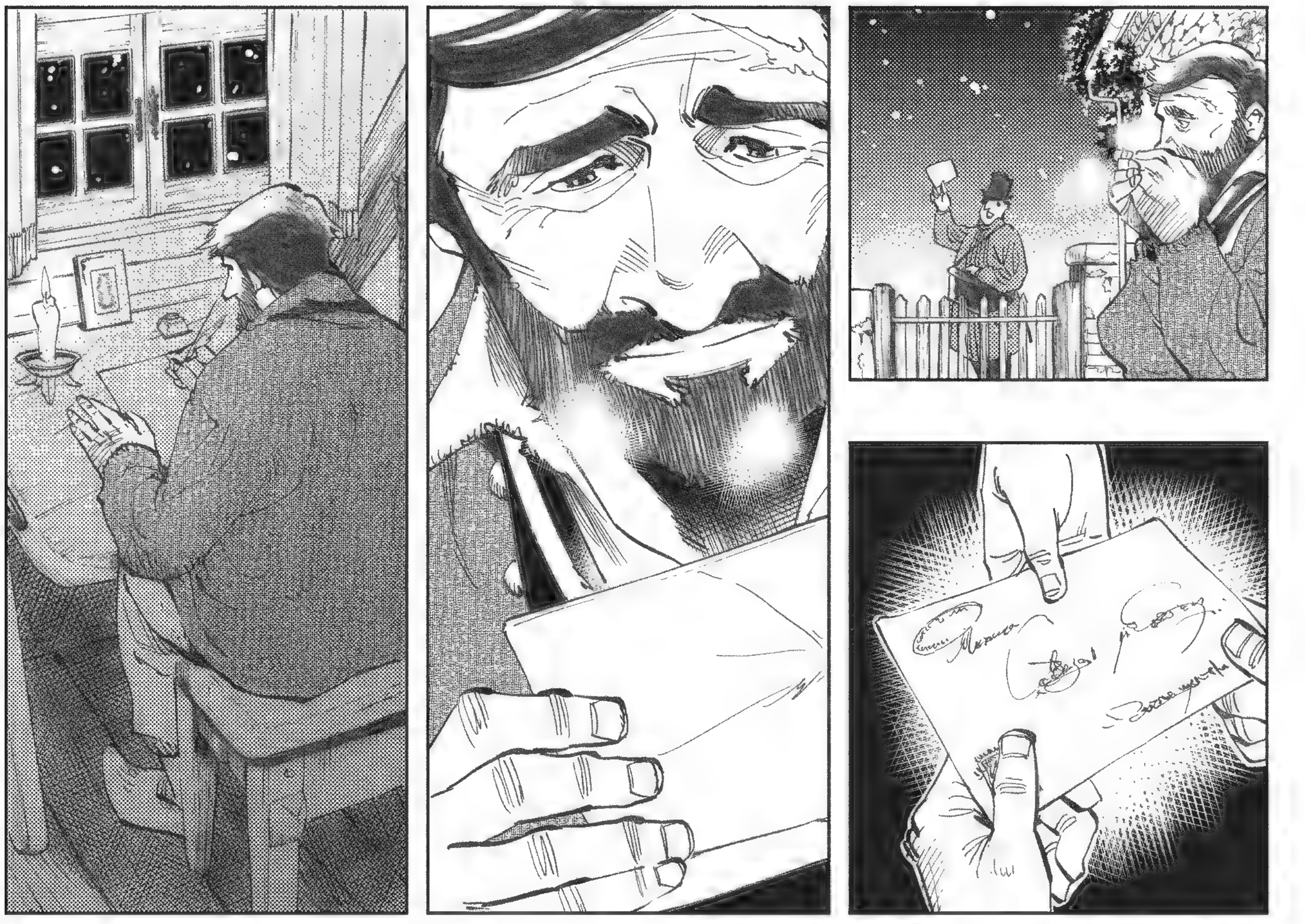
SIGHS




I WAS MADE TO WRITE A LETTER TO MY FATHER.
TWICE A YEAR, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY AND SAINT GEORGE'S DAY*...
IT WAS NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF BLAND PLEASANTRIES.
I HATED IT. ALL I DID WAS WRITE WHAT MY AUNT TOLD ME.

*April 23.



AND I'M SURE HE DOESN'T LOVE ME, EITHER.

HE GAVE ME UP AFTER MOTHER DIED...

MON-SIEUR.

I HATE MY FATHER.

SKRNCH

AND HE NEVER REPLIED TO ANY OF MY LETTERS.

Ten years later. 1827.

Marius, age 17.

OUI...

MADEMOI-SELLE.

ARE YOUR LAW STUDIES GOING WELL?

HOW WAS UNIVERSITY?

WELCOME HOME.

KLAK

YOUR FATHER WISHES TO MEET YOU.

?

I WILL? WHY?

MARIUS.

YOU WILL TAKE THE FIRST COACH TO VERNON TOMORROW MORNING.

HE IS ON HIS DEATHBED.

PONTMERCY?

NOK NOK

NOD

THIS IS HIS HOME, CORRECT?

ERM...

IS MONSIEUR PONTMERCY IN?

MIGHT I SEE HIM?

I WAS TOLD HE'S WAITING FOR ME...

I'M HIS SON!

!!

YOU MUST BE MARIUS.

HE SAID IF YOU WEREN'T COMING TO HIM...

HE WOULD GO TO YOU. HE JUMPED FROM HIS BED, FELL, AND...WELL...

WE TRIED OUR BEST, BUT ONE HOUR AGO...

IT BEGAN THREE DAYS AGO.

HE DEVELOPED A TERRIBLE FEVER. HE MUMBLED YOUR NAME THE WHOLE TIME.

FWIP

HERE...

MY SON.

I PRAY THAT YOU WILL BEAR MY TITLE OF BARON.

THE RESTORED MONARCHY REFUSES TO ACKNOWLEDGE IT...

BUT EMPEROR NAPOLEON HIMSELF GRANTED IT TO ME IN RECOGNITION OF MY DEEDS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

IN ADDITION...

A SERGEANT SAVED MY LIFE AT WATERLOO.

HIS NAME IS THÉNARDIER.

ONLY RECENTLY DID I FINALLY LEARN HE RUNS A SMALL INN AT MONTFERMEIL.

SHOULD YOU MEET HIM, I HOPE THAT YOU WILL DO ALL YOU CAN FOR HIM IN MY STEAD.

I WAS SAD, YES.

NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS.

BUT IT WAS THE SORROW THAT ANYONE WOULD FEEL AT SEEING THE DEATH OF ANOTHER...

WE HELD A SIMPLE FUNERAL, AND I LEFT VERNON.

I THOUGHT I'D FORGET.

SOMEONE UTTERLY UNCON-NECTED TO ME HAD DIED...

THAT WAS ALL.

THAT'S MY SEAT, YOUNG SIR.

AH. MY APOLOGIES.

I BEG YOUR PARDON.

Sigh

HM?

IT'S ALL RIGHT. IT WAS MY FAULT.

I DON'T KNOW.

PRAY, HAVE WE MET BEFORE?

MY NAME IS MABEUF. I'M THE CHURCHWARDEN HERE.

HIS AUNT BROUGHT HIM TO MASS.

IT USED TO BE THAT I SAW A YOUNG BLACK-HAIRED BOY LIKE YOU HERE EVERY SUNDAY.

VERNON?

IT LASTED SOME FIVE YEARS, I THINK.

AND HE KEPT COMING UNTIL HIS LEG GREW SO BAD HE COULDN'T MAKE IT FROM VERNON.

THE MAN CAME EVERY MONTH WITHOUT FAIL.

STANDING BEHIND THAT PILLAR RIGHT THERE...

AND OCCASIONALLY A GREAT AND PITIABLE MAN WOULD WATCH HIM...

SHEDDING TEARS THE ENTIRE TIME.

OH? ALL RIGHT.

CONTINUE.

NO. PLEASE.

AAH, I'M SORRY.

I ALMOST SUBJECTED YOU TO AN OLD MAN'S LONG-WINDED STORIES.

UNFORTUNATELY, HIS FATHER-IN-LAW, A STAUNCH ROYALIST, HATED HIM FOR THAT.

HE WAS A DECORATED SOLDIER WHO FOUGHT AT WATERLOO.

THAT MAN WAS THE BOY'S FATHER.

EVEN THOUGH IT MUST'VE FELT LIKE HE WAS BEING TORN APART.

FOR HIS SON'S SAKE, THE MAN AGREED...

HE MEANT TO KEEP THE BOY FROM HIS FATHER FOREVER.

HE SAID...

"GIVE ME YOUR SON, OR I'LL DISINHERIT HIM FROM THE FAMILY FORTUNE."

HE LOVED HIS SON GREATLY.

WHY YES!

SO YOU *DO* KNOW OF HIM...

DID THE MAN'S NAME HAPPEN TO BE PONT-MERCY?

ERM...

OUI.

HE WAS MY FATHER.

THE RECORDS, ARTICLES, REPORTS, DECLARATIONS...

I READ THEM ALL.

I LOOKED UP HIS WORKS AND BATTLE DEEDS.

I DECIDED TO TRACE MY FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

DEVOURED THEM, MORE LIKE.

MABEUF TOLD ME STORIES ABOUT HIS LIFE IN VERNON, AND HOW HE RAISED FLOWERS...

HE WAS THE BRAVEST, KINDEST MAN I'D EVER HEARD OF.

TO ASSUAGE HIS LONELI-NESS.

MY FATHER DIED...

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME...

I LEARNED WHO HE REALLY WAS.

ONE HUNDRED FOR NOW.

I'D LIKE SOME BUSINESS CARDS, PLEASE.

THÉNARDIER?

Montfermeil.

AAH. HIS INN WENT BANKRUPT YEARS AGO.

YOU'RE SPENDING MORE TIME AWAY FROM HOME.

DO YOUR STUDIES KEEP YOU BUSY?

OUI.

PARDON ME. I HAVE TO GO STUDY.

Hahaha!

I SUPPOSE SO.

IS THIS A LONG STORY?

GOOD, GOOD! WHY, WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, I'D--

NO.

I'M FINISHED.

THIS TIME FOR A WHILE.

I'LL BE LEAVING AGAIN.

OH, AND GRAND-PÈRE?

GO FOR FOUR, EVEN FIVE DAYS! AS LONG AS YOU LIKE!

OF COURSE, OF COURSE!

THREE DAYS AT THE LEAST.

HE'S FOUND A WOMAN.

KREE

PAM

Wah ha ha!

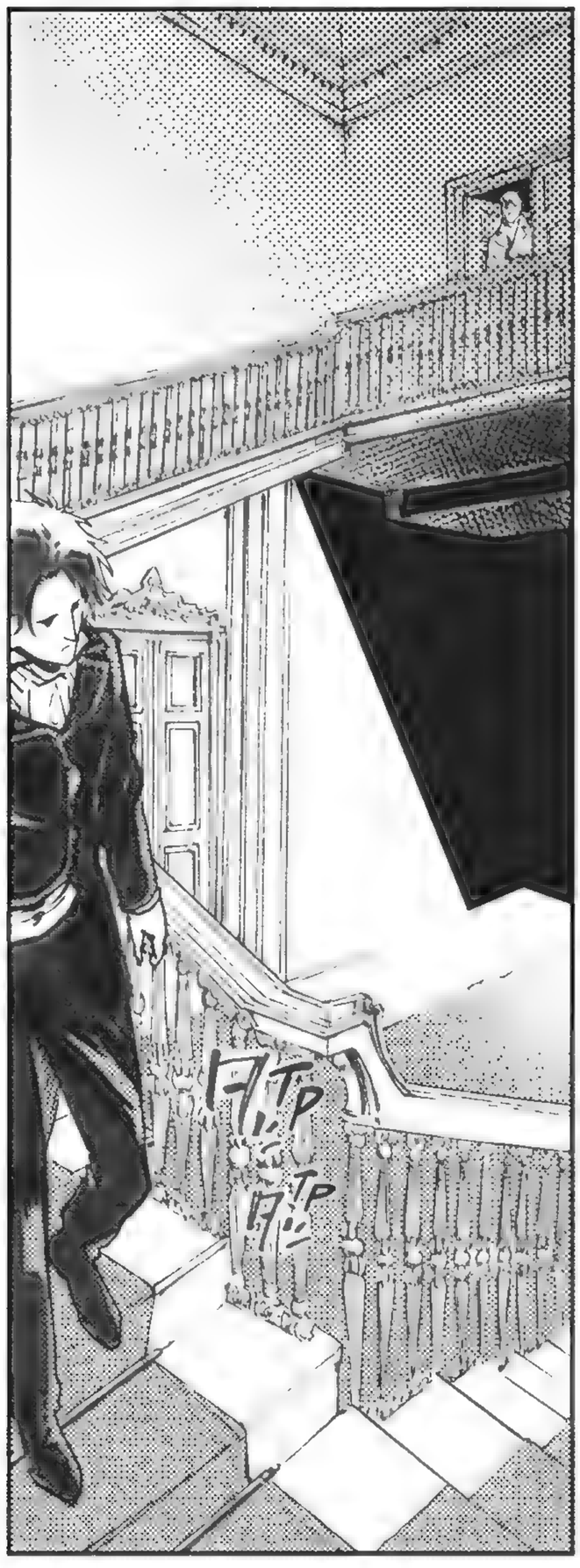
I AM YOUR SON, FATHER.

FATHER. I'M HOME.

I'VE FINALLY COME TO SEE THE WORLD AS YOU ONCE DID.

I'VE LEARNED YOUR KINDNESS...

AND YOUR GREATNESS.


FLIP
FLIP

PTAM

ABOUT TIME HE CAME BACK.
THE WANDERER.

HE LEFT WITHOUT EVEN A "HELLO"?

MARIUS?

MARIUS!

OH, MY!

THIS OUGHT TO GIVE US A GLIMPSE AT THE WOMAN WHO'S STOLEN MARIUS' HEART.

I'VE FOUND AN AMUSING TREASURE.

FWIP

A PORTRAIT, PERHAPS?

OR A LOVE LETTER?

OH, OF COURSE I'LL LOOK.

YOU NEEDN'T LOOK IF YOU DON'T WANT TO.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS PROPER?

I'M HOME.

KCHAK

WELCOME BACK...

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

YOUR LORDSHIP...

BARON MARIUS PONTMERCY.

I AM YOUR FATHER!

IT MEANS I'M MY FATHER'S SON.

DON'T MAKE ME SICK.

REPUBLIC?!

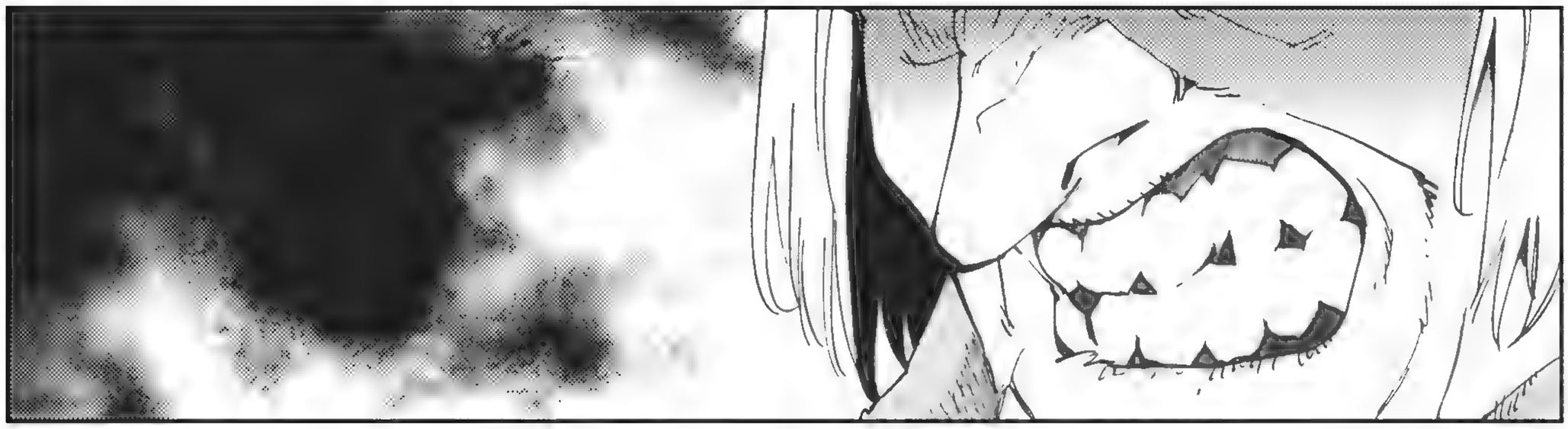
MY FATHER SPENT HIS LIFE IN HONORABLE SERVICE TO THE FRENCH REPUBLIC!

NO! THE BOURBONS ARE A DISEASE ROTTING THIS COUNTRY FROM THE INSIDE!

BANDITS AND THIEVES WHO RAN FROM THE ENGLISH AND THE PRUSSIANS AT WATERLOO!

EVERYONE WHO SERVED BUON-APARTE WAS A BANDIT!

THEY'RE TRAITORS WHO TURNED THEIR BACKS ON THEIR RIGHTFUL KING!



GET OUT! GET OUT, NOW!!

SLAM

SHRIP

EVER!

NEVER SPEAK OF HIM TO ME AGAIN, EITHER.

THAT'S ALL HE'LL GET OUT OF ME.

CUT HIS ALLOWANCE TO SIX HUNDRED FRANCS TWICE ANNUALLY.

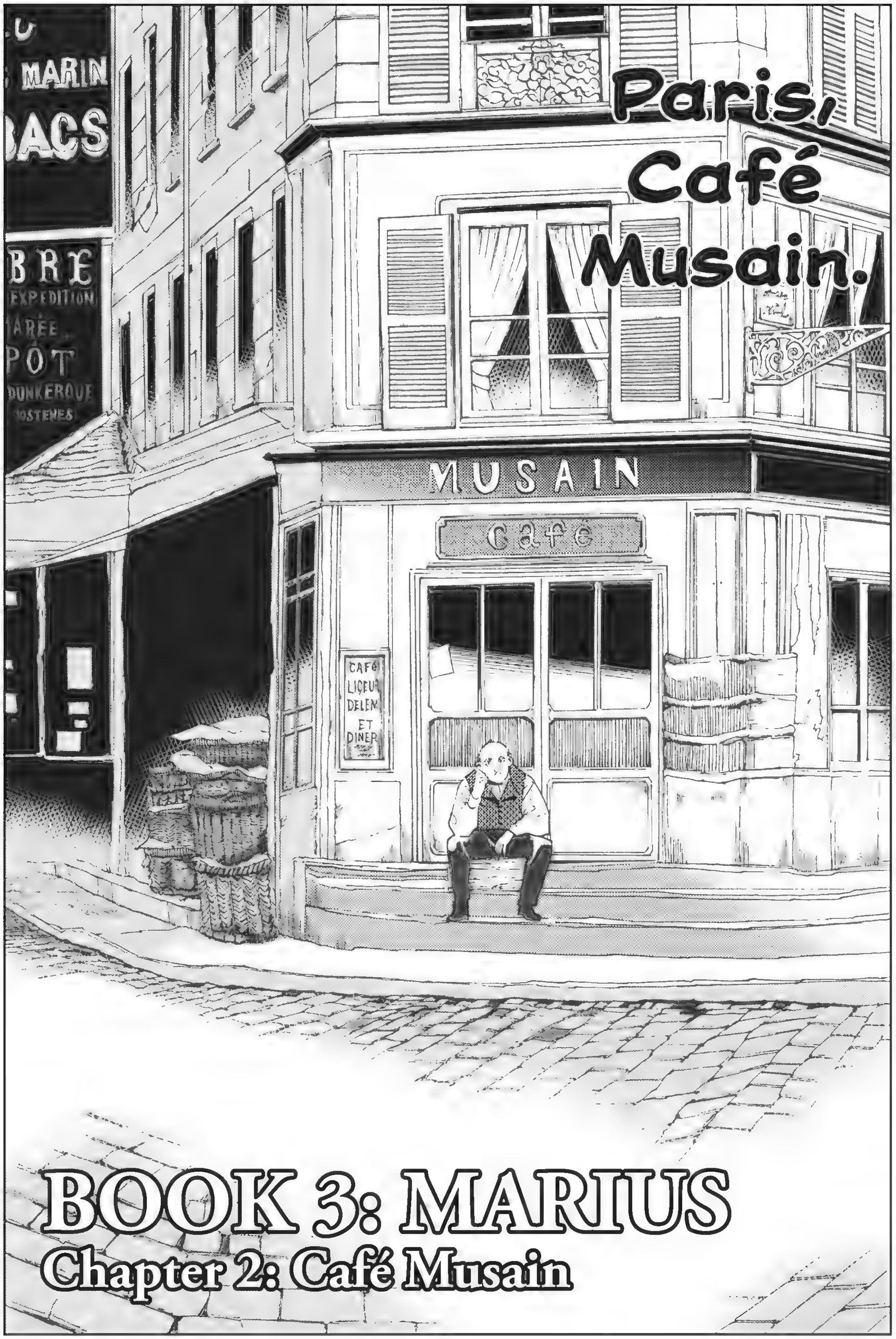
—Several Months Later—

Luxem-bourg Garden.

SIGH...

LES MISÉRABLES

LES MISÉRABLES


MARIN
BACS
BRE
EXPEDITION
ARÉE
PÔT
DUNKERQUE
OSTENES
Parisi
Café
Musain.
MUSAIN
café
CAFÉ
LIQEUR
DELEM
ET
DINER
BOOK 3: MARIUS
Chapter 2: Café Musain

DOWN ?

WHO'S DOWN?

AH, WELL. DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN.

YOU.

ME?

WHY?

WHICH OF US IS THE ODD ONE, *HM?*

JOLLY.

KOFF! KOFF!

Ha ha ha

I SUPPOSE I NEEDN'T WORRY, *HUNH!*

MN?

NOW I REMEMBER!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL ABOUT FOR YOU!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MARIUS PONT-MERCY!

MARIUS!

DON'T TELL ME MY GRAND-FATHER...

WHY?

YOU HAVE?

.....

ER... SORRY. I CAN'T SAY I DO.

RECALL THIS HAIR-LINE...?

HM?

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I'M LAIGLE. WE WERE IN THE SAME LAW CLASS.

HM?

YOU DIDN'T COME TO TODAY'S LECTURE.

AH, WELL. NEVER MIND!

DONIS CÉSAIRE.

HERE.

I WILL NOW CALL ROLL.

ALBAN BOURGINE.

HERE.

IS PONTMERCY NOT HERE?

.....

MARIUS PONT-MERCY

AND YOUR SIXTY FRANC TUITION WILL HAVE BEEN WASTED.

IF YOU DON'T RESPOND, I'LL ERASE YOU FROM THE CLASS LIST...

NOW THEN. MARIUS PONTMERCY!

HERE!

YOU HAVE MY PITY.

GRIN

GRIN

ALL RIGHT.

.....

INDEED.

YOU ARE PONTMERCY?

PSST...

PSST...

PSST...

HERE!

LAIGLE DE MEAUX.

HE WAS SO CLOSE TO BECOMING A LAWYER. BUT NOW...

A PITY.

THAT IS TRUE.

.....

OUI.

AREN'T YOU PONTMERCY?

THEN YOU CAN'T BE LAIGLE DE MEAUX.

LAIGLE DE MEAUX IS ERASED FROM THE LIST.

I'M MORTI-FIED.

IT'S ALL RIGHT.

OH, ER...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

IT DIDN'T OCCUR TO ME TO THINK ABOUT MYSELF.

REALLY? THAT'S A CHANGE.

KCHAK

THE PROFESSOR LOOKED SO GLEEFUL AT THE IDEA OF ERASING PUPILS FROM THE LIST...

I WANTED TO RUB A LITTLE DIRT ON THAT PRODIGIOUSLY BULBOUS NOSE OF HIS.

AH, WELL. IT'S DONE, NOW.

INSTEAD OF BECOMING A LAWYER, I'VE BECOME FREE.

ALL THANKS TO HIM.

AH.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

MARIUS PONT-MERCY.

YOU ARE?

I'M NOT SURE WHERE I'M GOING NEXT.

MINE IS HARDLY AN UNUSUAL STORY, BUT...

WELL, AHH...

BUT SADLY, I DON'T HAVE A PLACE OF MY OWN. I'M STAYING WITH JOLY.

HEY NOW.

I SAW HIM FIRST. I HAVE FIRST DIBS.

THUS THE VALISE?

OH HUSH, BOSSUET.

YOU DON'T MIND?

COME STAY WITH ME.

COME ALONG. I RENT A ROOM AT THE PORTE-SAINT-JACQUES.

SO MY FRIENDS CALL ME.

I HOPE YOU'LL CALL ME BOSSUET, TOO.

BOSSU-ET?

NOT LAIGLE?

I'M COURFEYRAC.

PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

BUT I PREFER IT THAT WAY.

CLAP CLAP

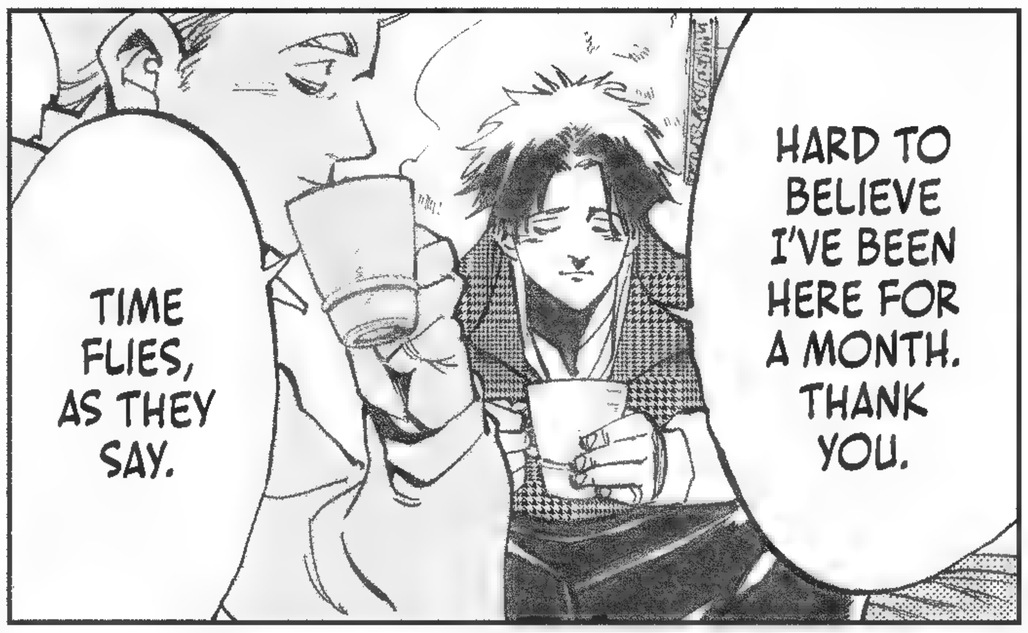
IT'S A TOUCH CLUT-TERED...

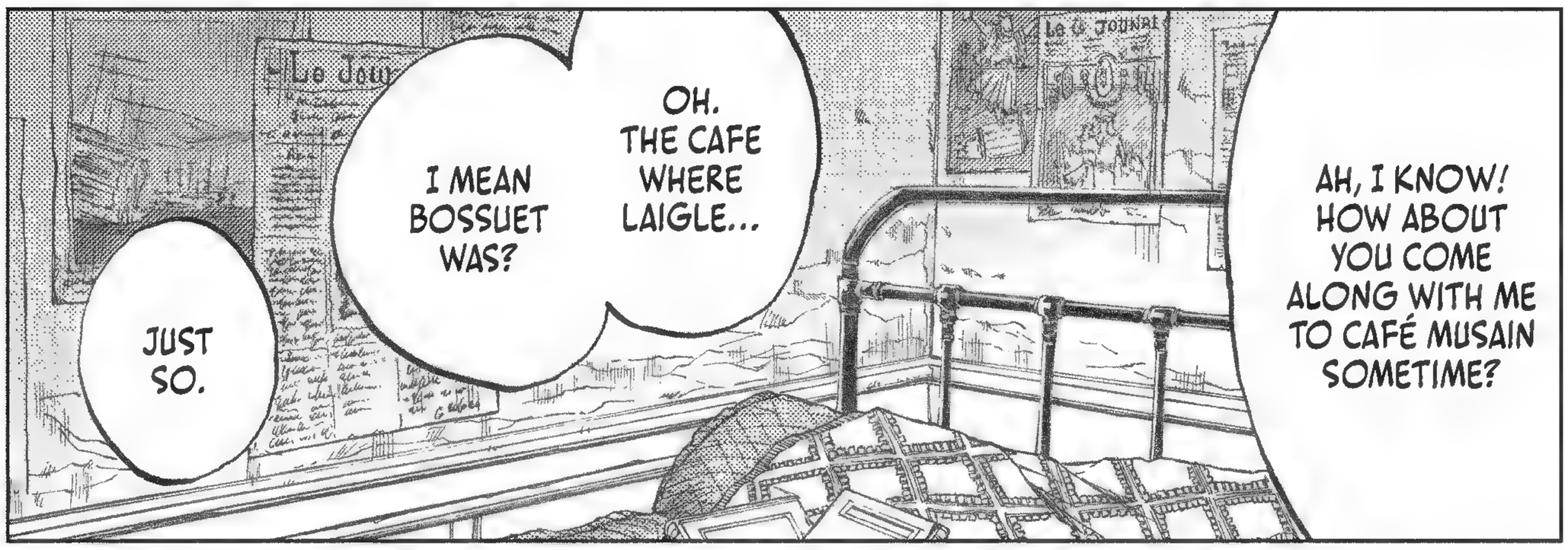
HERE WE ARE. MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.

SKUF SKUF

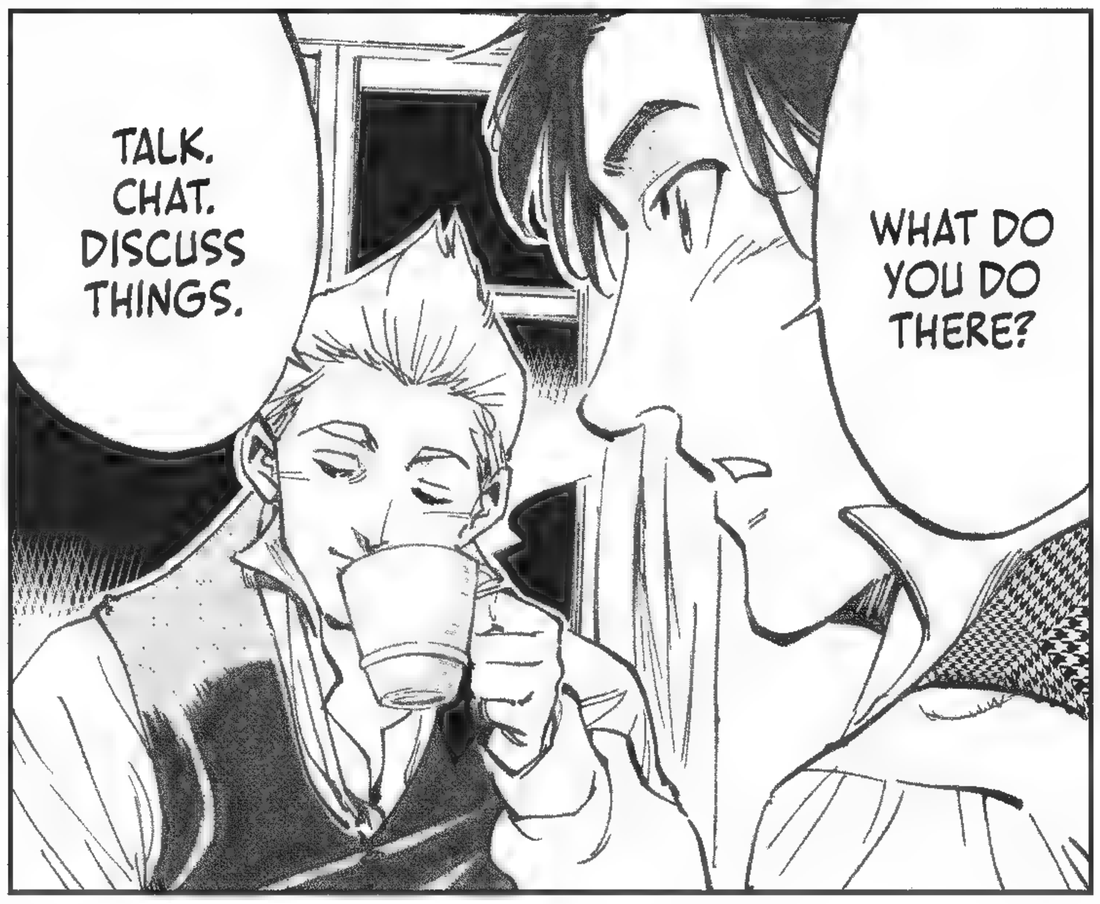
THANKS.
WANT A DRINK?

I THINK THE TWO OF US GET ALONG WELL.


TIME FLIES, AS THEY SAY.
HARD TO BELIEVE I'VE BEEN HERE FOR A MONTH. THANK YOU.


Le Jour
JUST SO.
I MEAN BOSSUET WAS?
OH. THE CAFE WHERE LAIGLE...
Le G JOURNAL
AH, I KNOW! HOW ABOUT YOU COME ALONG WITH ME TO CAFÉ MUSAIN SOMETIME?

MOSTLY POLITICS.


TALK. CHAT. DISCUSS THINGS.
WHAT DO YOU DO THERE?

I'M A DEMOCRATIC BONAPARTIST.

HM?

WHICH ARE YOU?

SO.

WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN?

COME TO ME WITH CAFÉ MUSAIN TOMORROW.

A WHAT?

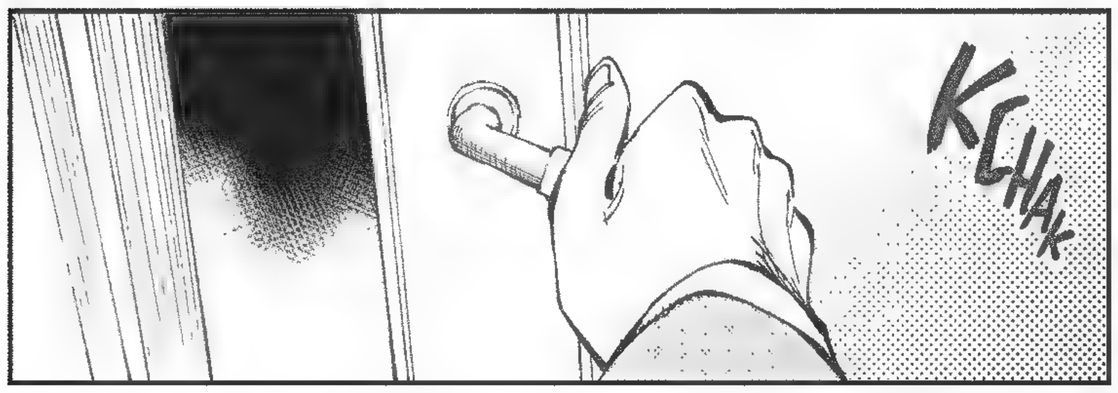
A BONA-PARTIST, *EH?*

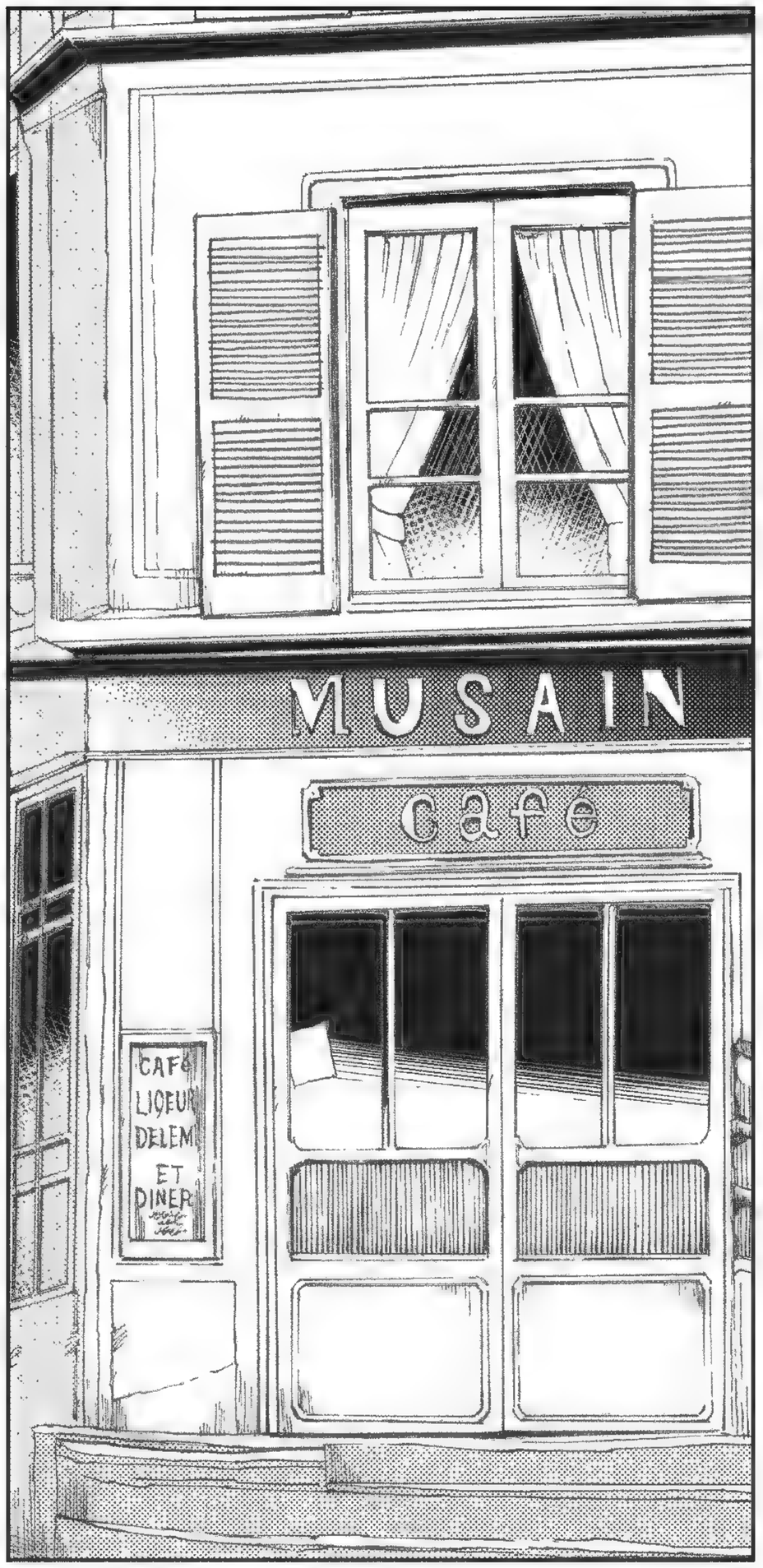
THE REASSURING GRAY OF A RAT, THAT.

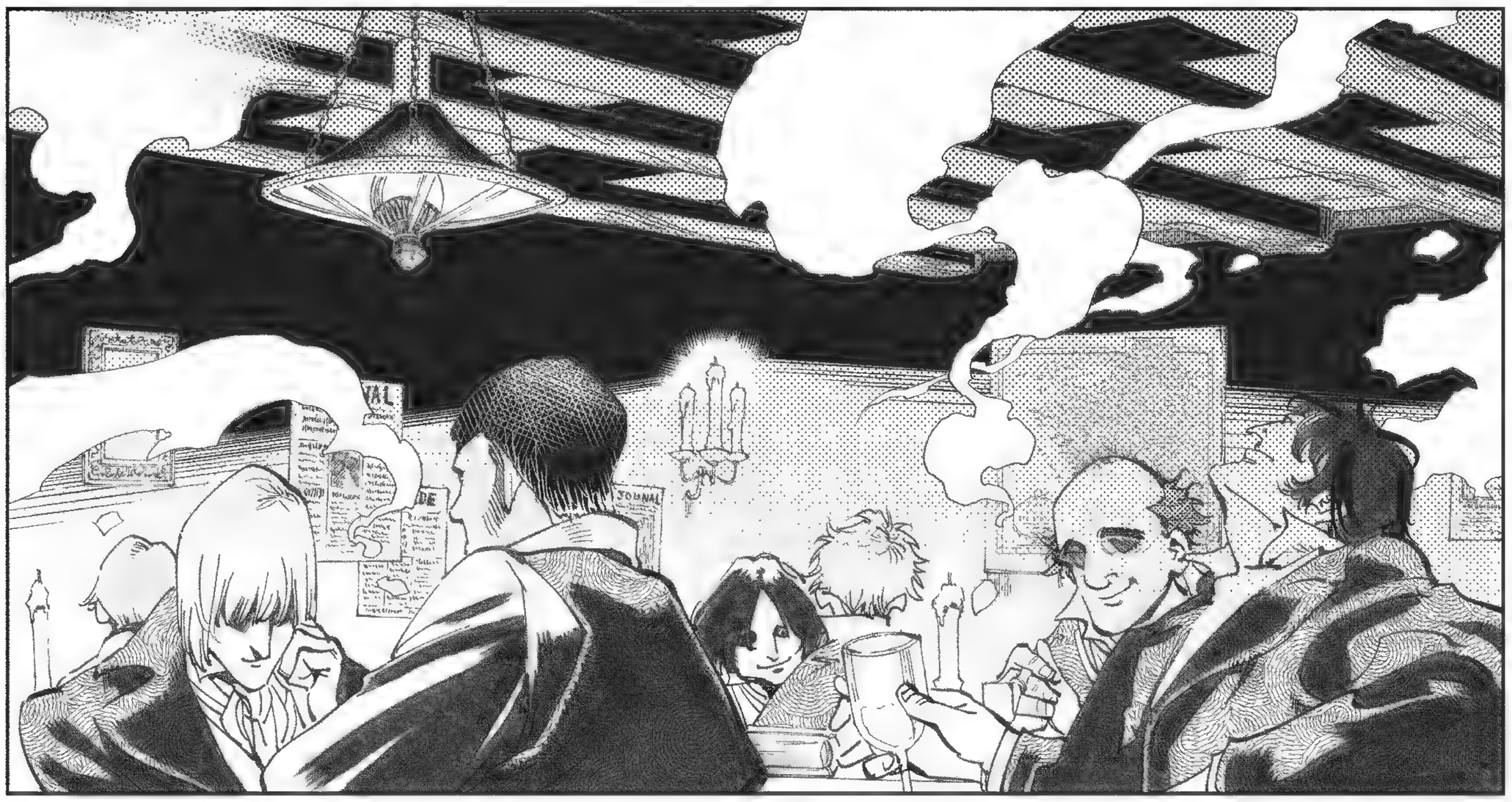
IT SEEMS I MUST DRAG YOU INTO OUR REVOLUTION.

DEPOT
METERIE
ADIQUE
BRIQUANT
ALAISE.
RTICLES
PORTATION

HOTEL


KCHAK


MUSAIN
Café
CAFÉ
LIQUEUR
DELEM
ET
DINER


JOURNAL

A NEW PUPIL.

MANKIND REFUSES TO UNDERSTAND THAT TRUE GLORY LIES ELSEWHERE.

THAT'S WHY I SEE NO VALUE IN HUMANITY.

AND YET, EVERY MAN LONGS FOR WAR.

BOSSU-ET.

MARIUS. HI.

WHAT'S THE POINT TO VICTORY IN BATTLE?

YOU'VE DRUNK TOO MUCH, GRANTAIRE.

WELL, I'M THIRSTY.

DON'T YOU AGREE, BOSSUET?

WHY?

BECAUSE YOUR LOVER IS ALWAYS SMILING.

HN?

YOU'RE A LUCKY ONE... BAHOREL.

WHY?

A WOMAN WHO SMILES IS A GOOD THING, JOLY!

AAH. THAT'S A FAULT OF HERS, ACTUALLY.

NEITHER EXIST! ALL THEY DO IS MAKE US SUFFER.

DOWN WITH GODS AND DEVILS!

I'M FED UP WITH THIS.

AAH, MY CUP IS EMPTY!

THAT'S HOW IT WORKS.

BUT IF SHE'S SAD, THEN YOUR CONSCIENCE WILL NAG YOU.

A MAN FEELS NO GUILT OVER DECEIVING A WOMAN WHO SMILES.

COME, GRANTAIRE! IT'S NOT WISE TO INSULT THE GODS.

JEAN PROUVAIRE.

OH? DO YOU BELIEVE IN THEM?

THEY MAY NOT ALL HAVE TAKEN THEIR DEPARTURE.

FEUILLY.

LET US NOT INSULT THE GODS...

I CAN'T SAY I UNDERSTAND THE COMPLEXI-TIES...

BUT I'M IN FAVOR OF A GOD WHO BLESSES ALL PEOPLE SANS FEAR OR FAVOR.

THE CRASH OF THE PISSEVACHE FALLS, WHICH BRINGS TO MIND IO. THE BREATH OF PAN IN THE HOLLOW TRUNKS OF THE WILLOWS...

JUPITER DOES NOT IMPRESS ME AS DEAD...

AH.

STOPPING UP THE HOLES IN TURN WITH HIS FINGERS.

DO WE EVEN NEED A KING?

THE PEOPLE, OF COURSE.

AND WHO PAYS FOR THEM?

KINGS COST MONEY.

FZZZZ

SKNCH

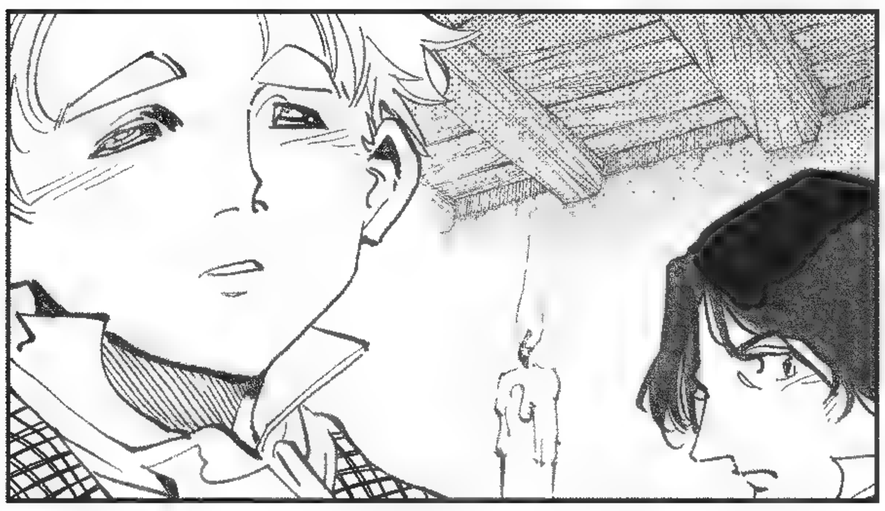
CHARTERS.

AND THIS... IS THE CLAW WHICH SNATCHES THE PEOPLE'S WEALTH.

FPT

THERE. THE CHARTER HAS TRANSFORMED INTO FLAME.

Le Journal



JUNE 18, 1815...
WATER-LOO.

THEN WATERLOO.
THE NOVEMBER 18 COUP.
LOUIS XVIII.
THAT NUMBER WAS TIED TO NAPOLEON IN MYSTERIOUS AND UNLUCKY WAYS.
IT'S THE EIGHTEEN THAT DOES IT.

CRIME...?

FOR THE CRIME OF THE COUP D'ÉTAT.
WATERLOO WAS THE EXPIATION...

BONAPARTE?

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.

I WILL NOT LET THAT PASS!

THIS IS A PLACE FOR DEBATE.

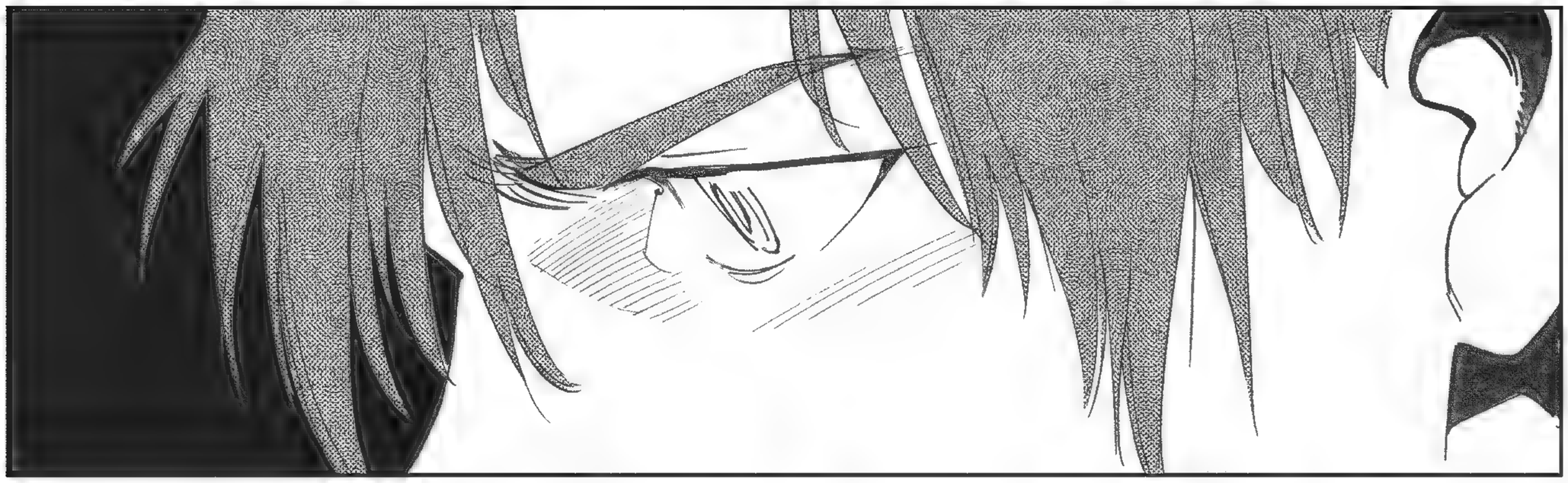
DON'T BE.

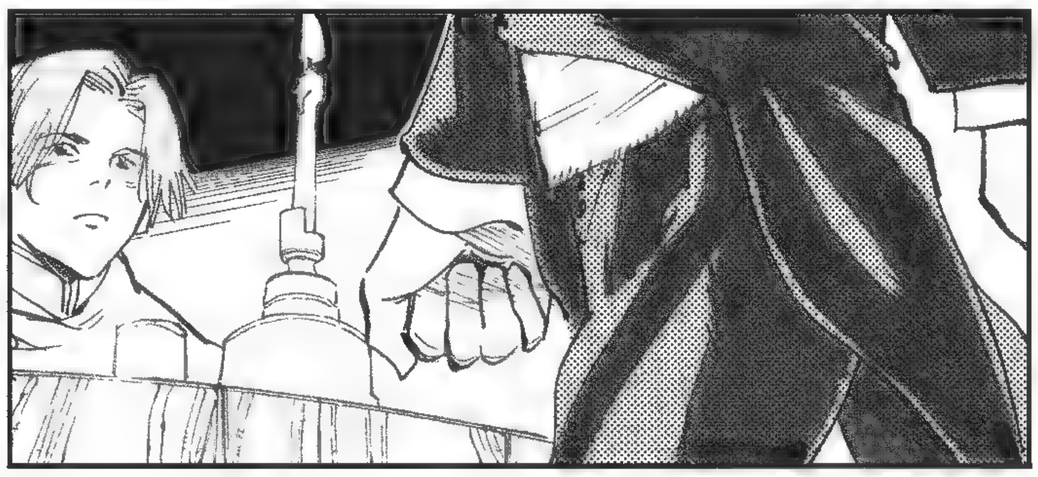
LET US HEAR YOUR THOUGHTS.

AH... I'M SORRY.

I DIDN'T MEAN TO INTERRUPT.

THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YOU.





CORSICA IS SMALL...
BUT HER SON HAS DONE MUCH TO MAKE FRANCE GREAT.
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Le Journal

"QUIA EGO NOMINOR LEO."

FRANCE IS GREAT, FOR SHE IS FRANCE!

FRANCE NEEDS NOTHING FROM CORSICA TO BE GREAT.

WE ARE FRENCH!

WELL, I SAY YOU'VE POINTED ALL YOUR YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!

HE CONQUERED! HE SURPASSED!

HE BROUGHT VICTORY AFTER VICTORY UNTIL HE CONQUERED THE WORLD! TWICE!

WHO ARE WE TO ADMIRE...

IF WE DON'T ADMIRE THE EMPEROR?

TO LABEL THEM WITH TERMS LIKE "CRIMES" AND "EXPIATION", THAT IS NOT RIGHT!

REDUCING THE DEEDS OF SUCH AN EMPEROR TO THE FAULT OF A NUMBER...

THE EMPEROR WAS THE PRIDE OF FRANCE!

WHAT GRANDER GLORY COULD THERE BE THAN HIM?!

FREEDOM.

JOUNAL

LA GLOIRE ET LA GUERRE ♪ (GLORY AND WAR...)

SI CÉSAR M'AVAIT DONNÉ ♬ (IF CAESAR WANTS TO GIVE ME...)

L'AMOUR DE MA MÈRE ♪ (THE LOVE OF MY MAMERE...)

ET QU'IL ME FALLAIT QUITTER ♬ (BUT IT MEANS I MUST ABANDON...)

REPRENDS TON SCEPTRE ET TON CHAR ♪ (TAKE YOUR CROWN AND YOUR CARRIAGE AND LEAVE...)

JE DIRAIS AU GRAND CÉSAR ♬ (THEN I SAY TO GRAND CAESAR...)

J'AIME MIEUX MA MÈRE ! ♬ (I LOVE MY MOTHER MORE!)

J'AIME MIEUX MA MÈRE, Ô GUÉ ! ♪ (FOR I LOVE MY MOTHER MORE. BELIEVE!)

OUR MOTHER IS THE REPUBLIC.

YOUR MOTHER?

WE CALL OURSELVES THE ABC.

THEN YOU'RE...

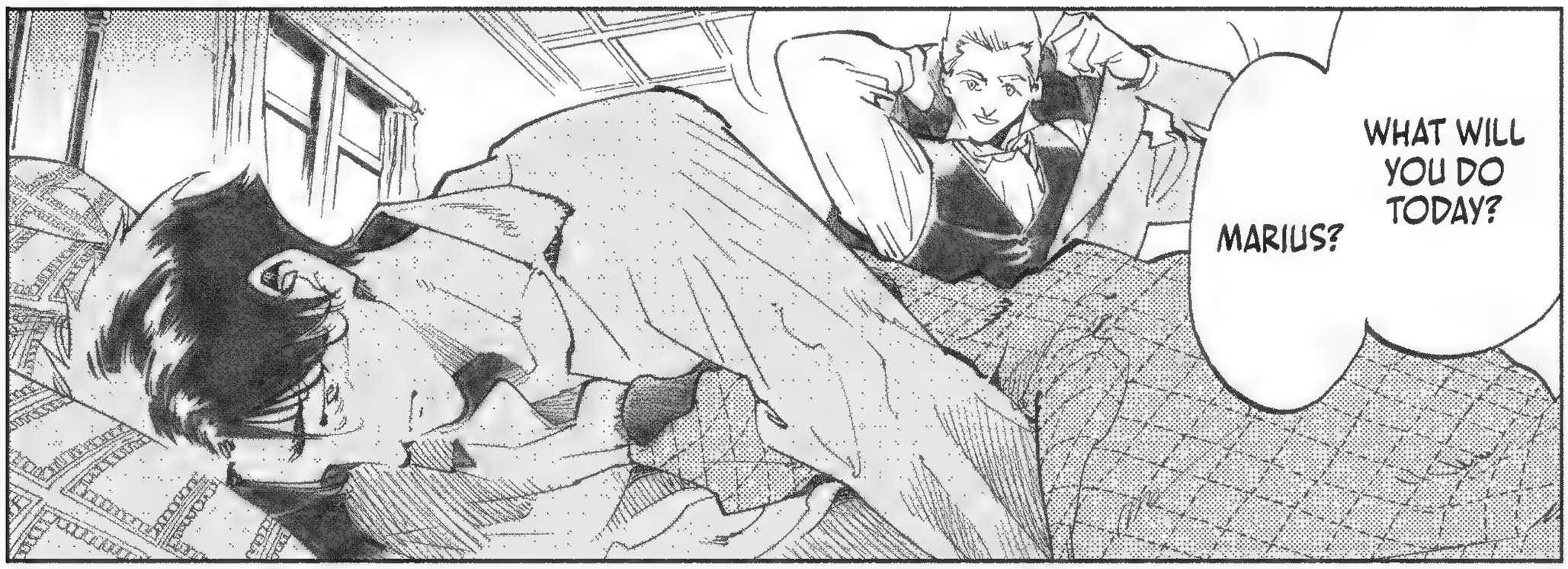
"ABAISSÉ"*...?

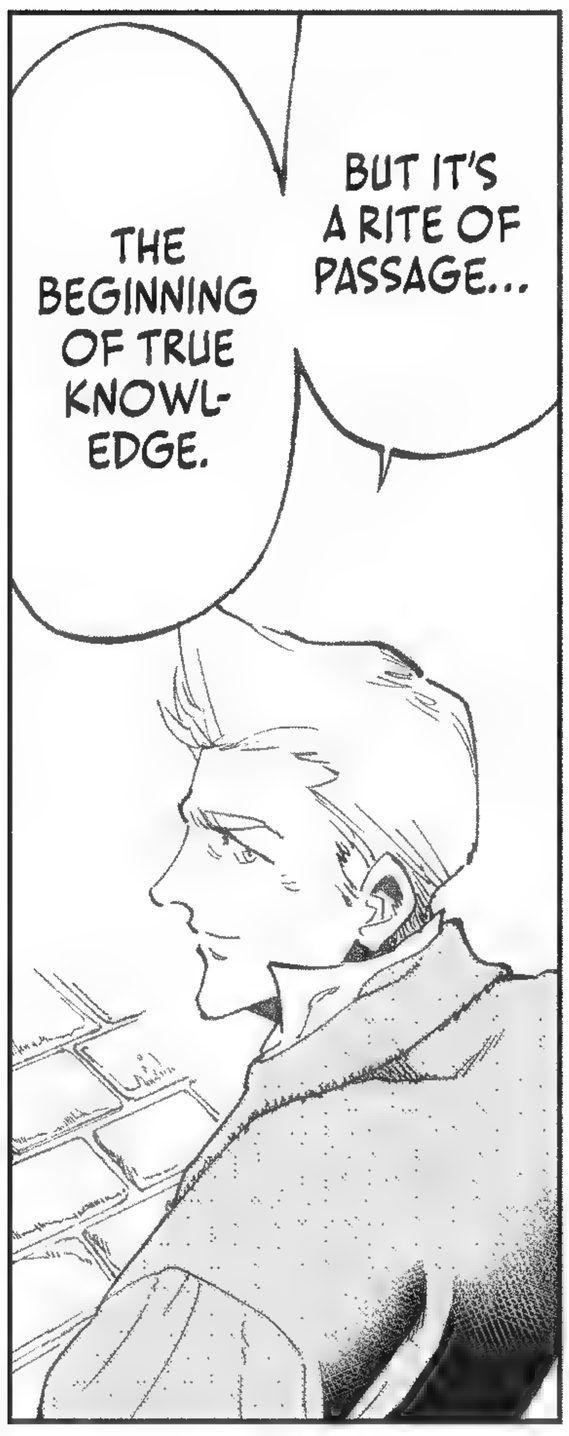
*"The diminished," a term that was used to refer to commoners.

PRECISELY. OUR SOCIETY IS THE FRIENDS OF THE ABC.

MY NAME IS ENJOLRAS...

COMPATRIOT.


MARIUS?
WHAT WILL YOU DO TODAY?


THE BEGINNING OF TRUE KNOWL-EDGE.
BUT IT'S A RITE OF PASSAGE...

HRM. MAYBE THAT WAS TOO MUCH AT ONCE.

YOU ARE COMING, RIGHT?

I...

IS COURFEYRAC IN?

NOK NOK

CHAK

I'M SORRY. HE JUST STEPPED OUT.

HAVE YOU MONEY?

I-I DO!

I'VE ONLY BEEN PAID FOR ONE PERSON IN THIS ROOM.

I CAN'T HAVE THAT, YOU KNOW.

IT'S YOU, THEN.

NOT RIGHT NOW...

BUT IF I SELL MY SPARE CLOTHES AND THINGS...

THE ONE WHO'S FLOPPING HERE WITHOUT PERMISSION.

I'M BACK.

KCHAk

HERE'S THE FEE.

I'LL HAVE YOU PAY IT IN FULL, THANK YOU.

ARE YOU HERE?

MARIUS?

PARDIEU!

WHAT A CLUMSY FELLOW.

AAH. SO HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO ASK FOR HELP.

I LEFT THE INN.

I COULDN'T BEAR THE IDEA OF ASKING HIM FOR MONEY, TOO.

COURFEYRAC HAD ALREADY DONE SO MUCH FOR ME...

THAT NIGHT...

THE LIGHT I FELT IN CAFÉ MUSAIN'S MUSTY BACK ROOM WAS TOO BRIGHT.

IT'S POSSIBLE THAT I WAS SIMPLY SCARED AND RUNNING AWAY.

AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I TOLD MYSELF.

TEMPTING ME AWAY TO A DIFFERENT WAY OF THINKING.

IT NEARLY BLOTTED OUT THE FIGURE OF MY LATE FATHER, WHO I'D ONLY JUST FOUND...

IT WAS A BRIGHT RED SUN THAT WOULD BURN AT A TOUCH.

I DESPERATELY WANTED MY THOUGHTS TO STAY AS THEY WERE.

MY RESPECT FOR FATHER. MY ADORATION OF THE EMPEROR.

BUT NOW... NOW I JUST WANT TO FORGET.

AFTER THAT, MY LIFE GREW ALMOST UNBEARABLY HARD.

TO AFFORD ONE SOU'S WORTH OF BREAD AND CHEESE A DAY FOR A TIME.

I SOLD MY CLOTHES AND WATCH...

NIGHTS WITH NO SLEEP.

EVENINGS WITH NO LIGHT.

DAYS WITH NO WORK.

SOME DAYS I'D GO TO MARKET UNDER THE HUMILIATING STARES OF SHOPPING LADIES...

TO BUY A SIX-SOUS MUTTON CHOP.

ON THE THIRD DAY I GNAWED THE BONE.

THAT'S HOW I'D STAVE OFF STARVA-TION FOR THREE DAYS.

THE SECOND NIGHT I DRANK BROTH MADE FROM THE GRISTLE.

SLRRP

THE FIRST NIGHT I ATE THE MEAT.

NIBL

NIBL

BUT MY AUNT OCCASIONALLY SENT ME SIX HUNDRED FRANCS.

I SENT IT ALL BACK, NOT TOUCHING A SOU.

BOITEAUX TETTRES

POUR PARIS ET LES

I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE FOUND ME...

I STILL HAD MY PRIDE.

I HAD FRIENDS. TWO OF THEM, IN FACT.

NOTHING COULD BE MORE REASSURING.

EVEN THROUGH THOSE DEPRIVATIONS...

COURFEYRAC AND MABEUF WERE THERE TO HELP ME.

THEN, IN 1830...

THERE WAS A REVOLUTION.*

*The July Revolution.

THE MONARCHY, AND A STRATIFIED SOCIETY, CONTINUED.

THE ORLÉANS, A CADET BRANCH OF THE BOURBON FAMILY, TOOK POWER.

THE BOURBONS WERE OVER-THROWN, BUT...

NOTHING HAD TRULY CHANGED...

BUT I WAS SATISFIED.

COMPARED TO BEFORE...

A FAR FREER WIND NOW BLEW THROUGH THE PARIS STREETS.

FOR WORK, I TRANSLATED NEWSPAPERS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS AND SUCH, FOR A PUBLISHER.

I FINALLY MANAGED TO EARN MY LAWYER'S CERTIFICA-TION.

THROUGH THOSE TRYING TIMES...

THAT SORT OF SAVAGE, BRUTAL WORK DIDN'T SIT WELL WITH ME.

CASES, TRIALS, ARGUMENTS...

1831 CAME, AND I TURNED TWENTY-ONE.

BEFORE I KNEW IT, FOUR YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE I LEFT GRAND-PÈRE'S HOUSE.

I WAS SATISFIED...

BUT I DID WELL ENOUGH FOR MYSELF, EARNING 7,000 FRANCS A YEAR.

BY THE JOY OF EARNING A LIVING.

HERE. THIS MONTH'S RENT, MADAME.

The Gorbeau House.

5c

IT'S NOTH-ING.

THANK YOU. I APPRECIATE HOW YOU ALWAYS PAY IN FULL, AND ON TIME.

NEIGHBORS?

BUT THOSE NEIGHBORS OF YOURS...

HAVE YOU NOT MET THEM?

I HAVEN'T, ACTUALLY ...

YES. THE JONDRETTE FAMILY.

FOUR OF THEM LIVE TOGETHER.

TURN THEM OUT?

THEY HAVEN'T PAID THEIR RENT IN MONTHS.

I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TURN THEM OUT.

.....

TWENTY FRANCS.

HOW MUCH DO THEY OWE?

THAT'S HARDLY KIND.

My!

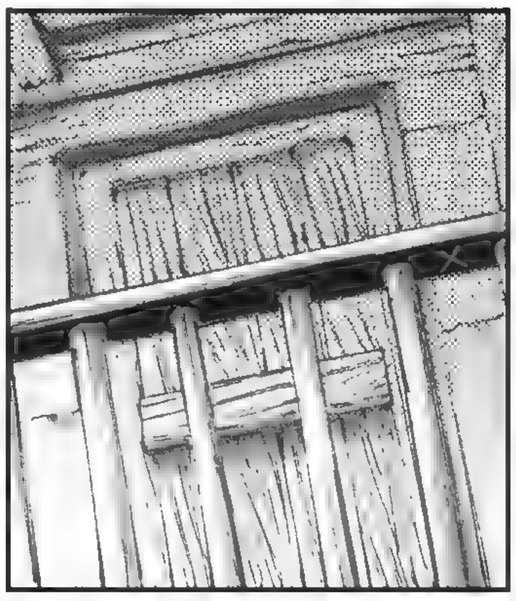
HERE. TWENTY-FIVE FRANCS.

GIVE THE EXTRA FIVE FRANCS TO THE JONDRETTES...

BUT PLEASE DON'T TELL THEM FROM WHENCE IT CAME.

I'D NO IDEA I HAD NEIGHBORS.

HEY.
YOU. BUY ME MORE BOOZE.

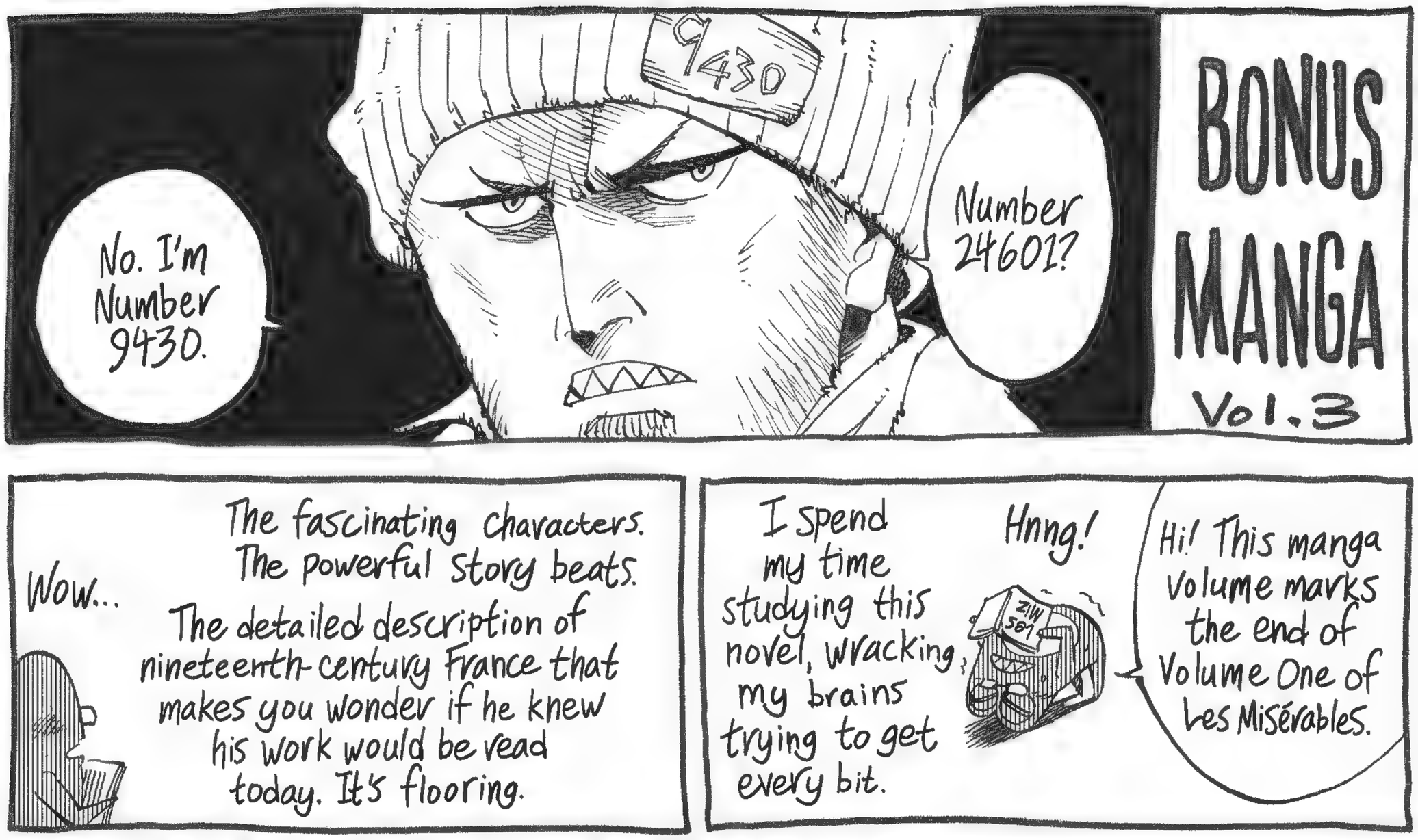


DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME?!

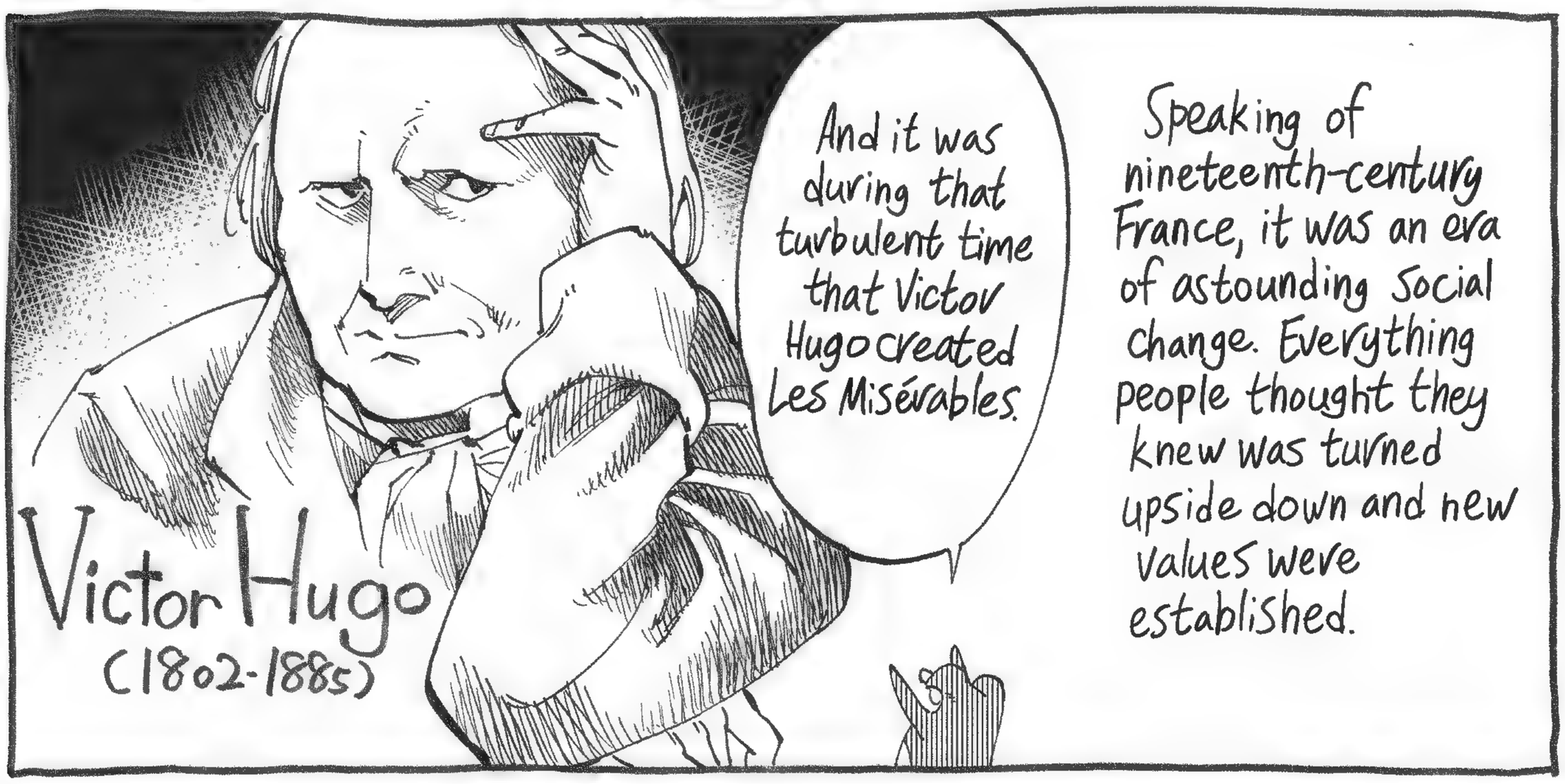
I SAID BUY ME BOOZE, ÉPONINE!

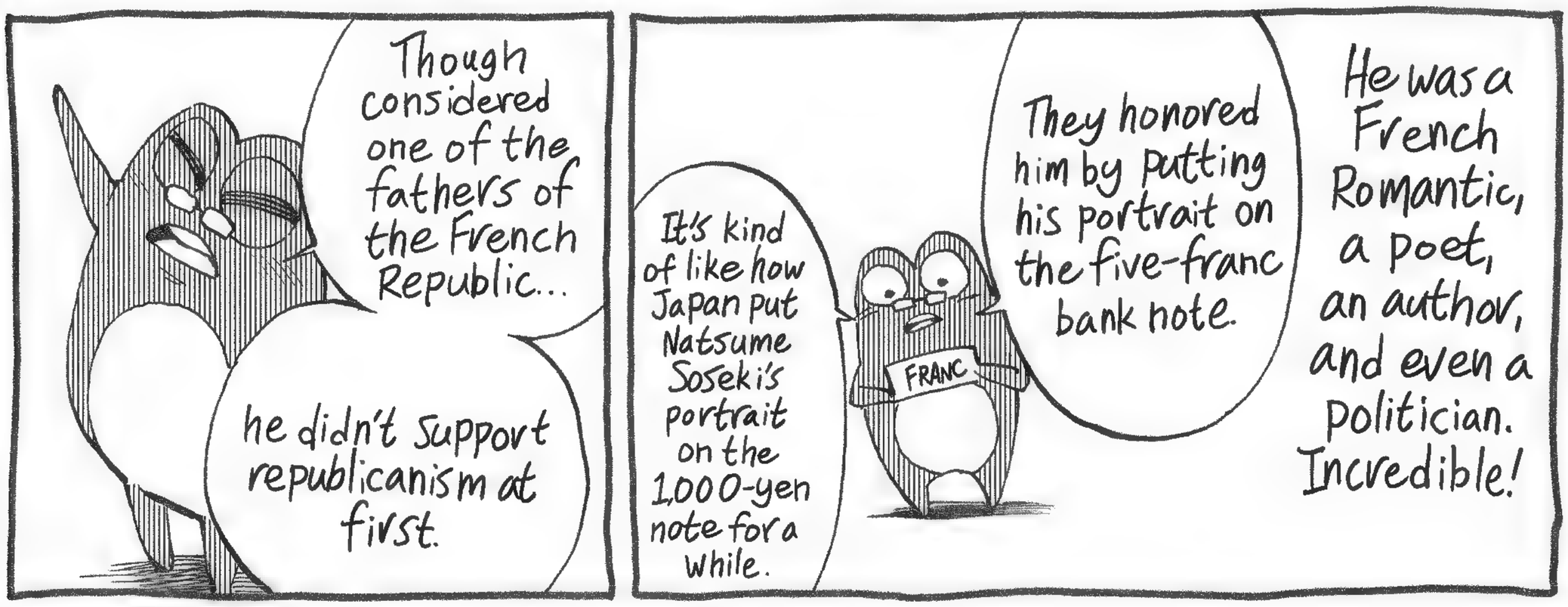
To be continued...

LES MISÉRABLES


No. I'm Number 9430.
9430
Number 24601?
BONUS MANGA
Vol.3

Wow...
The fascinating characters. The powerful story beats. The detailed description of nineteenth-century France that makes you wonder if he knew his work would be read today. It's flooring.
I spend my time studying this novel, wracking my brains trying to get every bit.
Hnng!
Hi! This manga volume marks the end of Volume One of Les Misérables.


Victor Hugo
(1802-1885)
And it was during that turbulent time that Victor Hugo created Les Misérables.
Speaking of nineteenth-century France, it was an era of astounding social change. Everything people thought they knew was turned upside down and new values were established.


Though considered one of the fathers of the French Republic...
he didn't support republicanism at first.
It's kind of like how Japan put Natsume Sōseki's portrait on the 1,000-yen note for a while.
FRANC
They honored him by putting his portrait on the five-franc bank note.
He was a French Romantic, a poet, an author, and even a politician. Incredible!

I find dividing the characters into "traditionalists" and "revolutionaries" helps me understand the story better.

Trads	Javert, Myriel
Revs	Jean, ABC, etc.

That shift in belief should look familiar to fans of Les Misérables...

Reminding them of a certain Character!

I wonder. Was that an homage to his late mother?

Hugo was a republican when he wrote Les Misérables, but it's interesting to me that major character and Jean Valjean's savior, Bishop Myriel, reflects the ideal of traditionalism.

ROYALIST.

BONAPARTIST.

REPUBLICAN.

Long live the king!

Napoleon's so cool!

Yeah, this is the best.

At first he was a royalist, under his mother's influence.

After her sudden death, he grew closer to his estranged father and took up Bonapartism.

From there, his opinions shifted to republicanism over time.

It felt like I caught a glimpse of that strange power authors sometimes seem to have, as if they can see the future.

Les Misérables was published in 1862, while he was still in exile.

When Napoleon III seized power in 1851, Hugo spoke out against him and left the country in exile.

He didn't set foot back in France until 1870.

Nineteen years for him to return home. Jean spent nineteen years in Toulon. Coincidence? I don't know.

STAFF

Izuo Aki

Yasui Tatsuhiro

Komatsu Namuko

EDITOR

Ichihara Takenori

That's all for now! I hope to see you next volume!

French dolls are so pretty.

Supposedly. But the one that Cosette got is...

Uh... actually, it doesn't look all that--

AH

The History of French Dolls

~The "I Got Curious" Arc~

BONUS MANGA Vol.4

In the nineteenth century, Chinese ceramics technology reached Europe. Porcelain was soon used to make doll heads.

A doll's best feature is her face!

So shiny!

So big!

They were life-sized!

The wooden dolls generally considered the precursor of French dolls were first made in fourteenth-century Germany.

Wow!

They were used as mannequins, not toys.

Almost all the dolls in Europe were German-made.

The doll Jean bought for Cosette was probably one of them.

Eight-heads high, fully adult.

They lacked moveable limbs.

Exported from the toy capital of Europe, Nuremberg, Germany...

An Ichimatsu doll in the Japanese exhibit at the Paris World Expo garnered much attention.

They say dollmakers started making baby dolls rather than adult dolls due to the influence of Japan's Ichimatsu dolls.

Innovations led to evolution.

Then, in 1862, the talented Jumeau family created the first Bébé Type, a smaller five-head tall baby doll.

These are the "French dolls" we typically think of today.

They were always luxury items that only the bourgeoisie could afford.

New techniques and world influences changed much about the French doll. The only thing that didn't change was its high price.

STAFF

Izuo Aki

Yasui Tatsuhiro

Komatsu Namuko

EDITOR

Ichihara Takenori

Now then, I hope to see you next volume!

Looking closer, it's actually rather cute.

A strange old guy comes along and buys one of those dolls for Cosette.

Never mind Cosette, can you imagine the shock of Éponine, Azelma, and the Thénardiers?!

TAKAHIRO ARAI

Before I knew it, three weeks had passed without me setting foot outside my house even once. I need sunlight!

In the over 150 years since *Les Misérables* was first published, its characters have been portrayed in many ways in movies, stage plays, anime, manga, and more. But of them all, do any vary quite so much as Marius across all media? I can't wait to find out what sort of character he becomes in this manga.

LES MISÉRABLES

LES MISÉRABLES

OMNIBUS 3
COMING SOON

SEVEN SEAS ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

LES MISÉRABLES the manga

story and art by **TAKAHIRO ARAI** based on the novel by **VICTOR HUGO** **OMNIBUS 2**

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LES MISERABLES Vol. 3-4
by Takahiro ARAI
Original Story by Victor Hugo
This story based on Japanese translated edition by Yoshio TOYOSHIMA
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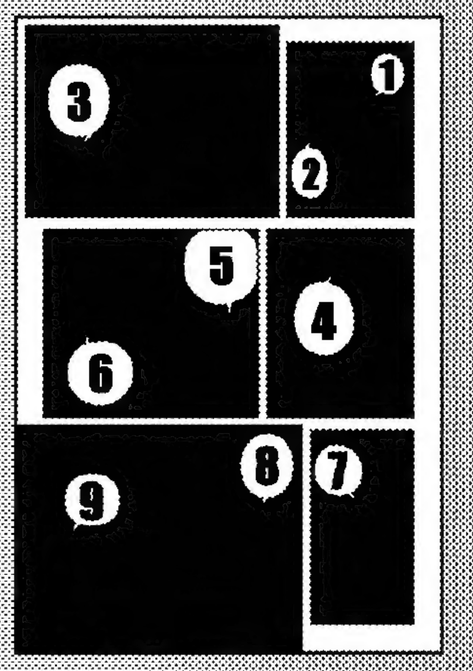
ISBN: 978-1-63858-996-9
Printed in Canada
First Printing: March 2023
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

READING DIRECTIONS

This book reads from ***right to left***, Japanese style. If this is your first time reading manga, you start reading from the top right panel on each page and take it from there. If you get lost, just follow the numbered diagram here. It may seem backwards at first, but you'll get the hang of it! Have fun!!



FATEFUL DECISIONS, FATAL CHOICES

Jean Valjean has escaped his fate and, as mayor and factory owner, brought prosperity to the small town where he has settled. But when word comes that an innocent man may pay for his crimes, Valjean has to decide whether to save one life, the existence of his people, or his own soul. Valjean is already too late to rescue Fantine from her fate, but a Christmas Eve encounter with her daughter Cosette may just offer Valjean one last chance to do the right thing. Victor Hugo's immortal hymn to the human spirit continues!

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